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ART. I. — CHRIST'S AUTHORITY THE SOUL'S LIBERTY.

ONE of the most remarkable scenes in the opening chapter of Christianity is that wherein John asks, from the prison, of the authority of Jesus to be the Messiah. Jesus answers by alleging his miracles, enjoining his laws, and offering to teach his lessons; thus asserting an authority threefold, moral, intellectual, and supernatural. John's old question, in the first months of Christ's ministry, is, strangely enough, the question still, in the last year of the Christian era. Not a few in our day have a repugnance to all idea of authority, as implying the enthrallment of the soul. But, as though Jesus anticipated at the outset this very objection, he declares that, contrariwise, his authority is the soul's liberty. We propose, if we can, following out this hint, to do away with the common notion of an essential contradiction between authority and liberty, — especially between Christ's authority and the soul's liberty, — considering the subject in the division already named. First, there is nothing to enslave, but power only to liberate, in Christ's laws. He does not attempt to conceal his claim of moral authority. He lays down the most unbending precepts in the plainest terms. He would not catch men by keeping his yoke out of sight, or saying he has no burden for them to carry,

but by explaining that this yoke and burden are from no tyranny, have no weight but what is put in them by a meek and lowly heart, and are thus so light and easy as to be not the oppression, but the emancipation, of weary and heavy-laden mortals. But does it not seem mockery to talk of liberating by a yoke and of giving rest by a burden? In regard to the yoke, we answer, No; for, though this figure is constantly misused, the purpose of a yoke is not to cramp, but to afford ease and the best advantage for drawing a burden. In regard to the burden, too, we answer, No; for the rest of a human being is not, is never, in bearing nothing. So he becomes the heaviest of all burdens to himself, and lugs about his own body and soul, a wretched load, depressing him more than aught beside he could lift, till he becomes like the sailor in Eastern fable, mounted by a spectral monster which no agony could throw off.

Christ's idea here is but man's experience. Not the worker, but the idler, has a heavy tread; only the charge of a thousand responsibilities gives an alacrity of step scarce touching the ground, and the necessity of exertion fires the nerves and speeds the circulations. Ambition itself is less discomposing than a forced calm. Napoleon rested less in the little island of St. Helena, than when a score of empires made his bed. That line of the old versifier's fancy,

"Some place delight in action, some in ease,"

assumes a contradiction which hardly holds in fact. The little child, weary of its leisure and asking if you have not another errand for it to do; the bird, more at rest on its wings than on its feet; the horse obediently toiling for a faithful master, with more repose than the wild animal of the desert; the kingly eagle, fatigued in stooping for his prey, but by what he seizes and sustains impelled as with a motive up to his nest; the ship, without a cargo fretting at the wharf, with her freight swimming cheerfully before the breeze; — all these are emblems of spiritual truth; and the burden Jesus imposes by his moral authority in the laws of duty he enjoins, relieves and delivers the soul with just giving it that to do in which it finds its real blessedness and freedom, as every creature finds perfect rest only in the fit and harmonious exercise

of its powers. His requirement is transport. There is in truth in all nature no rest in utter stoppage, but only in smooth motion; and nothing in the world is still, but all is astir; and all is at rest when stirring in its track, — the earth in its orbit like a child in a swing, the sun in his sphere like a rider in his chariot, all the shining orbs in their magnificent mutual poise, and the soul, as Christ beyond all others has taught us, in its obligation and attraction to God and humanity.

We would have no jealous sectarian or even Christian partiality. Let every moral system have credit according as it has thus exercised the nature of man, while to Christianity falls the award simply of having given it the best exercise, which benefits the more it is prescribed upon those else ignorant of their own welfare, and the stronger the signals inducing them to adopt it, so that impertinent and inhuman is the nice scrupulosity that would withhold its application or soften its severity.

In short, Christ's deliverance of the soul is an exchange of burdens. He finds the race heavy laden and he proposes to unbind Pilgrim's pack as he goes on his way, and replace it with what he ought for his welfare to carry.

But in speaking of those that are burdened, Christ refers not to such alone as are crushed by manual toil or goaded by physical necessities. Many are in worse labor than that of the horny fingers or the sweating brow. There are tasks and struggles which men stand to more painfully, and are worn by more dreadfully, than those of spade and scythe, band and wheel, rope and rudder. Beyond the furrow of the ground, the smoke of the furnace and tempests on the sea, his piercing eye saw the stooping of the spirit under sin, the shoulders of transgression bent through ages beneath measureless piles of brute and human sacrifice, and round with heaps of cruel expiation. He saw it watch and droop, gazing into the dim light of its scanty discoveries, such as but made bright-eyed and honey-mouthed Plato long for some navigator from the eternal shore. O, there was a burden on the soul already! The poor, crazy murderess yonder in our asylum, hearing from the adjoining room a cry for light, and saying she, for her part, was resolved, if there were more light in the other world, her neighbor should reach it, furnishes no unapt emblem of an intellect

bewildered under the burden of doubt. Wretched iniquities, too, like ghosts of judgment to the wicked king, lying heavy on the soul, with the common burden of mortality that lies on us all, sinking men into the grave, and, by a hold of the heart-strings, dragging survivors after them as the drowner draws those next him to perdition, or as down some inclined plane of way-side ruin slides one rank after another before plunged into the abyss, — oh! before Christ came, were not the generations of men indeed laden with the huge three-ply burden of sin, uncertainty, and sorrow? But, untying from it this burden, he would not leave it loose and irresponsible, with the levity of a feather swept about in every wind or the vanity of a vessel empty of its contents, to show that last misery of an existence in vain. Therefore, for the burden, so miserable, of false ideas and superstitious tasks, he substitutes the happy one of a true faith and a righteous labor.

We offer no proof in words that so issues the practice of Christian principles. The logic of human history sufficiently evinces how joyless always it is to leave the highest standard of duty. As the punishment of the deserter is always severe, so doom cannot be escaped by the self-loving refugee from the divine kingdom; for the rest man wants is not an outward state, but far more within; and by a secret jar, by a grumbling pain, by their internal clash or essential ache, while every thing in the outward lot may be fair and soft as summer, the vital powers will feel the judgment on a wrong or negligent life. As it is dangerous for the merchantman unballasted to cross the deep; so in the winds and waves of temptation will founder the soul that skims light and vacant with all its gay streamers on the eternal voyage. Christ's moral authority, though it prescribes our course, does not violate, but enlarges our freedom, just as the road upon the land or the channel through the waters, though defined and authoritatively laid down, is precisely and only the path in which the traveller or seaman is *free* to go, while deviation is entanglement, overthrow, destruction. The rest of Christ's yoke and burden is not indeed the dead slumber of an exhausted frame, but of a living nature, rest from guilt and struggle and remorse, rest in congenial activity and aspiring love; as the angels sang,

peace on earth ; as the saints tell, a Sabbath-day's journey towards heaven. It is a burden lightened by increase of strength, by supply of motive, by stimulus of example, not by exemption from duty, or diminished weight of responsibility, but by turning duty and responsibility, which will ever cling to us, into liberty and joy.

Verily it is a reality in the history of searching and wandering man. While, at our momentary look, unrest comes like an all-disturbing flood from the very eyes of the alienated being that has not found his home in God, what a river of peace serenely runs into us from the reconciled and communing heart ! Not alone from the well and prosperous, but from the sick, from those that have suffered, from those surely declining, yet looking clear and open-eyed at the grave into which they decline, a sight as sublime, we think, as the sun shines upon, a life-giving quiet, a resistless spiritual order, of which the elements of the universe moving with primeval dignity and depth are but a sign and picture, marking Christ's moral authority for the soul's liberty ; the soul's liberty, because action is the essence of freedom, and right action of perfect freedom, and Christ alone, of all law-givers, enjoins action purely right ; because, moreover, to such peaceful action forgiveness of sin is requisite, and Christ, offering the atonement of his blood on the cross, teaching by his own example that the sacrifice of self is the true sacrifice and that the loving acceptance of God is boundless to the believing penitent, assures the pardon, opening a highway over the earth into the heavens.

But Christ's authority is not only moral in his laws : it is also intellectual in his lessons ; for so he implies by his direction, *Learn of me*. This command assumes that there are certain matters on which we are beforehand inquiring. Truly so it is. To ask questions on all subjects, but especially, as the mind awakes, on our own origin and destiny, is indeed a chief characteristic of our nature. We see it in the endless inquisitiveness of a child, who would at once rove and drag us into every hard problem which has foiled the most ancient, inveterate ingenuity of the race ; and who is in this but "the father of the man," showing to us our adult selves. But man cannot answer the questions as easily as he asks them ; for it is a proverb, that the child or the fool can

ask questions to which the philosopher cannot reply. Oh, what power made me? for what end? by what way? We ask the question often, like one that shouts among the hills and hears but an echo. The earth says, It is not in me. Death and the grave say, It is not in us. The fields, now blooming, soon to fade, grant but hints and guesses. The stars, that neither bloom nor fade, but ride in perpetual splendor, shining now on our steps and next on our ashes, turn us back to the riddle which they seem almost to wink and mutter that we can solve better in our own breasts. Some eternal Power and God-head the visible scene declares, but, with all its brightness, is dark or very dim — let the groping spirit of ages tell how much so — upon his purposes or our fate.

Now it is upon this questioning and uninformed lot of humanity that Christ's words bear. He affirms mankind's religious ignorance, no man, he says, knowing who the Father is, or who the Son, — the original parent and producer, or he into whom first his life flowed, — the Being that is for ever, or his filial and representative spirit, — till Christ came with the revelation.

The nature of man is an inquiry, and so perhaps best defined; but the Gospel is not an inquiry; it is a reply. This is peculiar about it; it does not propose or repeat our enigmas; it does not invite us to join in a hunt and chase through the universe after truth, but settles every point of doubt. It is not a book of conjectures, but, like the folios in a judicial library of laws and decisions, full of statutes and heavenly precedents for every case of human procedure. In the mind and in the world are open questions; in Christianity these open questions are closed, and a period put to the busy barrenness or blank suspense of our most solemn interrogations. We learn from Jesus whence we came, where we are, whither we go, what we must do, and how the existence in us shall truly and immortally live. He tells all plainly, unequivocally, oracularly, on authority; nor on his beautiful, blessed soul, clear and calm, pervaded by God's spirit, does one cloud of doubt seem ever to rise.

But does not this authority to teach invade the privilege of free inquiry, and thus oppress the soul? So assert those who take not Jesus for their master, but trust only themselves, and try every thing by the human facul-

ties. But when we talk of privileges, they forget that the great privilege or freedom of the human mind is not merely or mainly to ask questions, but, moreover, to have replies. It is a melancholy privilege, indeed, simply to inquire, and inquire and get no answer. To be a free inquirer alone is, like Noah's dove, to be for ever flying over the deluge and finding for the sole of our foot no rest. To have answers, the more certain and authoritative the better, is to see the waters by divine power abate, so that we can move every way happily and freely through the world.

From daily experience in familiar things, we perceive the qualified and at least partial value of this prerogative of free inquiry; when, on occasion, from house to house, and street to street, in quest of some particular place, or thing, or person, making inquiry after inquiry of one and another, we are referred and referred from door to door and agent to agent, till at last, exhausted and wellnigh discouraged, we are but too happy to find any body, though else a simpleton, by whom our question can be met and our search concluded. So on that sublimer pilgrimage through time, in which graves of fallen friends make our milestones, and the path leads soon into eternity, it is our privilege, not only to inquire the way, but, thank God! to know the way; and Christ's authority to tell the way is not our slavery, but our liberty. That authority cuts a road through the stony mount of difficulty and the tangled wilderness of uncertainty. That authority rolls away the obscuring clouds from over our heads and makes the Sun of Righteousness burst forth to illumine all our steps. That authority opens a heaven of ever-blissful advance for our home.

Free inquiry forsooth! *Unlimited* free inquiry! It would be nothing but the sharp wrench and endless torment of the mind. It would be the thinker never coming to a conclusion. It would be the experimenter never succeeding. It would be the explorer for some north-west passage hanging and hovering with his fleets round the icy pole, through baffling winds, amid dank, chilling vapors, against sandy shoals or rocky bounds, never entering the coveted sea or finding admission through the narrowest straits. It would be the settler in the far woods having no certain abiding-place, because the first

approach of man, the faintest sound of civilization, drives him off continually nearer to the Pacific Sea. It would be Columbus, in the midst of mutiny and fear, never reaching an end to his voyage, but, as his crew verily thought and told him, piercing into a boundless wilderness of waves. It would be Kepler or Newton never ascertaining or allowing the laws of celestial motion, but through the misty air plunging restless till the day of their death. Nay, it would make the mind a monster, to turn its whole exercise into free inquiry, and, with a grand and universal sound in the ear, be a poor and destructive fact for the life. For the mind wants not only to inquire, but to discover; is constituted by its Almighty Maker with capacity for satisfaction as well as impulse of aspiration; has organs not alone for inquiry, but for love, and will, and conduct; craves not the agitation of a perpetual inquest, but inward serenity, comfort, and peace, yea, though it seem almost too sublime a thing to mention or imagine, even peace with God; and its demand for these things is in it a divine pledge and earnest that somehow, somewhere, it shall have them, — is a prediction in our nature of a revelation, and a prophecy, not recorded in the Hebrew books, of the Son of God. Nor could there be of this a juster statement than that in the holy oracles themselves: *Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.* If there be no arbitrary, humanly devised limit to the freedom of inquiry, or none which we can tolerate, there is, in the wisdom and mercy of God, a rational and practical limit, in those positive results of benefit for the sake of which alone we should inquire.

So the very quality and meaning of our existence would teach. Life is well compared to a journey; but who of himself can tell where it runs? The bird, over land, athwart the sky, by instinct, without surveyor's instrument or chain, flies its course. The soul, because it questions of a grander flight or journey, is at a loss. But at the outset of its childhood Christianity comes and opens the gate, bridges the gulfs of difficulty and peril, plants the guide-board, brings the living guide directing to the mountain-top of age, and points to the mysterious prospect of futurity; and is not all this guidance, as well as our capacity to inquire, God's blessing? We would

not speak lightly on a solemn theme, but the definition once in a literary dispute given of a note of interrogation, *it is a little crooked thing that asks questions*, aptly suggests the decrease, distortion, and abuse of that interrogator's mind who is ever querying and never willing to receive instruction. Christ's authority expands it into better proportions, does not chain, but, like as it did the lunatic, looses and lets it go. For though by a very false contradistinction reason is set over against Christ and against revelation, yet Christ came not to balk but to bless our reason, and in him and his supremacy our reason most rejoices. He is reason *to us* corresponding to reason *in us*.

It is in the moral as in the material sphere. Not simple inquiry into the outer world gives ease and liberty. Unsettled inquiry involves in doubt and fear. But a few determinate replies of science about the shape of the globe, the relation of land and sea, of the sun and moon and Jupiter's satellites, emancipate sailor and traveller, and send them forth across every plain, along every river, into every harbor, through every ocean and clime, the franchise of all nature secured, not so much by the interrogatory of ignorance as by the answer of knowledge. So under the lustre of Christ's replies the heavenly country shines out, as, in the light of growing invention, the old, once unknown globe peers forth from the monstrous dark of unreckoned ages. We can ask questions. The child can ask them. The fool can ask them. We need the answer of Christ, to console and encourage, that we may labor cheerfully and suffer hopefully, that sorrow may not deject, nor dissolution affright, nor aught that can happen to those we love disturb us.

The human race has gone greatly forward, as by its own strength and wit, in worldly improvement; has ascended many a hill of advantage and found out many an instrument of pleasure. The cultivator annually brings his fruits to greater perfection; commerce pours out more abundantly riches from every zone; the loom weaves finer every fabric for our defence or fancy; the locomotive takes us up in its cunning-jointed arms of iron and wood, and carries us and our burdens whither we will, beyond the compass of our feeble, outworn feet: and more than we can tell of vast and countless ameliorations

has the human species made in its lot. But oh! the very beings thus aided and gratified, and if we will self-aided and self-gratified, what are they but a weak, short-lived race? Death dashes cup and loaf from our hands. Death takes off the gay and comfortable robes. Death stands in the way of the splendid and rapid car. Fast as it goes, we see it has to stop for Death! Such dignity and grandeur has he! Shall the soul escape him? We can ask the question. Some sage thinks he sees the light of an answer. Christ gives an additional answer, clear and decisive, which the common soul can receive and, receiving, from all terror be free. Men have often made religion gloomy; yet his is not a gloomy religion, but takes the gloom out of gloomy things; so that death which has been gloomy, and the grave very gloomy, and sickness and grief gloomy, may be gloomy no more, but we go through them all in spiritual light, liberty, and joy.

We would cheer no assault on the rights of the mind. Only one voice can say, Thus far and no farther! To the behests of that voice alone we bow, or ask another to bow. It is our prerogative to inquire. Let us yield it up to no tyranny. Let nothing, however sacred, be shut against it. Let Christianity, according to each one's proper measure and ability, be the subject of it. It is the word of the latest champion of the ancient faith against the modern latitude, — we mean Bunsen, — that, from those competent to make, we want more of it. Let us, however, have wisdom, not only to inquire, but of Christ also to learn. It is sometimes said free inquiry may lead us away from the institutions and faith of his religion, but not away from God. But true inquiry will lead us both to him and his Father, while what has been called free inquiry has, in later and former times, led not a few into atheism as well as infidelity, by perverting and misusing into hurt and disproportion the powers of the mind.

It is a matter of common sense. If I find more inquiry fetching me into a fruitless field of useless thought and unblest existence, I need no despot to restrain me. I myself voluntarily modify such inquiry, by calling up other faculties and engaging in a more profitable activity. What, we pray, is inquiry among the other exercises of this

undying mind, that it should assert precedence of all beside, and, in the moral exhibition of this world, claim to be the great, peerless diamond from the mine and treasury of creation, like the Koh-i-noor gem, to shine chiefly in the eyes and attract the wishes of all! But why attempt to prove that the intellectual authority of Christ's doctrine emancipates us from spiritual bondage? Compare in the book perhaps on your library-table the horrible fancies, the heavy oppressive style of Egyptian drawing and architecture, setting the best attainable ideas of the highest themes, with the celestial hues and ascending proportions of Christian art, and see demonstration in the symbol. If we want an answer when, on a journey, we inquire the way, or, sailing in unexplored seas, hail a passing ship, or from some returning company seek news of dear ones left on a foreign shore, do we not want it respecting the track of duty, the bourne of destiny, and the state of those conveyed before us to the eternal coast? Will we insist on spelling out every thing for ourselves, when the spelling out of many things for us may be our best furtherance? Let us learn these things of Christ. We shall not learn from him other things, about the organization of our frame, or the make of nature, or the dubious and distant history of this world, about the circulations of the sap below or the revolutions of the planets above, no geology or astronomy, business or political economy. These are little things, very little. He will teach the great and ever-during.

In fine, Christ's authority as supernatural, which was his own first proof of his mission, though now it is strangely made the chief objection to his religion, and charged as binding our belief to an absurdity, has really been, not the oppression, but the liberation of the soul, as it was of the body. For the soul wishes, of all things, to feel that it is not subject to the absolute rule and working of the material world, that the external law of the universe is not its lord and final disposer, but that it holds of a higher sphere and is in the hand of a mightier king and judge; and of this Christ's wonderful deeds are a pledge.

Beautiful are the laws of nature, vast and splendid the building they are instruments to rear; and who, that with any sensibility scans that building, would speak ill

of the magnificent lodging into which he has been received? But what the heathen poet so finely called the flaming walls of the world, are but the walls of a prison, when within them the soul feels its life wholly included; and the supernatural finger from God which unroofs the little edifice, shows other rooms for his children's abode, and transfers all sacred endurance from the statutes of the earth and sky to the Builder's own personal freedom and love, is not the soul's fettering, but that very soul-liberty, in our New England phrase, of which our fathers came in quest over the sea; for it is a release from matter and material law.

Law! material law! what would it do for us and with us? It would seem to take us when we begin and have just got into being, to make us grow from feeble rudiments into mature understanding and enjoyment of the world. It would give us the earth for our chariot, and let us ride bravely in it a few times in its journey round the sun. Beside the plants and trees it would set us, and clothe us awhile in the bloom and promise of spring. It would open to us the grandeur of the Divine works, to look at as we gaze on a swiftly passing panorama, or delight ourselves in the show of an evening's entertainment and converse. Like a giant holding a child, it would put us parallel with all nature's sublimity, as it rolls in the tides below, or sparkles in the beams above, flashing upon us and sweeping us along in the short, ephemeral journey of our existence, till the rein slacken in our grasp, and we drop out of our seat. But the law, the cold material law of the world, having done thus much for us, having cheered and flattered us with such display of riches and demonstration of benefit, would then, of its own action, weaken our hold and dim our sight and reduce our strength. Yea, it would cast us down from the pinnacle of the temple where it had placed us, and bow us to the dust, and while we sat looking on, it would, like a sexton, dig our grave. Yea, while the sun, with his fellows and inferiors, should still march on, and the ranks of the forest rise in verdure, and the theatre into which we had been admitted remain in all its brightness and solidity as fine and spacious as before, it would lay us away for ever senseless and lifeless as a little ashes. Verily Christ's supernatural authority, superseding this law, is the soul's liberty.

So decides the lowliest faith, so the loftiest genius. Literature may here borrow an argument for religion from that art which is the sister of them both. The miracles of art, as they are called, have risen out of the miracles of our faith. The painter has dipped his brush in that tint from the sky, that color of glory, as it has been called, which Jesus brought to robe therewith himself and his doings, and the canvas repeating the New Testament miraculous register, and telling the Son of God's annunciation, conception, transfiguration, crucifixion, and resurrection, has an immeasurably transcendent merit and triumphant fame. Indeed, it is not genius, man's highest mark, not genius of any sort, that is sceptical about Christ's supernatural authority, or feels enslaved by its injunction, but only the pride of reason, — which is a poor phrase, for reason is not proud, and cannot but by an abuse of language be so termed, — let us rather say that lower critical understanding, by a distinguished modern writer called the least of our faculties. It is not Dante, soaring into heaven after forms of seraphic loveliness and grace, and celebrating every marvel of religion, — it is not Milton, writing in his funeral lines for his friend of

“the dear might of Him that walked the waves,” —

it is not Shakespeare, finding space in a play for a tribute to

“those blessed feet
Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nailed,
For our advantage, on the bitter cross,” —

it is no such poet, inspired of God with the crowning faculty of imagination to discern and describe spiritual things, that is infidel; but some cold logician, violating a true philosophy as he delves in the mercurial mines of a narrow metaphysics, or some superficial antiquarian, losing the harmonious life as he puzzles over the varying letter. O no! not Dante, or Milton, or Shakespeare, but it is Strauss, it is Hume, it is Paine! secondary men, always secondary, exercising the secondary faculties of the human mind, while the soul of childhood and the heart of humanity join in the faith of genius, and Christ's supernatural authority vindicates itself by delivering mankind from the else boundless reign of superstition, with her false pretences of miracle from ancient times, and

casts all the deluding manifestations of our own day, in any comparison of beauty, dignity, or instructiveness, into the lowest deep under the clear and perfect pattern of our Saviour's works.

If it be said, We believe in Christ not because of his miracles, but in the miracles because of Christ, it matters not; for he was himself the first great miracle, from which the other miracles flowed as the most natural thing in the world, — in preaching to the poor he was as extraordinary as in giving sight to the blind; and, in the height of his spirituality, could afford to disparage his miracles themselves, so that his light mention of them on one or two occasions, as quoted by the Evangelists, is unsuspecting proof of their reality. Miraculous works are not the ultimate verification of any intellectual or moral propositions, though they may bring them into the forecourt of the mind, lay an emphasis on them in the record, separate them from the general body of truth, from all other statements or doctrines however intrinsically just, into peculiar importance, bind up for all time the historic volume in which their testimony is contained, and seal the authority to teach of him by whom they are wrought. But the supernatural authority of Christ's life and temper, breaking upon the world, the most wondrous phenomenon that ever entered it, to contravene the base habits of men, — this above all is the redemption of the soul.

Indeed, the supernatural is at bottom the spiritual, that power — name it how we will — within, beyond, before, above matter, not subject to its rules, but using and changing them to its purposes. Nay, the whole miraculous movement of the Gospel finds its consummation in making us aware of a spiritual and supernatural principle in ourselves, which is capable of essential life and purity, which is not the property of the matter that clothes it, which came not from it and shall not go to it, on which its clods shall not press, nor its hills fall, which its rocks shall not cover, which its dissolutions shall not dissolve, and over which the cold winds of its valleys shall never blow. It has been a pleasant fancy of the poet, that out of the dust of those dear to us the pale and crimson freshness of the flowers may grow. Ah! it is but a sad grace, a melancholy beauty, to which they thus contribute. On such flowers, were they all, only bitter tears could

drop. More blessed is it to perceive in the wasting frame a vital, undying energy of holiness and love, a divine power and will, tenacious of life, — not of the present bodily, but of the immortal, independent life, — a token that Christ's supernatural authority is the soul's liberty.

It has been said, we cannot believe in a miraculous fact as we believe in an unseen principle, as we believe in God. So we would admit and affirm. But this is no slight upon the particular fact of miracle; for we cannot believe in *any* fact or mass of facts as we believe in God; — bless and praise Him! Every thing we behold is passing smoke before that mysterious glory. But the indications of that glory, which we receive most of all from Him who was the brightness of it, may lead us on into the liberty of the sons of God.

We hope the theme we have thus presented may prove not untimely. The great cry of our age and our land is *Liberty*, liberty for all! There is to this lifted a counter-cry of *Law and order*! From our discussion it would appear that, truly understood, there is no contradiction in these cries; but that they meet in one idea, there being no true liberty but in obedience to just command, and no proper moral law without freedom to act and to obey. Again, there is in one class or another, or from the heart of mankind, a cry for our rights! which the self-renouncing spirit of religion in the soul answers with a lowlier cry to know and do our duties. Here too philosophy and piety unite to teach every creature, man or woman, that the duties are the loftiest and most blessed rights. The poets Coleridge and Herbert, the one appealing to liberty and the other celebrating law, have by Ruskin been contrasted. They should rather be reconciled. For the former addresses the free elements as those that yield homage only to eternal laws; and the latter but warns against the worst bondage, when he cites the trusty sun and sky for our examples of living by rule, that we may keep company with all God's works.

“Lose not thyself, nor give thy humors way;
God gave them to thee under lock and key.”

Accordingly, with what beauty, as by an instinct for truth and impossibility of any exposure to narrowness or extravagance, the great Bible speaks of the *law of*

liberty and of that *service which is perfect freedom*, joined in one seemingly antagonistic principle, as in nature we so often see opposite elements coalesce from their struggle in one simple product. We know of no topic more wholesome than this, especially for the mind of our own country to ponder. In the conflict among us of false extremes that can never be harmonized, boldness of speculation on one side and subjection to creeds on the other, utter individual independence and social servility, political license in the majority with unjust slavery in a weaker race, there is nothing it so becomes us to strive for as that combination of principle with free-will, which has its rise in religion, the fountain-head of all human thought and action, and thence pervades with sanctifying, cementing power all the departments of human life.

Such a consummation will be promoted if an idea can ever find us which will do away the antithesis, in particular, that has always been supposed between Christ's authority and the soul's liberty, and makes that authority and liberty the same, as verily, in the sight of God, we believe they are. We cannot offer a better prayer to God, we cannot breathe a better wish for man, than that this antithesis may be solved in our hearts, and so we be empowered to solve it in the hearts of all whom we may reach. So we shall move forward a little the chariot-wheels of the great God, who is Father and King. So we shall hasten the blessed day when Christ's universal lordship shall prove the emancipation of mankind.

To the argument, however, which we have now presented for Christianity as the great liberating power for the world and the soul, there are not in our time wanting those who will object, that more is accorded to this special system of religion than it deserves, nay, that, could it do all we affirm, God were unjust to bestow benefits so immense so partially on a remnant of the race in a fragment of time, and therefore that such a faith in it as we require does not thus enlarge, but narrows, the mind. These critics are learned and reflecting men. Let one fact, however, in regard to them, be noted, that they wish not to be called infidel, but rather cling to the Christian name. Among intelligent men few have the hardihood, or, as one expressed it, strength of constitution, openly to renounce Christianity. How and wherefore is

this? What is that vital power in the Gospel, that embracing reality, of which they who have once seen it cannot be rid? They criticize its prophecies, stumble at its miracles, doubt its inspiration; itself they are unable to throw off. A mysterious influence here balks all speculation, and wellnigh baffles all description. The truth is, Christianity has so possessed itself, beyond mere belief or respect, of the very consciousness and instinct of mankind, so vindicates itself to the common sense of the world as the noblest birth of time, chief dress of divinity, and supreme title of humanity, by the very sound of its syllables so designates universally to the ear and heart what is best, that it cannot fairly be disowned. It has a strange predominance and an unaccountable superiority. Its bidding is ghostly and compulsive of regard. Its operation resembles that of a natural law, and the attempt to check it is like trying to hinder the flow of the sap or still the circulation of the blood. It exerts a supernatural influence over even those who deny its supernatural claim. Something not to be antiquated, an air which we cannot help breathing, the climate in which all pure manners grow, the moral horizon and limit of vision, the unearthly grasp of an invisible hand, it constrains in the breast a tribute the lips may refuse.

But leaving this incomprehensible and intuitive charm, of those who doubt the equity of such a higher disclosure we ask, How has the Divine Providence proceeded in other matters? Has it poured out the cornucopia of all privileges once and for ever on all the sons and daughters of Adam? Or was it wrong, that men in the foregoing ages should be clothed in skins, dwell in tents, creep along the shore, or, without polar guide, doubly stagger over the deep? Was it wrong, that only in some coarse signs or rude picture-language they could record facts and convey their ideas, and must run bleeding against every sharp law of the creation before they suspected its existence or knew its action? And is it unrighteous in God to have handed down successively at long intervals, in limited and sparing discovery, the compass and loom, the alphabet and the press, as it were doling out his gifts, ordaining, in art and science and outward comfort, everlasting progress for his creatures? No. We admit in all

this an order and fitness to human nature. Then neither is it wrong to have decreed ever higher forms of religious knowledge, and unfolding even unto the perfect pattern in Christ our Lord. His advent, so far from being anomalous or contradictory to the Maker's attributes or style of conduct, is only in beautiful and sublime parallelism with his other doings. His last word, like the second member in a Hebrew ode, is but responsive to the first, and in his infinite and unchangeable glory, through endless variety of benefactions, he but repeats himself, his acts poetry, and his steps through ages the rhythm of a hymn.

But to this charge, that Christianity is a scheme partial and unjust, we may furthermore answer by honestly admitting in this matter a theological excess. The Church painting of the wretched condition of the pagan world has been wholly overdone. That entire condition, as compared with the lot of Christendom, has no doubt been very low. The pagan sacrifices and superstitions, in their crushing burdensomeness or bewildering distraction, were but restless agony in sad contrast with that serene worship of the Father which Jesus first inaugurated and with so exultant prediction, as though his calm breast throbbed and his cheek for once kindled, set shining in the coming history and practice of mankind. But God did not, in the olden time, abandon his offspring. The arm of the Almighty was not shortened, nor his ear heavy, four thousand years ago. He was God even then, the universal friend and benefactor, when the morning stars began their song, as in the latest music of the spheres, and one shout of his sons links all the periods of time. Verily life was a boon in the dawn as well as at this midday of time. The world, that we have explored and studied, grown so familiar with, and broken open like a worn-out toy, and many of us gotten tired of, — what a plaything of wonder and delight indeed it was when first dropped at the feet of infant man to lay hold of in its freshness and prime! When this human tribe was young in its growing health and strength, having little that was painful to remember, without the vices as well as without the virtues of civilization, stung with no inveterate remorse stretching back through the long centuries of the past, bearing no Olympiads of sin in its bosom,

and tracing in fiery comet-track no measureless cycles of deviation and mistake, — in the experience, too, of many deep and dear natural affections, that bound the members of humanity, who did not yesterday learn to love each other, — human existence was no wretched and melancholy thing.

Moreover, in respect of the protracted postponement of such a revelation as we enjoy, it must be recollected that the mass of men were not fitted to receive it, and did not even yearn for it. Their spiritual nature was undeveloped. The mind of man, like some huge edifice, seems by the great Architect to have been built part by part, as the grandest temple for the Almighty's praise is, proportion after proportion, centuries in rearing. His senses were at first keen and his external perceptions vivid. Thought slept in him. Time tyrannized over him. The body held his soul as a cradle does the child, and he neither wished nor was able to get out of it, but was occupied in looking round with pleased and curious observation through the house let him to live in. So best we can fancy his state. By no tradition and no imagination, of course, can we more than dimly follow the elder generations through the stages of their infantile joy and wonder, or understand how they learned the lessons and finished the processes of a commencing existence. Emerging from muddy Egyptian ignorance, still, like the tawny creature Milton describes in its introduction to the world, how they must have been half entangled in the clod, nor able, though struggling, quite to free themselves. This κόσμος, beauty, order, charmed the Greek; its conquest took up the time of the Roman; while in nomadic wandering through the wild expanse, in making a crook to gather from the boundless pasture flocks and herds for a subsistence, or in toil on the unsoftened glebe, the earth itself absorbed its inhabitants. Rest from the pressure of primeval care, the advance of commerce, the weaving of bonds of friendly communion, the opening of a true social and civil life, above all, an end to the engrossing spell of matter and some awakening of intellectual inquiry and aspiration after objects invisible, permanent, and immortal, must all come to constitute that era which was as much the human as the divine fulness of time for Christianity.

But meantime the Most High was not even religiously wanting to the beings he had made. To the dormant, half-conscious, groping nature he had fashioned for himself, that yet could not truly apprehend him, he appeared in symbols shooting in grand and cloudy gleams across its fancy, giving sincere shudders of joy and starts of homage to embrace its author, which, even through the manifold shapes of polytheism, were more precious in his sight than the dull devotion of many a modern worldling to the one God he has professed. Oh, how often, contemplating the character of the cold, earthly-minded worshipper in the blaze of celestial light, have we indeed occasion to cry out : —

“I'd rather be
A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn ; —
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Neptune rising from the sea,
Or hear old Proteus blow his wreathèd horn ! ”

But this may not be. Though some in these days seem to covet the old Gentile religion, and would roam through the breadth of nature seeking their divinities, the real spirit of antiquity cannot be recalled. The faith is gone. The fellowship is gone. The reality, the spontaneity, is gone. The very atmosphere to generate or sustain the forms of ancient belief and worship is gone with that which brought forth and fed the old forms of animated being, and can no more than they from the sepulchres of rock be recalled for ever. There are new heavens and a new earth : there must be new creatures, spiritual as well as material. Nature-worship must, with rare exceptions of very peculiar persons, be a sort of will-worship now. We cannot be good pagans any more. We know too much. The thing is exploded. We must, if any thing, be good Christians. There is no alternative except to be irreligious or sceptical men. Or if, like a sect of yore, one may still kiss his hand to the moon, and be taken captive by the host of heaven, it must be in a kind of private sorcery all his own ; — for any public adoration after this model, with a spark of either human or divine love in it, any communion by it, is no longer a possibility, any more than to have in a republican state a patriarchal government, or to be an Athenian citizen in a modern town, or a veritable, unaffected Stoic in this

nineteenth century, all alone, out of time. Thank God for a religion, in which our sympathies and prayers may mingle and rise all above every worn-out type, as the heavens are above the earth!

But, once more, in reply to the accusation, that our glorifying of the Gospel consists not with an even-handed Divine administration of the world, let it be considered that the Christian privilege of faith is offset with a strict Christian responsibility. There is, we are often told, an atonement in Christianity for our sins. But there is another atonement, not in our favor, but against us and in behalf of the heathen, for our opportunities. We have got to answer for our light and law and spiritual culture and saving grace, yea, for the very mercy of forgiveness. So He, at once lawgiver and lamb, abolisher of death and bringer of life and immortality to light, with terrible solemnity of adjuration assures us. He has other sheep that are not of this fold. Whoever doeth truth and mercy, whether walking with him or away from him, whatever any of the disciples may say, has the Master's commendation. In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him: and the woes against Chorazin and Bethsaida and heaven-exalted Capernaum burst in everlasting thunder against mere nominal believers; while out of the falling gates of Tyre and Sidon, through the sulphurous smoke of sinking Sodom and Gomorrah, from arctic regions of ignorance and dreadful miasms of tropic corruption, shall ascend multitudes without number, in white wedding-garments, to Him, discerning One, who holds the unerring scales over all, willing to put in many a grain of mercy for the offending, but no more for one than for another.

Christianity unjust and partial! In its own terms is a compass of equity beyond the sweep of any unaided human reason and conscience. All its means are obligations, its new lights added duties, its treasures of motive and knowledge swelling sums to be reckoned on the debtor side at the judgment-day. Do we, indeed, rejoice in our wealth? Let us tremble at it! The whole loan will be required at the great bar. Yes, for every line in living light which the pencil of inspiration has drawn, and for every precept graven in tables of stone or stamped

in a newer covenant; for every sanction that flashes out of the word of God, from the angelic sword that waved over Eden to the vials of wrath that overflowed in the mystic visions of the Apocalypse; for every forward look and pre-announcement of prophets, and for every utterance of the Lord and repetition of his witnesses and Apostles; for every certifying sign and sealing miracle, and for every scene and picture in the record of eternal beauty; for every conversation of wisdom, and for all encouragement, with each rebuke; for whatever talk our spirits have had with the Saviour, and for every visit in fancy to his cradle and cross and tomb; for our walks by faith with him to Calvary and to Emmaus, and for the use of every institution which the power of his Gospel has built up; for every loud admonition and silent partaking of the tokens of love unto death; for the sweat as of blood in Gethsemane, and each Sabbath remembrance of the Resurrection, — we must stand and speak. All this amount must we balance with some credit of diligence and faithfulness. We have had the five talents. We have had the ten pounds. It was not because God loved us and hated the heathen; but because, as Jesus said, "he that sent me is true."

"Thy truth and justice, mighty Lord!
Shall well divide our last reward."

The objection to a special revelation from God is of the same class with that to his manifesting himself in a part of the universe, as on this little ball of the solar system; running into the same absurdity of making the dignity of the Infinite Spirit measurable by outward extent; when the least sum of divine goodness, and even the feeblest moving of human virtue, outruns all external vastness, and preponderates over globes and constellations. One virtuous aspiration from earth, or one gracious touch from heaven, exceeds and includes the whole of that grosser immensity that we call space; so that the sceptical argument of a partial Christianity brings into absurd comparison things incommensurable. Or if it be said the question is not merely of visible spread, but of moral illumination, then we answer, that an historic religion, addressed to the human understanding, by its very terms must be particular in its beginning, in order that it may become universal in the end.

The objection we have considered takes, in fine, the form of asserting that Christianity is partial as respects the faculties of the individual mind ; that there are other things in the world besides religion, — manifold intellectual interests and practical callings not to be held inferior or shouldered aside, but in the grand congregation of human agencies having indefeasible right to room, nor, without trial, to be driven out from the chief places in the synagogue ; and that it is time to break up this foolish priestly notion of life as being a ceaseless prayer on earth or an interminable song in heaven. In short, the plea is, that spiritual interests are in the Gospel made too much of, and that Christ, as their representative, is a figure drawn preposterously large on the canvas, filling such a field of view only by a sort of optical illusion.

We answer, that it is certainly by no ambition of Jesus, or easy forbearance with him, that he has thus risen. Neither could he by any accident so preside. He sits in his place. He holds the seat God has given him. If the Almighty does, or ever did, any thing in this world, he has borne him irresistibly to the head and lordship of mankind ; for no blind chance or forward will can explain a phenomenon so vast and momentous as his superior position and prevailing sway. But, moreover, it is an erroneous understanding or false setting forth of Christianity, which assumes rivalry between her and any needful interest or honorable vocation of human life. She would not have the world divided unequally between her operations and other concerns, so that she may take the lion's share and niggardly mete out a mere support and bare foothold to every secular function. No, far different and more lofty is her ground. Instead of conquering the world, like Alexander, for herself, to leave it a subject of endless dispute among inferior officers, she would stand clear of contention, over and above all else, with a requisition simply to guide with her truth and inspire with her motives every shape of human action, art, government, business, toil, pleasure ; even like the judge in the ancient race-course, not being in the way of the chariots or limiting by an inch the reach of the track, but prescribing the righteous rules and awards of the competition. So, too, would she order all the inward faculties, which make this stir of our existence, reining

not to retard them, but to fix their direction, to harmonize their movement, to give them in the long run the best speed, and so magnify the achievements and trophies of their career.

This point in the argument, namely, of influence on the individual soul, according as it may justly turn, we admit to be vital and decisive. To take this human nature, and train and transform it, to bring out its finer energies, to loose it from every clog, cleanse it from every stain, and renew it from its original temper into a spirit of love and purity, in which all its powers shall have free play to honor their Author and bless his creatures, — this is indeed of any system the test. To whatever shall best do this, be it Christianity or aught beside, we must yield the palm. If any other scheme or independence of all schemes can accomplish it better or wider, to that we are ready to transfer our allegiance. Character is the highest proof; the sort of character any method produces is not only its result, but its touchstone; — and if there be character, from any source presentable, higher and more comprehensive than from Christianity, then her reign is over, her occupation gone: she must forthwith surrender or retire. As Napoleon said his empire rested on continued conquest, and he must go forward or lose all; as the savage has a notion that the strength of a fallen enemy passes thenceforth into the victor; as the type of animal or vegetable life that cannot by its growth and vigor make good its right to a particular locality is inexorably swallowed up by some sure successor; — so, we confess, our religion is bound, for her life, to outstrip or wrestle down every antagonist or rival. If she can do this, her case is made out. If she can do this, all minute wordy criticism upon her dates and documents, save as an humble smoothing of her outworks, is impertinent and poor; like disputing whether the seed of some venerable, gigantic tree could have planted itself, or its roots struck at the spot where its boughs hang laden with nutriment and sweetness.

The question is one of fact, and fact open to common observation. Where, then, are the grandest statues of history, the loftiest engravings on the walls of time, the warmest and purest portraits in the temple of the world, that shall hold their colors beyond the last tint of old

Thebes, of disinterred Nineveh and Pompeii, and outshine the final sunset of all the glory of the earth? where, but in her saints and martyrs, her prophets and apostles, her Author and Finisher? What other plan of human improvement and earthly perfection succeeds in moulding from the same material of our ordinary, ignorant, selfish humanity, forms more beautiful? Let the potter's clay, in its shapes under his hand, answer for his skill! There are those, we know, among us, claiming to have, in their modes of procedure and patterns of character, more breadth. Very well! Let their pretensions be submitted to that test of fact, whose providential and divine potency is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's soap. Alas! how often is it shown that a man may be broad and barren, have ample and splendid generalities in the head and on the tongue, with narrowness and coldness in the heart! The only unsuspicious goodness is not in word, but in deed. A literary philanthropy, a metaphysic generosity, we see to be consistent with actual pride, self-indulgence, egotistic unconcern for the race to which one belongs, and the Being from whom he sprang. The smooth essay, the philosophic conversation, the comfortable profession, cannot come in here as evidence. There is room only for all sincere love, all practical goodness, sacrifice, and self-renunciation. These are the witnesses. None beside can enter. Let them come from every quarter, Nazarene or heathen. The doors of the court shall not be shut. Let the testimony be all rendered in and weighed. Let the scales of judgment be even and the decision fair; and God, the Judge, protect the right!

Beyond all invention and discovery of cunning instruments or mines of gold, beyond all attainments and marvels of intellect or genius, exceeding the deepest penetrations of thought, is the glory of a true life. This was the old, lamentable defect of time, this the long desire of all nations, this the gift of Christ; namely, not an imaginary, but a real goodness. This on earth and in heaven, above all other researches, is the grand interrogation,—for life, more abundant life. He does better who serves his fellows, than he who lauds an abstraction of their nature. He does better who looks not on God as one of his ideas, but on himself as one of God's creatures. To make the greatest manhood is Christianity's challenge, the blast of

her silver trumpet to the world, the summons to lists of godly valor, where in no case she has yet been defeated. This is her sublime and matchless art, in which she upholds herself from age to age; this her holy battle, where the noblest captives have fallen to her spear and bow; this her chosen ground, where she has reached the honor of the earth, and gathered the beauty of Israel with the flower of the Gentile world. Herself glorified in her transformations of vileness into sanctity, she has made out of man's proneness to sin her own mount of transfiguration, whereon dwellers in earth and travellers from the upper shore still meet for converse.

C. A. B.

ART. II. — THE SHADY AND THE SUNNY SIDE OF
THE MINISTRY.*

FICTION, especially as it falls more and more into the hands of woman, is marked by greater moral earnestness and elevation of purpose. In view of this, it is well to temper our denunciation of fictitious writings with the recollection that thus have some of the noblest and truest words been uttered. For the spread of science and philosophy the novel is out of place, but it legitimately glides into the service of religion, and becomes an efficient aid in its advancement. Moral and religious truths are always most effective when exemplified in persons. Character has great influence, whether bodied forth in ideal creations, or exhibited in actual life. Hence it is that we burn with indignation or are melted to tears by "Mary Barton" and "Uncle Tom." One of the most forcible arguments for the genuineness of Christianity is the fact that its truths are enforced by the personal character of its Founder. The beatitudes were not simply pronounced in the Sermon on the Mount, they

* 1. *The Sunny Side, or the Country Minister's Wife.* Philadelphia: American Sunday School Union. 16mo. pp. 142.

2. *A Peep at No. Five, or a Chapter in the Life of a City Pastor.* By H. TRUSTA. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 16mo. pp. 296.

3. *The Shady Side, or Life in a Country Parsonage.* By a Pastor's Wife. Boston: John P. Jewett & Co. 12mo. pp. 349.

were also illustrated throughout Judea in the actual life of the Great Teacher. The biographies of the Bible, which either personify or dramatize religious truth, lie deep in the common heart. It is for this reason that the novel is a fitting vehicle for conveying the principles of morality and piety; they thus become personified, and speak with commanding power and eloquence.

These thoughts are suggested by the books whose titles we have placed at the head of this article. They are constructed upon a similar, general idea, and have a like aim. "Sunny Side" and "A Peep at No. Five" are from the same pen, and represent the home trials incident to the ministerial profession. The former is portrayed upon the background of a country parish, and presents scenes which are a transcript of the country clergyman's experience. The story is told with a simplicity, sweetness, grace, and beauty, which impart liveliness and interest to the narrative. It deals, however, almost exclusively with the trials incident to the multitudinous every-day cares and insufficient support of the ministry. It is founded upon real life, though the conclusion would seem like romance, were we not assured that it was sober truth. The second book above named carries the reader from the quiet country, with its Aunt Cribby, Deacon Jones, and Mr. Dodge, into a city parish. But here human nature does not change, though the circumstances vary. These give rise to a somewhat different kind of trials, and unfold the deeper and more vital experiences of the ministerial life. But "Shady Side," by another author, is a book of more power and genius than the other two. It seizes upon the feelings with a stronger grasp, and makes much greater demands on the reader's sympathies. As a whole, it is a sad tale, while some portions of it wring the heart to tears. It is to be hoped that in full it is the picture of but few parsonages; and the evils delineated are so obviously unjust, and the remedy so readily at hand, that they need only to be exposed to be removed. The authoress in the preface declares that the *facts* wrought into the story are real, and taken from actual life. The stir which its publication has made in her husband's parish, and the consequent close of his ministry there, for no reason other than that his wife had written this book, confirm the accuracy of her statement.

By this act his people have betrayed a consciousness of guilt. Besides, the incidents are so naturally told, and so many of them come home to those acquainted with a minister's life and experience with such reality, that the whole can readily be believed.

These three books afford fruitful themes for reflection, and have an additional importance, because they help to explain the causes which are operating to produce in young men a disinclination to enter the ministerial profession. This is so prominent, that the thought has frequently arisen, Is not the tone of these books one of discouragement? This was doubtless far from the aim of the writers, for they evidently designed to awaken the attention of parishes to their delinquencies, and to quicken them to their duties. For the attainment of this end, it was necessary that the "Shady Side" should be in the foreground. But this ought not to beget a spirit of complaint, or a disposition to croak. The ministerial profession has its trials, and in some instances these fall heavily upon their victims; but we have still to be convinced, that in this respect they are more weighty than those which belong to other professions. There are doubtless evils and experiences which are peculiar to it; some of them accidental, and that can be removed, — others that are inherent, and such as grow out of that imperfection which marks all human relations. It is the part of true wisdom to discriminate between these two, that we may remove the one and cheerfully endure the other. The youth who would choose that calling which is free from toil, trial, and difficulty, has yet to learn that there are none such, and even if there were, they would leave him at life's close weak and imbecile. Out of struggles comes conscious strength.

While this is freely admitted, one or two inquiries naturally suggest themselves. In the first place, are the toils, drudgery, and suffering so truthfully portrayed in these works necessary? Do they inherently flow from the voluntary system, or are they to a great extent accidental? To a considerable degree they arise from causes within control. The chief of these is doubtless the want of an adequate support of the ministry in our country towns. The numerous divisions into which every community is separated give rise to many feeble relig-

ious societies. Some of these are driven by the force of necessity to limit their minister in his salary. But leaving out of view the really poor societies, it is clear enough that most can fulfil all just duties, when they become fully aware of them, and are by this knowledge disposed to do so. In the great majority of the societies connected with our household of faith, there is no lack of the requisite ability. They already do as much, if not more, than societies around them. Yet with this admission it is a fact that our suburban and country clergymen, as a class, find it difficult to keep themselves from pecuniary obligations. The whole of life is spent in struggling against debt. They are not able to make the necessary provisions for the accidents of sickness, or to anticipate the wants of old age. And this, too, in the face of the fact that, the moment a minister's active labors cease, he is cast upon the world. How often it happens, when the minister's blood cools and his race is almost run, that he has unmistakable hints that he must give place to a younger and more popular man! As soon as he does so, the interest of the people clusters around the new incumbent. All the energies of the society are exerted to provide for him. It is true the old and faithful servant, who has spent his mature strength, and worn himself out in his duties, will find an abundance of sympathy expressed. This will be given without stint, and some of it will doubtless be sincere. Many of his old parishioners will "pity him from the bottom of their hearts." It would contribute more to his peace and comfort, if it moved their fingers to unloose their purses. As he cannot buy bread or gain shelter with the aid of sympathizing words, he finds himself on terms of intimacy with poverty, so that when death comes it relieves a few really devoted friends of a pecuniary burden. This is no exaggeration: scenes like these are wrought into the mosaic of real life, and furnish one of the dark chapters of human experience.

But are such things necessary? If so, what a fatal charge can be hurled at our boasted voluntary system. But it is not necessary, if parishes would justly compensate their ministers. Sometimes, it is true, these results proceed from a want of foresight and economy. It may now and then be the consequence of a thoughtless ex-

travagance, — to be placed beside similar examples in other vocations. Admit this, and you dispose only of the occasional, and not of the general experience. For it is a notorious fact, that at present the average salaries of ministers will not give a full support, and drive them often by the stern pinch of necessity to devise other means of increasing their income. Is there no remedy for this? Yes, and that too by a simple act of justice.

We here put the plea upon this broad principle. For if religious institutions have any claim on the community for support, the obligation to be faithful to them is as clear as the corresponding one to sustain other needful institutions. It is no charity to pay a minister an adequate salary, but a *duty*. We doubt whether the evil will be fully remedied until the clergy take the matter in their own hands, and *insist* upon a more liberal compensation. Society needs the aid of the pulpit, — the soul of man must and will have established modes of worship. Religion as an aid for securing order and sustaining the rights of property is indispensable. To abolish the pulpit would be to take from society a great spiritual working force, and one of its most conservative safeguards. But not only is religion necessary for men and society, so are institutions by means of which it is expressed and diffused. It is clear, then, that an established *cultus* is no accidental or conventional arrangement. The priest has played an important part in every society, from the lowest form of savage life to the highest civilization. The sentiment which he represents is as ineradicable and indestructible as the soul. It connects itself with some of the noblest and most enduring fibres of man's life, whether as an individual, or as organized in civil society. Sooner than let go of it, he will accept the grossest superstitions with which it is associated. Society never has been able to dispense with religious institutions. It never will be until human nature changes. The ministry, then, is not a supernumerary, but an active, living energy in society. How it shall be sustained is a conventional arrangement which arises from prevalent customs, usages, and ideas. In this country we have adopted the voluntary system, as most in accordance with the principles of freedom. Here is an absence of legal coercion, but that does not weaken the binding

force of individual obligation. If we believe religion to be true, and its institutions necessary, is not the duty as stringent as if it came in the form of a civil enactment? In supporting the ministry we are not dispensing an act of charity, but fulfilling the calls of a just claim.

But, on the other hand, no one person is bound by any considerations out of himself to become a minister, by none but such as spring from his individual convictions. And if society, through its religious organizations, fail to deal justly with him as a clergyman, he violates no duty to it in leaving the sacred desk. He may by this act be disloyal to his own conscience, and his duty to God, but so far as any religious organization is concerned he is guiltless. In the Protestant Church he unites the function of a priest and teacher. To some extent he combines what was included in the Jewish idea of priest and prophet, but in a manner suited to the altered conditions of society. According to the recognized demands, he must give to the work his whole mind, time, and strength. Before he enters upon its duties, a long and expensive preparation is required, and this too at his own individual cost. Is it then more than a just demand that he be fairly compensated, that he have a support at least approximating to that of the other professions? There is no reason in justice why the clergyman or college professor should go threadbare, that the best and most gifted should at the end of a long and laborious life, spent in efforts for the instruction and elevation of their fellows, and for the advancement of knowledge and religion, be left with scarcely a competence, while the first-class lawyers and physicians can amass a fortune in a few years. If ministers are equally necessary to society, why should there not be an equality in compensation? So far as we know, the most gifted clergymen in our cities have a salary which is not more than equal to one third of the income of an able lawyer. There are very few of our college professors who can save from their yearly compensation enough to gain a competence for the ease and comfort of old age. This ought not to be.

Impressed with the truth of these considerations, we think Mr. Vernon in "Shady Side" erred from a false idea of self-sacrifice in not insisting upon a more ade-

quate maintenance at an early period of his ministry. The societies over which he was settled, especially those in Millville and Olney, were abundantly able to place him in a better condition. The latter had increased in numbers under his ministrations, and could easily have saved him from pecuniary embarrassment, and his devoted wife from a life of slavish drudgery and wasting toil. This would have been only an act of simple justice ; by enduring in silence, and especially in passively allowing himself to be cheated, he yielded to their wicked thoughtlessness, or deliberate selfishness and wrong. It makes the heart ache and bleed to read some of the records of that truly heroic woman's endurance and labors. Had these been beyond the control of human power, they might be termed providential ; but as they proceeded from the injustice of others, these should have been awakened to a sense of their wickedness and meanness. What principle of religion can justify a slow and gradual suicide which is not necessary ? It would have taught the parish a lesson of self-sacrifice, or at least of common duty, to have opened their eyes. Then, too, something in cases like this is due to professional independence, and the people should have been told that the minister was as necessary for them as they for him ; that he could find another parish, and if not, other spheres of activity were open that would remunerate his labor, and that he could do without their support quite as easily as they could dispense with his services.

This whole subject has a deeper significance than at first sight appears. It bears upon the inquiry that is becoming more and more serious every day, How shall our churches be supplied with efficient ministers ? The complaint of this want meets us on all sides. There is a falling off in our principal theological schools, or at least the increase does not keep pace with the growth of our churches. Young men, especially the gifted, hesitate before entering upon the ministry. This fact is unquestionable, and doubtless many causes combine to produce this state of things. By no means the least among them is the uncertainty connected with the profession, and its inadequate compensation. The authors of these books describe the influence which the struggles with poverty have, not only upon the ministers themselves, but also

upon their sons. Thus, in "Sunny Side," Henry during his second college vacation at home says, in a conversation with his brother George, "If I choose any profession it will be that [of a minister], I think; and yet I have not got over my childish feeling, that it is hard work and poor pay." "The greatest drudgery in the world," said George. "No, no, not all that," said Henry. "A man cannot help feeling that he is working for something when he is working for eternity. The calling of a minister has altogether a new interest to me now, and yet I find I cannot get away from my old impressions about it. My mother has had to work too hard." This was said by a youth full of fresh religious feeling, and by one who had a noble idea of a minister's vocation, and profound reverence for his father as one. It is no reply to say this is a fictitious character, because real life furnishes like examples. Then, too, how many, when meditating upon a profession, think what the author of "Shady Side" puts in words. "I only wish to say," says an imaginary hearer, whom she represents as speaking to her, — "I only wish to say that it appears to me there is a plain way of relief for you ministers, and for all others who meet with like trials. Let them abandon the work, and go about something else. I do not believe God requires men to *starve* in the ministry in these days. If I were in Mr. Vernon's place, I would seek some employment that would yield a fair remuneration. I would go into the field, or the shop, and work where my services would be requited." However much we may deprecate such thoughts as these, they do come to the minds of young men, and we believe deter even those religiously disposed from buckling on the armor. Most men are governed by mixed motives, and on one who gazes upon life through his memory and past experience, the uncertainty of professional remuneration has an influence, and such hesitate to urge their children to enter upon the sacred office. We would be far from justifying this course. It is inconsistent with the highest and noblest idea of duty. Still we are confident that in many cases the influences alluded to do deter some from the ministry who would become zealous and devoted servants of Christ.

But to rise to higher views. In "Shady Side," the

minister literally wore himself out, and so did his faithful and true wife, not simply in the legitimate duties of the profession, but in those struggles and labors which poverty forced upon them. They worked beyond their strength, until they were both brought to a premature grave. He was abroad so much in the day, or so harassed by petty cares, as to be obliged to write late at night; prostration followed as a consequence; then came depression of spirits. Now is this doing the will of God? Can it be that a beneficent and holy Father designed that his creatures should violate his laws and work themselves beyond the power of recovery? Duty is only commensurate with ability, and when we pass this limit we transgress the Divine will. Our Heavenly Father has written his laws upon our frames, as well as on our consciences and in the Bible. They are universal in their operation. He evidently has no elect who are superior to them, and he designed that all his children should obey in each and all of them. To secure this obedience in respect to the body, he has affixed inexorable penalties to a violation of the laws of our physical constitution, and will exact them pound for pound. The entire prostration and headache which follow a night's exhausting study or writing, is an expression of his displeasure as clearly as remorse for a departure from the moral law. Good men, especially Christian ministers, need to be awakened to a full conception of this truth. God's law is sacred, and if no regard to health is of any avail, the Christian should act from the obligations of duty. The minister at the sacred altar, of all others, should obey the Divine will with scrupulous fidelity. For the want of this, how many clergymen have to groan and suffer! We have yet to kneel with a reverend spirit at the religious teachings of science, and discern how close is the connection between the soul and body, and how intimate the relation between man's diet, habits, temperament, and his religious sentiments and feelings. By a blind fallacy religionists have learned to disregard the body, and the influence of a false and unscientific mental philosophy still helps in the perversion of an important truth. But the body is the work of God no less than the mind. "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit which is in you, which ye

have of God, and ye are not your own?" It is surrounded by fixed laws, and he who violates them will certainly suffer the just penalty of disobedience, whether he does it in writing a sermon at night through the excitement of unnatural stimulants, or after the body is exhausted, or in the grosser forms of overeating and inebriation.

As we read these records of ministerial life, the mind naturally reverts to olden times, and the imagination recalls the pictures of the quaint, but sincere and devoted Mathers, in their study poring over their theological lore,—or gazes at the sturdy giant, Edwards, as with pen, ink, and paper he rides on horseback through the beautiful meadows of Northampton. As the images of these men and their times rise up before us, we see at a glance into what entirely new conditions society has fallen. Then the minister made himself felt; he was a man of power, he was far more erudite than those around him; the means for acquiring knowledge were far less than now. Even writing-paper in the times of Edwards was so expensive, that he used his pulpit notices, newspaper margins, and half letters, on which to note down his thoughts. The printing-press had not achieved its present miracles of art, and public libraries were unknown. In addition to these considerations, which gave the minister a personal advantage on the score of intelligence, he derived power and commanded respect from his position. He was esteemed holy by virtue of his office. We have frequently heard, from the lips of those who were Dr. Hopkins's younger parishioners, with what awe and reverence he was regarded, and how the very mention of him as coming through the streets would frighten the boys from their petty thefts at the farmers' wagons in fruit season. But all now is changed. The minister wields power only by means of his actual worth and ability. Parishes are not content when the preacher possesses a sincere and exalted piety. To this must be added mental and spiritual power. Doubtless the judgments are often based upon false principles or caprice; but leaving out of view this fact, there is now no doubt that there is an actual demand for a ministry endowed with vigorous and living thought. The pulpit which is true to this requisition is no sinecure. It is no place for mere traditional conventionalisms or mental

feebleness. The minds which are kept to their highest tension during six days, will sleep on the seventh, unless they are aroused by stirring thought. The popular theology in many of its aspects is not suited to the times. It sprang up in an ignorant, unscientific age, and it has done a noble work. But it is not adapted to the present condition of society. The common pulse beats with the fevered throb of enterprise. The change in our external life has affected the prevailing intellectual and religious development. The attitude of thought is not that of hearty sympathy with the popular belief. Science and the new acquisitions of knowledge have enlarged our sweep of vision. The ultra reformer and the anti-supernaturalist are dealing out stout and vigorous blows upon the established opinions regarding the Bible, and even the foundations of religion are questioned by some forms of philosophy. In this state of things it is no easy task to engage in the conflict for faith. Old modes of defence will not avail. As well might the modern soldier be encumbered with the armor of a knight, as for the Christian preacher to clothe himself with an antique theology. And as the discovery of gunpowder gave rise to a new system of military tactics, so must religious thought and institutions be adapted to meet the new social, intellectual, and moral conditions into which society is thrown. It is a period of transition. The preacher, to be true to its wants, must be both priest and prophet. His heart must burn with devout fervor as he officiates at the altar, and place upon it the offering of sincere and holy consecration, while his mind shall throw its eagle glance into the future, and be stirred by the inspirations of hope, and the ideal of a spiritual beauty, joy, faith, and blessedness yet to be realized, when the New Church, the Heavenly Jerusalem, shall come down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. To fit himself for all this, the preacher must retire to the solitude of the study, become a priest of thought, and like a holy prophet stand upon the mountain heights of meditation to catch the first faint glimmerings of spiritual truth as they gleam down from heaven on the pathway of man.

But while the condition of society demands a higher order of ministers, there are many causes which combine

to draw away from the pulpit the noblest and most profound thinkers. The greatest power of thought runs into political, legal, and commercial channels. There is in this fact much that should awaken serious reflection. And do we not see in its truth a powerful plea for so sustaining the ministry as to draw to its service minds filled with fresh and vigorous thought? But let a man be ever so liberally gifted by nature, if placed amid circumstances akin to those which surrounded Mr. Vernon, he will feel their pressure. By the exercise of a lion-like energy and a giant strength of will, he may overcome them: but in the conflict he turns his powers to a warfare which does not belong legitimately to the profession. Should one who is called upon to wrestle with the great questions which are now agitating the soul, and heaving below the surface of society, — should he be driven to the edge of starvation, or be worried through life with the apprehension of poverty in old age? He cannot be faithful to his profession and work in other ways for his bread; and unless you discard the idea that an educated ministry is necessary, a reform in this direction is worthy of immediate consideration. It is futile to suppose that those ministers who are compelled to fritter away their precious time and strength in efforts to get ahead and escape debt, will be robust and athletic enough to grapple successively with the foes of religion. These are neither few nor feeble, and he who does not bring to the contest a vigorous mind, an elasticity of spirit, and an unclouded faith, will find himself vanquished through his inefficiency.

In thus calling attention to this subject, it is very far from our purpose to awaken the least feeling of discouragement. The ministry with all its struggles is a noble vocation, and to be coveted by those who aspire for a devoted and heroic life. It is no place for the mere lover of ease, or one who is wanting in moral hardihood or lofty aims. But to him who would prove his Christian faith by noble toil for man's best good here and hereafter, it opens a career filled with the grandest inspirations. One of the most touching and morally beautiful lessons in "Shady Side" is the last scene, where the devoted minister's wife takes her leave of life with a parting exhortation to her children.

"She recalls with him [her son Allie] the happy days he so well remembers, when, though there were many shadows hovering near, they had joy, and peace, and domestic love, and Christian comfort, around the domestic hearth. She tells him, too, of the unequalled joy his dear father felt when he had comforted some tempted soul, or brought back a wanderer to the Saviour's fold. Allie, in return, opens all his heart; and the tears, till now repressed, flow down her pale cheek, and she clasps him to her bosom, as he says it is his great ambition to be a good minister of the Gospel, and follow his dear father's steps. She forewarns him, that, unless he has great singleness of purpose, trials may shake his resolution. But Allie smiles, and says, 'Have I not seen the dark side already, dear mother? So I shall not be disappointed.' And on Mabel's faithful bosom, with one hand in Allie's, and the little ones held where she could see them, in the arms of pitying friends, quietly and without pain, the silver cord was loosed; and, at the early age of thirty-three, she joined the beatified above, who wait the fleeting days till the whole circle shall be complete in a blessed reunion in the home on high. 'Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

While, then, we wish these books God speed on their beneficent errand, may no true and devout soul be turned by them from a consecration upon the sacred altar of the Gospel ministry.

S. W. B.

ART. III. — THE WHITE HILLS.*

It may seem to many people that November is not the time in which to speak of a place of summer resort. But the White Hills of New Hampshire are always at home, and often appear to greatest advantage when there are fewest spectators of their beauty. After the summer crowds have departed, the ripened leaves of the oaks, the maples, and the birches form contrasts and harmonies

* 1. *A Map, with Views of the White Mountains.* Cambridge: John Bartlett. 1853.

2. *Scenery of the White Mountains; with Sixteen Plates, from the Drawings of ISAAC SPRAGUE.* By WILLIAM OAKES. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 4to.

with the pines and firs to which no coloring on earth can be superior. The lofty hill-sides, exposing to the view the foliage of every tree in almost boundless forests, are marked, not only by recent slides of bare earth and rock, but also by stripes of wood varying from the adjacent forests, marking in October the courses of ancient slides by the variegated rows of brilliant foliage interspersed in a forest of sombre evergreen.

And when the ripened leaves, like ripened fruit, have fallen to the earth, the hills put on their glittering dress of snow. One who has seen snow-covered mountains can alone understand their beauty. In winter our White Hills become temporary Alps, and give us their avalanches, their snowy wreaths, and their sunset hues of clouds, with all the beauty on a smaller scale that is described for us by those who have seen Switzerland with truest eye.

In the spring, also, before the sight-seekers leave their city quarters, the White Hills sing their loudest songs of joy, and the Saco, Ammonoosuc, and Pemigewasset utter their voices as "fiercely glad" as ever Arve and Arveiron. Never have we felt more deeply the power of these hills over us, than when we have seen their valleys filled with the floods that followed a warm rain in March. The lonely silence of the chaste, white peaks, the majestic repose of the black forests upon the hillsides, were made more solemn, more solitary, nay, it seemed even more silent, by these roaring torrents, that bore such ample testimony to the extent of the snowfields of whose drainage they were the outlet.

At this season we have also temporary incipient glaciers, although too diminutive in dimensions to illustrate very forcibly their immense power. But inasmuch as patches of snow remain on the White Hills oftentimes to July, and sometimes throughout the summer, it is easy for any visitor, who is upon the ground at an early date, to satisfy himself that this solid snowbank, though hard enough to walk and leap upon, is nevertheless slightly fluid, and is continually sagging and bending under its own weight. Indeed, it does not need a visit to the White Hills to demonstrate this important point in the theory of the formation of glaciers. Let any man hollow out an arch in a snow-drift, and if he leave it of

sufficient thickness, he will find it flatten, and then invert itself under a February sun, as an arch of pitch might do in July.

Mr. Bond's map of the mountain region is a valuable travelling companion, and would add greatly to the pleasure of an outside seat upon the stage, or of a half-hour spent upon the summit of any of the hills. And after returning it is a pleasant reminder of the whole scenery of the group, recalling the various places by their names, and showing their just relative positions.

But if one would recall particular scenes, he must have recourse to the descriptive pen of Mr. Oakes, and the daguerreotyping pencil of Mr. Sprague, whose only fault seems to us to lie in the faithful prosaic accuracy of his drawing. A botanist could herborize in his foregrounds, a geologist theorize on his hill-sides. He draws landscapes with minute accuracy, as though he were upon oath to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. And his landscapes have therefore a value as portraits, far above that of the beautiful idealized views which other artists give of the same spots. Seen by lamplight through a spyglass, they produce a feeling of illusion as though one were enjoying a second sight of the distant region. The two pictures in Mr. Oakes's volume which are not from Mr. Sprague's pencil will illustrate by contrast the accuracy of which we speak. They may be finer pictures, but they do not, like the others, carry the traveller back to the White Hills of New Hampshire.

The term White Hills, or White Mountains, is usually confined to a single chain, about fifteen miles in length. But the term might quite justly be extended to embrace nearly all the country given in Mr. Bond's map. This area, being about thirty-five miles from northeast to southwest, by twenty-five from southeast to northwest, is traversed by three roads, the only three which could readily be made. One follows the Merrimac or Pemigewasset to its source, and then passes into the valley of the South Ammonoosuc, by what is called Franconia Notch. A second passes up the Saco and out into the main Ammonoosuc. This is called the White Mountain Gap. A third passes up a branch of the Saco, into a branch of the Androscoggin. These three roads are nearly parallel, and none others could be made for common travel.

This tract of wild country contains one peak over 6,000 feet high, ten over 5,000, thirty-two between 4,000 and 5,000, and as many between 2,000 and 4,000 feet in height. It contains valleys, from seven to fifteen miles in length, and from two to five miles in width, in which there is neither road, fence, nor human dwelling to be found.

Here is then an opportunity for seeing the earth as unaffected by human patching, the earth as left by the hand of the Creator. To what purpose is that opportunity used? Eight or ten thousand persons annually visit these hills, — what is the effect upon their mind, heart, and soul?

We have been inclined to bring this question distinctly into view, because several recent writers have insinuated that this effect is of no importance, and that it has been over-estimated by painters and poets. The boors who live among the hills are declared to be

“Dull victims of their pipe and mug,
With heart of cat and eye of bug,”

not even seeing, much less feeling, the beauty which surrounds them. The summer visitors are sometimes but little wiser, seeing nothing more than remarkable rocks, grotesque profiles, and other accidental figures. Hence it is concluded that all this glorious display of hills and forests is in vain, and that those who behold it are in reality neither wiser nor better for the sight. Most premature conclusion! He that made man well knows how to teach him!

“One accent of the Holy Ghost
The heedless world hath never lost,”

whether that accent was spoken to the prophet or whispered through the rustling leaf. In our academies and schools, even the dullest scholar and the idlest reaps a certain species of benefit from the instruction, and it were a very rash judgment to deny the value of the text-books because he did not learn as rapidly as the industrious and talented pupil. The face of nature also has its lessons clearly written upon it, else were the art of the landscape painter degraded to a mere mechanical office.

But when we attempt to interpret Nature, we find a twofold difficulty. Our perceptions oftentimes are not

clear, and our power of analyzing and stating them may be deficient. For as it is an undoubted fact that many men of sound and clear judgment are wholly unable to state the reasons of their decisions, so also is it true that men of genuine and deep feeling are oftentimes wholly unable to express their feelings, much less to analyze them. There are, doubtless, hundreds of those who visit the White Hills who carry away deep impressions of their grandeur, and warm recollections of their beauty, and may yet in conversation on the subject express nothing but the merest commonplaces of sight-seeing wonder. There are others who delight in the mountain influences, and who nevertheless express themselves only in strained conceits and figures, the afterthought of their fancy, and not the lively response of their souls in the cathedral of Nature.

In considering the reality of the language of scenery, we may illustrate our views by reference to the language of music. The same doubt has often been expressed in regard to music as in regard to scenery; whether the expression be not wholly derived from the state of the hearer, as it is said, "To a man laboring under calamity, the light of his own fire hath a certain sadness in it";—whether in fact Nature does not breathe the tones as well as "wear the hues of the spirit." But experiments have proved beyond question that music is capable of conveying intelligibly from one mind to another definite and delicately marked shades of feeling.*

Quality of tone, arrangement of harmony, and the time of the movement of the music, have the power of modifying, but only to a certain extent, the expression of the melody. We have known Yankee Doodle to be played as a "voluntary" in church, and, on the other hand, the

* To give a single example: We played the Dead March from Samson to a friend who had never heard it, and who had no idea of what we were playing except from the tones of the piano itself, asking him to analyze its expression. He replied, "It is the utterance of a heart overflowing with emotions, so nicely balanced that it knows not whether to break forth into lamentation or eulogy." Now Handel has placed this march between the chorus "Weep, Israel, weep!" and the song "Glorious Hero."

One such experiment appears to us of great weight, and we have tried such so often, and with such uniform success, that we can no longer consider it possible to doubt that simple melody, independent of quality of tone and independent of harmony, can convey definite shades of feeling.

melody of the low song "Lovely Rosa" is taken from an old choral by Milton. But the song sounds like a travesty, and the "voluntary" sounded like a burlesque; the original character of each melody appearing through all the disguise of harmony, and accompaniment, and change of time.

We believe that, in the same way, there is a definite expression in outline, which can be modified, but not destroyed, by shading and coloring. If we confine our proposition to drawings of animate objects, it would scarcely be disputed. The bare *silhouette* of a stranger's face conveys an impression, generally a correct one, of his character. Or, to take a single example, the outline of the chin of Paris's dog in Flaxman's illustrations of Homer gives as much of the comical gravity of the brute's review of his master's judgment, as could be expressed in a painting by Landseer.

But we extend our proposition to landscapes. The outlines in a sketch of White Hill scenery have a definite expression of power and repose, of beauty and inflexibility, which awakens a peculiar state of feeling in the beholder's mind. And that particular scene will have somewhat of the same expression, whether the hills be covered with snow or with flowers, with mist or sunshine, or with the changing lights and shadows of floating clouds. Nay, an eye accustomed to analyze the expression of form will recognize the expression of these outlines as substantially the same, whether sketched in miniature by the finest-pointed pencil, or displayed in unearthly magnitude in the clouds. It requires but little effort of imagination to make alpine scenery wherever there are pointed and craggy outlines, if it be only in the frost upon the window-pane. And no absolute elevation or size of a hill will make it sublime, so long as its ascent is gradual enough to conceal its altitude. In the language of the calculus, the expression of an outline depends upon its equation and not upon the unit of its dimensions. A curve which does not vary much in its curvature, like the undulations of low hills, does not give so great an impression of activity and power, as one which has points of discontinuity like the sharp peaks of higher mountains. For this reason Chocorua with its sharp and almost overhanging point is as grand in appearance as any of the

White Hills, and whenever in sight it continually lures to itself the attention which its loftier brethren seem in vain to claim.

But outline alone cannot give the sense of the sublime any more than melody alone. The sense of sublimity arises from a vivid conception of superhuman power. It requires volume of sound as well as simplicity of movement to make music grand. The thought of the composer may be grand, but it is only because he conceives of his melody as rolling out in full volume. Some outlines are grander than others, because, as we have said, they imply more power; but they do not become grand at all unless they are filled either in fancy or reality with something massive.

Thus the landscape has a second means of conveying a definite sentiment, by our knowledge of its material. The snow-capped Alps recognized as such speak in a different tone from what they would if we knew that what appears to be snow were beds of snowy flowers or wreaths of white mist. The granite tops, the wooded sides, the meadows beside the brook, have each their stories to tell of weather-beaten constancy, of birds and beasts in the shady covert, of men with the plough and the sickle. Not perhaps distinctly, but nevertheless surely and invariably, the knowledge of the material affects the mind of the beholder.

Again, the shading and coloring have their effect upon the landscape. Sail eastward on Winnipiseogee at sunset, just after a shower, and look over its islands, northward, between the Ossipee Mountains and Red Hill. A light mist rising from the waters shall be just dense enough to soften the deep purple shadow of the valley, beyond which rises the stupendous wall of nearer mountains, their dark perpendicular sides crowned with a sunlit outline, over whose lowest point just to the left of Chocorua rise, in the clear distance, the soft glowing summits of the distant White Hills. A more lovely combination of majesty and beauty it would be impossible to conceive. It haunts the memory ever afterward like a dream of Heaven. Return at sunrise in a transparent air, and the dark perpendicular sides of Chocorua and Whiteface will be smiling slopes glittering in light, the purple valley, no longer glazed with white mist, will be clad in green, and the whole effect of the landscape incredibly diminished.

But take intelligent men, who have souls capable of feeling, to see the same scenery under the same circumstances, and they will receive the same impressions. The Willey Gap, with its walls unvaried save by the numerous marks of slides, tells to every beholder the same tale of a Power in whose presence man is nothing; the Franconia Notch, with its gracefully retreating and undulating hills, rarely marked with slides, repeats to all comers the assurance that this Infinite Power is wielded by One who has sought to delight, as well as to instruct, his children. All travellers agree in calling the one grand and the other beautiful. The White Hills, by giving us new conceptions of the infinite power of God, strengthen faith, exalt the thoughts, and act like a spiritual tonic to the soul that has been weakened by the confinement of ordinary cares; while the Franconia range, by their smiling beauty, cheer and encourage the heart, and have a soothing effect upon the mind of those who may have been tried with sorrow. And the two agree in suggesting more than they give. They show the possibilities of creation, and tell us of the reserved power and unuttered love of the Creator.

It is, however, vain to attempt to express in words all that is expressed in the landscape. God has made nothing in vain, and the sense of beauty, the power to read the moral, religious, or scientific truths of sight, gives us that which cannot be received through the ear. He that visits the White Hills with a spirit willing to be taught will receive a thousand lessons that he cannot repeat, but which will nevertheless leave a lasting impression on his own soul. But the amount which each man receives will be in proportion to his ability to acquire. To some men the Scriptures are but unmeaning marks upon the leaves of a book, to others they are the living oracles of God. To some men Switzerland would impart no spiritual gift, to others the landscape from their own windows is rich in teaching divine lessons.

T. H.

ART. IV. — THE CHURCH OF THE FIRST THREE CENTURIES.*

WE have not been unmindful in our pages heretofore of the great merits of Professor Hagenbach, a veteran of eighteen years' service in the field of Church history, and we are happy now to call attention to a new department of his labors. Our heart yearned towards this book the moment we saw its title, for what topic within the whole compass of human thought has been handled with more narrowness and dogmatism than the record of early Christianity, and what topic needs more the truth-seeking spirit, that is determined to state as certain what is so, and to leave all doubtful matters in the region of doubt? We have previously noticed the author's *Dogmatic History and Theological Encyclopædia*, and reviewed quite at length his *Lectures upon the Christianity of the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries*. These works, and also his *Lectures upon the History of the Reformation*, which preceded the work last named, were an excellent preparation for the treatment of the present subject. The difficulty with most authors who have dealt with the first centuries of the Church has been in the heaviness of their antiquarian learning, their disposition to cumber their pages with chronicles of defunct controversies, with very little eye to the points of view most interesting and important to the thought and life of our own time. How great then is the privilege of having through that dark and debated territory the guidance of a man who has qualified himself for the survey by a thorough study of the doctrines and literature of the Church in all ages, and who is fresh from his liberal and profound researches into the thought and policy of those three modern centuries which are so closely connected in their rule of faith, as well as in length of time, with the ante-Nicene age! We may be very sure that a man who keeps his candor undimmed through the cloud and smoke of recent sectarian controversy, and who

* *Die christliche Kirche der drei ersten Jahrhunderte. Vorlesungen von DR. K. R. HAGENBACH, Professor der Theologie in Basel.* [The Christian Church of the first Three Centuries. Lectures by DR. K. R. HAGENBACH.] Leipzig. 1853. pp. xii. and 349.

can treat of modern theology in a temper so catholic and so evangelical, appreciating the worthy element even in the poetry and art so often given over to Satan by dogmatists nominally of his own creed, yet preserving loyally his allegiance to Christianity as the Word of God to man, will not be very likely to belie himself into a bigot in the field of ancient theology. The result does not disappoint our anticipation, for the volume before us is marked at once by all the author's literary grace, and seems to have even more than his accustomed candor, from its contrast with the usual disposition among theologians to read antiquity through sectarian spectacles, and see nothing but their own church and creed among the early confessors. We are not aware that Hagenbach pretends to have added any new discoveries to our stores of antiquarian learning, or to have started any original theories touching the ante-Nicene doctrine or polity. Yet we are very sure that he exhibits the centuries which he treats, in a light so clear and interesting as to give even a scholarly reader the impression of great novelty, whilst to the general reader, to whom the heavier Church historians are invariably so dull, this volume will have an interest almost fascinating, from its happy combination of the taste of a man of letters with the learning of an historian.

We have not taken up our pen with the purpose of perpetrating a labored article in the patristical domain, but with the single wish to impart some of the pleasure that we have received, by a few running observations upon the book and its contents, taking the liberty whenever we choose to quote the author's own words.

He does not leave us long in doubt as to his point of view. Taking the day of Pentecost as the birthtime of the Christian Church as a visible body with an invisible head, he regards its origin as a creative act of the Divine Spirit, and not as a voluntary association got up in the same way as a literary society or a business partnership. He rejoices that our recent thought has gone back to the deeper laws of life, having repudiated the shallow and mechanical view of things once so prevalent, and that now all thinking men are convinced that Church and State are in their foundations divinely ordained creations, like the creation of Nature; creations, indeed, in which

the human mind in every age freely participates, but which nevertheless transcend human opinion and will, following laws of development which the Creator has implanted. He maintains that

“From this point of view the study of national as well as of Church history wins its higher interest, since we then have no longer to deal with the flighty notions of human caprice and humor, nor with the idle web of human follies and passions, but even with a history worthy the name, with a higher necessity which is at the same time fulfilled in the circle of human freedom, and in constant coöperation with it. As the individual soul once touched by the living breast of Christianity and held by its power, experiences a regeneration and receives the movings of grace not as something foreign and dead in itself, but appropriates this as a new vital principle by which it is henceforth decided and guided, so we see the whole world, so we see all nations, celebrate their regeneration. A new life, which springs not from this world, is not to be conceived from the conditions of this world, comes nevertheless into the world, to possess, to rule, to transfigure it. The world strives against the power of this new life, a battle ensues between the old and the new, between darkness and light. In this conflict, meanwhile, the opposite issues do not always appear pure and distinct; even the light is somewhat clouded, and the heavenly truth is alloyed by misunderstanding; error and sin crowd into the Church, and create phantoms of false doctrine and perverse practice.”

It will be seen at once from this train of thought, that our author belongs essentially to the school of Schleiermacher, and that his view of the divine origin of the Church is not incompatible with the utmost latitude of opinion regarding priestly authority and theological doctrines. For ourselves, we regard his language as an under-statement rather than an over-statement of the providential beginning of the Christian Church. The spirit of God that moved of old upon the face of the waters, and educes order and beauty from the formless void, moved over the dark waters of our troubled humanity, and the new kingdom arose among men. We cannot compare Christianity with any historic fact so well as with the great creation itself, and the second Adam completes the divine order begun by the creation of the first Adam.

But in the spiritual as in the physical world, the new creation worked upon a preëxisting basis; the fresh seed

fell upon the old soil. The world, marked by the experience of ages, or humanity so full of error and sin, was the vineyard which the Divine sower went forth to sow. The harvest depends upon the soil as well as upon the seed, and therefore a survey of the state of character and opinion at the advent of the Gospel becomes a part of the history of primitive Christianity. Here we are met at the outset by the remarkable fact, that the new religion found itself arrayed at once in opposition to the whole culture of the human race. When we now talk of Christianizing tribes or nations, we mean pretty much the same thing as civilizing them, and since the days of Constantine the Gospel has had the intelligence and refinement of mankind at least nominally on its side. Imagine then the task set before the disciples, those unlettered men, who by the grace of God claimed for the Gospel of Christ the allegiance of the ignorant and the wise, and laid siege as resolutely to the philosopher's academy as to the idolater's temple. The learning of Jew and heathen was alike against them, yet by the cross they conquered, and temples and synagogues became shrines of the God of the crucified Messiah. Benighted as Paganism and Judaism in many respects were, they must not be regarded as wholly in the dark, — without traces of early illumination or yearnings for coming light. The best modern investigation is glad to trace the devices of idolatry back to the promptings of a genuine religious sentiment, and is all the more earnest in behalf of Christianity, from the fact that this religious sentiment had been dying out from the old temples, and men must have been wholly godless, had no revelation been granted. Beautiful as were many traits of the Grecian polytheism, the system had no moral unity or elevation, held out to man no spiritual aim, and ascribed to God no parental providence, no government of holiness. The unity of God was lost sight of in personifications of Nature, or confounded with the universe itself, so that pantheism entered wherever polytheism ceased. If the Greek mythology escaped the monstrous figments of Oriental superstition, and, instead of disgusting idols of beasts, adored the beautiful creations of the sculptor's genius, morality was little the gainer by the advancement of taste, and often the veil of artistic beauty was thrown around vices that would

have been simply disgusting if seen in their actual character. If Rome escaped in many things the corrupting softness of the religion of Greece, it was only by exchanging state pride for sensual indulgence. The life of the soul languished quite as much under the foot of Roman ambition as in the arms of Grecian pleasure.

Christianity, however, had a closer battle to fight with the philosophy than with the superstition of the Pagan world, for this superstition had lost much of its hold upon thinking people, and when vindicated by them, it was defended rather as a civil institution than as a philosophical faith. It was from Pagan philosophy that the Gospel had its severest assaults, and won its proudest triumphs. Socrates was of course the father of the best heathen wisdom, and he has fitly been called the John the Baptist of the Grecian world. Whilst his sharp logic must have led his admirers to question every marvellous pretence, his constant appeal to the conscience prepared them to favor a faith which found its choicest worship in the human breast. Plato, his pupil, deepened philosophy on its speculative side, and whilst he commended it to thinkers, he withdrew it from the perception of the multitude. His chief influence upon Christianity was in the bearing of his system upon the relation between reason and the Divine Mind, or the philosophy of revelation. Aristotle sharpened the Greek intellect by his severe analysis, and unconsciously forged and pointed the weapons by which the great doctrinal conflicts were to be fought. But the people at large were more influenced by those who aimed at a philosophy of practical life than by those intellectual schoolmen; and they whose heads were confused by the ideality of Plato or the subtleties of Aristotle, saw at once the difference between self-denial and indulgence, as exhibited in the rival schools of Zeno and Epicurus. Different as these two schools were, yet they had much in common. The Epicurean was the disciple of pleasure in all its varieties, and believed in enjoying himself to the utmost, thinking as little about the gods as he supposed the gods to think about him. The Stoic urged self-control with the strictness of a Christian; and yet the law which he held up to allegiance was rather an eternal necessity than the will of the living God, and the Stoic's faith came as near to

pantheism as the Epicurean's came to atheism. The two systems agree in this, that both place an inexorable chasm between God and man; both lack faith in the fatherly love of God for men. If the Epicurean gods are too luxurious and proud to care for human sorrows, the Stoic fate is too hard and stiff to pity the unfortunate; so that Epicureanism is the egotism of sensuality and indulgence, whilst Stoicism is the egotism of self-righteousness, veiling itself in the pride of its own virtue. Between the two extremes there were many varieties of opinion, and Pilate's question, "What is truth?" indicated the prevalent unrest of speculation. The rise of the Eclectic system illustrated the diversity of thinking, and its leaders enriched the world by their collection of practical aphorisms, when they failed to mould their gathered fragments of opinion into an harmonious form of doctrine. Cicero is the most interesting man of the Eclectic school, and there is certainly much in his philosophical writings that might train the reader into a somewhat Christian taste. Little as his reasonings upon immortality satisfied his admirers or set his own doubts at rest, there was something in his way of thinking and tone of feeling that must prepare a generous mind for such views of God and man as the Gospel gives. Others who came after him, however, approached much nearer the tone of Christianity, especially Seneca and Plutarch. The former, who has been said to have been a correspondent of St. Paul, had enough of tenderness and aspiration to modify the harshness of his Stoical creed, and to favor the tradition of having been that Apostle's pupil. But Plutarch comes nearest the temper of the Gospel in his views of God, providence, and immortality. We find in him much of that yearning for the presence of a God forgiving yet holy, for the assurance of immortal life, which the Gospel so fully grants. In him we see philosophy in its nearest approaches to Christianity.

Yet such men were exceptions to the general rule, and their own illumination of opinion was no proof of equal elevation of life. The masses were benighted and degraded. The civilization of the world was evidently upon the descending scale when the new power came from the depths of the Godhead for its redemption, and

in the child of the manger the Divine Word was made flesh. The old religions had lost their power, and left their most monstrous cruelties. If Rome had for the most part outgrown the custom of immolating human victims on the altar, she did worse by immolating them in the arena; and the Coliseum, where blood was shed in levity without even the pretended sanction of religion, was to be a greater abomination than any temple of Moloch. The sanctity of marriage was dying out. The work of education was made the business of slaves, and the youth were trained only for politics or warfare without moral and religious aims. The prevalent doctrine was inhuman, and if Christendom is behind the philanthropy of its creed, the creed of Rome was behind the common kindness which is usually thought an instinct of the human heart. Interrogate Livy, Juvenal, Seneca, Ovid, Virgil, and let their pictures of manners give the portrait of the age. Well might Rome look eastward for the dawning light, and accompany her vague yearning for day by the tradition which Tacitus quotes, that from the Orient, in fact from Judea, the world would be conquered.

Turn towards Judea, and we find the Gospel beset by obstacles as great as in the Pagan empires. The Jews were hardened by persecution as well as by pride into the most exclusive of nations. Instead of being the centre of a cosmopolitan mirror, Judea seemed the most eccentric and perverse and exclusive of kingdoms. There seemed to be more hope of winning the Epicurean from his self-indulgence than the Sadducee from his secular materialism to the faith of the cross; and surely the Pharisee with his rigid law and his mountain of traditions seemed more shut against the pleadings of Divine grace, than the Stoic with his proud will and fixed fate. The Essenes were a very different class. Yet what could differ more from their clannish monasticism and contempt of nature and life, than the broad toleration and exalted spirituality of Christ and his Gospel? At home the hatred of the Jew against the Roman oppressor must tend to close his mind against a religion tolerant and all-embracing, and the nature of things promised what experience proved true, that the Jews who had been liberalized by travel, especially those who had imbibed the

Hellenistic liberty of thinking in Greece and in Alexandria, would be more ready than the Jews of Palestine to expand their national law into the universal Gospel. There are indications of conversions from heathenism to at least a partial Jewish faith, although very rare was the case of a "devout heathen" becoming more than a Proselyte of the Gate, complying with the ordinance of circumcision. It was not by Pharisaic zeal, but by a far different spirit, that the word was to be fulfilled which declared that all nations should be brought to God's holy mount.

When Jesus was born the world had just entered upon its fourth universal empire, and the Cæsars were consolidating under their sceptre the remains of the Assyrian, Persian, and Grecian kingdoms. It was a splendid age, and it needed more than human wisdom to see under its robe of magnificence the germs of weakness and decay that must bring its glory to the dust, and allow the cross of the Prince of Peace to rise above the eagles of its conquest. What the power was that wrought this great change, it is far easier to express by facts than to define by theories. Hagenbach carefully shuns ambitious speculation, and is content to let Christianity speak for itself in the simple language of the New Testament. He finds there no trace of any elaborate system of dogmatic theology, no vestige of any formal hierarchy. Jesus desired to be regarded first of all as the Son of Man, and went among men in a human way to be their helper and preserver. The higher relations of his being and office, as the Son of God, the expected Messiah, the Saviour of the world, were manifested more within the interior circle of his followers in a conviction ripened under God's blessing as the fruit of continued intercourse. He even exerted his miraculous power sparingly, sometimes with reluctance and with the request that it should not be publicly spoken of. His constant theme was the rise and progress of that kingdom of heaven or empire of God which he came to establish, and whose spirit and law his whole word and life breathed. His death gave his mission its characteristic mark and abiding power. The Church is built upon the cross, and its letter of institution is sealed with his blood. From his death and resurrection the Master became the head of an increasing spirit-

ual empire, and time constantly fulfilled his promise, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Thus has Christian faith regarded him, not merely as the historical founder of the Church, but as the living ground upon which the Church permanently rests, as the head of the body, as the vine from which the branches derive moisture and growth, as the shepherd who watches over his sheep, as the bridegroom to whom the Church is led as a bride, as the bishop of souls, as the high-priest interceding and blessing in the sanctuary, as the king and lord to whom every knee should bow, and to whom belongeth the kingdom which his Father hath given him.

In giving his views of the foundation of our Saviour's authority over souls and power over the world, our author quotes a suggestive passage from Ullmann, in his work on the "Founding of the Church by One Crucified." The first source of Christ's authority was, according to this writer, in the fact of his extraordinary nature, and in the consequent faith in him as the Son of God, the perfect image of the Divine Being, a pure expression of the Divine spirit, an embodiment of the highest truth and goodness, in short, in the Divine dignity of Christ and his oneness with God. A second source of his authority was in the force of that love which so dwelt in him and became the vital principle of the godliness and manliness of the new kingdom of heaven among men. A third fact of his authority was in the imperishable germ of truth in the doctrine of the Crucified. Yet the truth of itself and upon its abstract merits could but feebly have overcome the reproach of the teacher's arrest and death, without some subsequent displays of divine power. The crowning fact of Christ's mission was in a triumphant manifestation of life, and the continued influence of the master in a communion with his disciples uninterrupted by death?

We pass over Hagenbach's interesting survey of the traditions of the first century of the Church, and his discrimination between the apocryphal and canonical books. Nor will we dwell upon the conversion of Paul, and those Acts of the Apostles which have been so amply treated by familiar historians and critics. We propose to follow the thread most interesting to ourselves

and the majority of our readers, by treating chiefly the course of Christian thought, as indicated in the discussions of Christians among themselves and with their heathen antagonists. Our author dwells little upon the writers who are usually placed next to the Apostles in worth as in time, the Apostolic Fathers, having far greater assurance of the garbled condition of their alleged works than of the purity and elevation of their opinions. Comparing their letters with the Biblical Epistles, he says that it is like going down from the fresh air of the Alps into the close atmosphere of the crowded lowland.

It was an ancient tradition, that until the reign of Hadrian, the Church, in reference to doctrine, kept her virgin purity, and was not stained by a single heresy. First at the beginning of the second century error was introduced, it is said, although it is evident that all the controversies that agitated the opening age were virtually present in the time of the Apostles, among the many forms of Jewish legalism and heathen false science. In the second century, however, differences of opinion were hardened into sects, and took names which distinguished them from the Church at large. As might be expected, the first rupture was caused by the apparent opposition between the letter of the Jewish law and the spirit of the Christian Gospel. They who inclined more to interpret Christianity in a Jewish manner were called Ebionites, and they who spiritualized the Gospel away from all connection with the Mosaic law were called Gnostics. The Judaizing Christians were of various types, and at first they were not distinguished from other believers, with whom they were ranked under the common name of Nazarenes. But soon this name marked such believers as inclined more than others towards the Jewish standpoint, and urged the permanent obligation of the Mosaic law. They held views of Christ's nature essentially Unitarian, we are justified in thinking, and they did not at first fall under any censure on account of their opinions, nor aim to found a sect by themselves. The extreme portion of the Nazarenes, however, went so far in their Judaizing tendencies as to throw suspicion upon the whole, and under the name of Ebionites, which is probably derived from the Hebrew word *Ebion* (*poor*), took a stand apart from the Church at large. They were Unitarian.

rians of an extreme and too negative kind, slighting the Divine Sonship of Jesus in their desire to abide by their Jewish faith, and discountenance any views of the union of God with man that might appear to deny the strict unity of Jehovah. Finding their humanitarianism probably too bald and unsatisfying, they sometimes incorporated with their Judaism some traits of the Gnostic system, and recognized various incarnations of God, the last of which was in Jesus Christ. These Gnostic Ebionites differed from the common type of the sect somewhat as the speculative Rationalism of our time differs from the vulgar Rationalism of the last century.

The Gnostics had the same affinity with heathen philosophy that the Ebionites had with Jewish legalism. Without undertaking to enter into the particulars of their system, in their wide range from the imposing theosophy of Basilides to the monstrous blasphemy of the Ophites, we must content ourselves with quoting our author's sensible words on parting with the subject:—

“ We shall wholly misjudge the Gnostics, if we find in their systems mere nonsense like the fantastic dreams of a fever. There were within them seeds of thought, as you cannot fail to see, in spite of their strange dress, — of thought deep and deeply moving. This cannot be denied. Even the rise of Gnosticism is not to be regarded as a chance matter, which was outwardly imposed upon Christianity or grafted upon it. It was in the age itself, and took strong hold of the history of the second and third centuries, and we do not therefore pass it by. As the offset to the legalism and letter-bondage of Judaism, Gnosticism had its historical justification. It represented the genial, the free element. We find in it also the beginnings of Christian art and poetry. It kept the Church from hardening into formalism; but it was obviously necessary that bounds, firm bounds, should be set to it, lest a new paganism should break out and pour its wild floods over the Church. Therefore Gnosticism declined after it had fulfilled its relative destiny in history.” It died by its own instability, by its own extravagance, above all, by its own moral infirmity. Such is the destiny of every religion which supports itself merely upon ideas and not upon facts, which sets the phantoms of its own brain in the place of historic revelation. So reads the word of the Apostle: ‘ They who hold themselves wise become fools,’ and ‘ Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth.’ ”

We are much interested in Hagenbach's mode of deal-

ing with the parties in the controversy of the Christians of the second century with their pagan assailants, especially with Lucian and Celsus. He looks upon the Apologies of Justin, Tatian, etc. with respect, as the first contributions to that department of rational theology which aims to reconcile faith and reflection, philosophy and Christianity. He finds in their pages, also, many valuable illustrations of the manners, customs, opinions, and temper of the early Church. He does not disguise his conviction, however, that the root of Christianity was far deeper than the pen of assailants or apologists penetrated, and by a power far transcending logical or philological argument the Gospel went forth to its triumphs. It was with the Church as it has been lately with our national Union. The Union has stood upon its own basis, little the worse for those who have attacked its fundamental law, and little the better for those who have boasted of saving it from dissolution. The opinions of men are something, but they are small matters in comparison with the facts of God.

“If we weigh the several evidences which the apologists alleged in behalf of Christianity, and compare them with the attacks of the opposite party, we shall hardly maintain that it was the force of these evidences that drove the assailants from the field. We see that the apologies of a Justin and others had very little outward result, since the persecutions went on as before. Christianity, such is the result of our consideration, and of this Justin Martyr is a striking testimony, made its way through the power of its own being, since it approved itself to the heart as the saving power of God, and whatever partakes of this power, whether in word, in letter, in deed, we have recognized as a contribution to the proofs of its indwelling truth and divinity, which no wit can laugh away by his jests, no critic can explain away by his subtlety, no potentate can suppress by his force.”

Before leaving the history of the second century, we remark that we find ample traces of several forms of Unitarianism, alike that form which based the divinity of Christ solely upon the union of his humanity with the One God, the Father, and that form which asserted the simple humanity of Christ apart from any essential union with God. It is very evident that, at the close of the second century, the belief held by many of our Unitarian brethren now, that Jesus was divine because of the in-

carnation of the Divine Word in his humanity, the doctrine which Bunsen finds in Hippolytus, the Roman bishop, would have passed for very good orthodoxy. We are, however, little disposed to look for standards of faith to that age, or to any age of dogmatic controversy. There has always been, since the time of the Apostles, pretty much the same spirit of dispute about doctrines, and always the true Christianity has been a living fact too deep and spiritual to be seized and held in the fingers of critical analysis.

In the third century the most noted feature of the Church in its intellectual aspect was the rise of the Alexandrian school, and its opposition to the more limited and dogmatic spirit of Tertullian and his followers. It is but the old story of Idealism and Realism in the Church; the tendency to dwell chiefly upon the sublime, incomprehensible attributes of the Infinite Spirit, and reject whatever tends to bring God down to the measure of finite things; the tendency, on the other hand, to apply to the Godhead, without scruple, the limitations of human language, and thus treat God as a man. These two tendencies may both be salutary if well balanced, and may help toward gaining the sound wisdom that seeks facts as the basis of ideas, and honors the spirit as the life of the letter. Sympathizing more with Origen than with Tertullian, alike in the humanity and the philosophy of his creed, we cannot acquit him of the charge of a fanciful theorizing, quite as little in keeping with the historic truth of Christianity as the dogmatic Realism which kept his great contemporary from perceiving the breadth and spirituality of the Gospel. The two tendencies are in the world now, and in the rival thinkers within the same sect that old antagonism appears. We find also in our own day the same tendencies that led to the disputes of the third century regarding the Trinity. Perhaps the most prevalent view of the divinity of Christ now is the modal theory of Sabellius, who denied any plurality of persons in the Godhead, and asserted the union of the One God with the Messiah's humanity. And now, as then, many persons who oppose this view, and are earnest to maintain the distinct personality of the Son's divinity, are very apt to follow the course of Dionysius of Alexandria, who maintained such a subor-

dination of the Son to the Father as to peril the equality of the persons of the Trinity, and virtually to anticipate the creed of Arius.

In keeping with the more philosophical and interior character of the theological discussions in the Church of the third century was the temper of its new philosophical assailants. The chief of these was Porphyry, who was a pupil of Plotinus, and of that school of New Platonists who sought to oppose the Christian Gnostics by a gnosis of their own. They may be regarded as a class of Pagan mystics, and as corresponding in many respects with those Rationalist mystics of modern times, such as Rousseau, Newman, and many of the German theologians, who try to build up a spiritual religion without the authority of Christ. Porphyry was not a flippant mocker, like Lucian, but his was a profound, meditative, religious mind, yet wholly devoted to Paganism. Born in Syria, A. D. 233, he died at Rome, A. D. 304, and had the means of knowing Christianity far more thoroughly than his predecessors had done. His attacks upon Christianity, however, were turned chiefly against the discrepancies in the letter of its record, and thus bore more severely upon the letter-worship of the age than upon the essential truths of the Gospel. Although he did little justice even to the personal character of Christ, he perhaps unconsciously felt the power of his teaching, and a letter from him to his wife might be supposed, if read by itself alone, to have been taken in great part from the New Testament. Hagenbach sagaciously remarks of the opposition of such men as Marcus Aurelius and Porphyry to Christianity, that in their very opposition they manifested a moral affinity with its spirit, as if in the moral world, as in the physical, like poles repelled each other. He deals quite plainly with the Christian bigotry which has painted such men in the darkest colors and doomed them to hell. He reminds those censors who consign a Julian and a Porphyry to the everlasting pit, that they may reflect profitably upon the words of Christ which promise forgiveness to sins against his own person from errors of opinion, and denounce as unpardonable the blasphemy against the Holy Spirit, the witness of truth. Matt. xii. 31.

The last three lectures of the twenty that make up the

volume give a rapid survey of the doctrines, government, and life of the Church of the first three centuries. They are full enough of important facts and suggestions to warrant an entire translation. The liberality of the author's creed is shown in every page, and the orthodoxy which he finds at the basis of all earnest primitive Christianity, and which he asserts as essential to all evangelical faith, goes no farther than the creed of all of our school of liberal Christians, who believe in the supernatural divinity of Christ, and the regenerating power of his Gospel. His explanation of the rise of the scholastic doctrine of the Trinity is such as is now common with our own theologians. He maintains that, whilst the unity of God was to be asserted in opposition to Pagan polytheism, the Christian theism was to be distinguished from that of the Jewish theologians by the fact that God is not only to be regarded as *beyond and above* the world within the remote confines of his majesty, but his very being entered into the nature of man, the Eternal Word, the Eternal Revelator of God, became flesh. He laments that this central truth should have been circumscribed by so much dogmatism, and that human conceit was often more conspicuous in theological questions touching the Divine nature, than the true desire to know the way of salvation.

In treating of the rise of Church power, the author finds no proofs of any divinely established priesthood under the Gospel, and traces the rise of priestly power through gradual steps, under the pressure of a hostile world, and by the force of a zeal so resolute as to overrule small discords in the passion for universal organization. Nothing can make a modern reader feel the weight of Pagan prejudice, that pressed upon all Christians alike, more than the simple and touching description of the trials of a Christian wife in a heathen household. Where there was so mighty a foe, as universal as civilization itself, there must be an opposition equally resolute and general. So we may say that Roman hatred as well as Christian zeal consolidated the early Church; as when metal of various kinds is fused in the furnace, and if left to its own course might flow at venture into capricious forms, it is consolidated by the very mould that imprisons its burning tide, and the hard, sonorous bell sends

out its music upon the air, as if in triumph over the sandy shell in ruins upon the ground.

The survey of the early Church through which Hagenbach leads us, leaves a few impressions which we can barely hint at in closing. Such studies help much to enlarge our views and sympathies, by showing the marks of a common type in all the varieties of Christian form and faith. Very clear it is that the germ of all theology, as of all Christian life, lies in the nearer relation of men with each other and with God, through the work and spirit of Christ. The Church is the great fact of human history and God's providence. Without the fellowship thus divinely given, the individual is but a severed branch that withers away. This fellowship exists wherever Christ is acknowledged as the Head of the Church, and loved as the Lord by those joined as living members to his body. The study of this common fellowship, so strongly marked amidst the various and often extravagant speculations of Christian antiquity, may teach us a larger charity towards the conflicting sects of our own age, and close in humility many a mouth burning to shout out its petty anathema. It may teach us also to present a far braver front towards the heresies and excesses of our age, by revealing in the very halcyon time of primitive Catholicity the working of theories far wilder than any that now trouble the Church. Men dogmatized and rationalized then pretty much as now, yet Christianity survived the ordeal, and the Church went her way over the troubled sea of opinion. Imagine Tertullian catechized by the board of Andover examiners, or Origen overhauled by a Princeton committee, and we can well imagine the ominous shaking of heads among our grave doctors, scandalized at the unsound Trinitarianism of the one and the lax Scripturalism of the other. Our own school of Liberal Christians needs not a little of the enlargement that they teach to others, so tremulous are they at the reappearance of familiar speculations, and fearful that the Gospel is falling from its power because once in a while a bold critic interprets the Scripture with a freedom common in the early Church, and claims for reason a divine illumination which some of the most honored of the Fathers rejoiced in acknowledging.

Warnings, too, most significant and pressing, we find in

this historical survey, — warnings against errors rife in our time, from causes so deep in human folly and passion as not to be put down even by the first love of the primitive Church. On the one hand, the pride of speculative opinion, on the other hand, the pride of priestly discipline, and between them both every form of selfishness and superstition, invaded the Christian fold, and made the day of its proudest triumph the day of its most pressing danger. Now, as of old, the great security against corruption and assurance of progress is a hearty faith in Christ, as the true light of life, a faith that shows itself in practical piety and humanity, and builds up the character within the divine kingdom.

Three centuries passed after the rise of the Church, and then the session of the Nicene Council revealed the working of all the elements that have made Romish Christendom the strangely mingled empire that subsequent history reveals ; and, more than a thousand years afterwards, Trent completed what Nice began. Three centuries have also passed since the New Protestant order began or was restored. What is the hope of a new Catholicity, more pure and enlarged, more reasonable and free, yet grander and mightier, than that of the Romish See in its best days ? Rome has a ready answer, and claims to have learned wisdom without abating ambition after the schooling of a thousand years. Her answer is not the true one. What the true one is, we cannot say, but we leave it to Him who is preparing so mightily the way to some final union of the nations under his peaceful kingdom, by the opening of paths of intercourse immensely vaster than the Roman roads, by developing a language more comprehensive than Greek or Latin, by imparting physical, intellectual, and social powers beyond the dream of those Cæsars whose eagles were the unconscious pioneers of the old Catholic empire. We must do our part and wait God's time.

S. O.

ART. V. — HILLARD'S SIX MONTHS IN ITALY.*

EVERY person of average intellectual culture is, in a greater or less degree, familiar with the geography, the history, and the antiquities of Italy; and it should seem that nothing new could be added in illustration of subjects which have engaged the attention of so many generations of scholars. Yet a perennial interest attaches, in the mind of every thoughtful reader, to the venerable names of Rome, Venice, and Florence. With an origin running far back into a gray antiquity, or dimly discerned in that morning twilight which broods over the dawn of modern history, they link the distant past with the present, and are in one way or another indissolubly connected with nearly all literature and all history. It is then with an interest finding expression in a thousand diverging lines that we trace the rise, the decline, and the fall of that greatness elsewhere unapproached on earth, and linger over that fading picture of departed glory, which Italy presents. Especially do we feel such an interest when we pursue our inquiries under the guidance of a writer whose mind has been so bathed in the selectest influences of classical learning, and who looks with so genial and loving an appreciation on all that is beautiful in nature and in art, as the author of the volumes now on our table. Even old and familiar facts recover something of the charm of novelty, as they appear in the light of a ripe and varied scholarship, and are grouped in new relations.

Mr. Hillard has, indeed, given us a work which will be received with almost universal favor by scholars and critics, and which no one can read without delight. Visiting Europe at that middle period of life when the mind may be most benefited by foreign travel, with an unusually thorough and exact acquaintance with classical and modern literature, and the master of a style of more than crystal clearness and purity, he has produced a work in which a rigid and impartial criticism can find

* *Six Months in Italy.* By GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD. In Two Volumes. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1853. 16mo. pp. 432, 455.

little ground of censure. The perfection of the style is such that the reader is unconsciously borne along until he quite forgets the consummate art with which each sentence is constructed, and the impression left on the mind is like that produced by some delicious strain of music. Blending in just and harmonious proportions narrative and description, criticism and general reflection, personal observation and the fruits of careful and extensive reading, the volumes are fused into a perfect and artistic whole from which it seems no part could be spared. Matter and manner are both excellent; and it is not easy to determine which of the two is the more admirable. In the selection and arrangement of his materials, and in the general tone of his remarks, Mr. Hillard has shown a sound judgment and a refined taste, which find fit expression through the translucent beauty of his style.

The narrow limits which we have prescribed to ourselves for this article do not permit a very minute analysis of his volumes, or any elaborate criticism of them. A very brief notice, with some characteristic extracts, is all that can be given; but this will be sufficient to justify the high praise we have bestowed on them, and induce our readers to desire a further acquaintance with these charming and thoughtful sketches of Italian scenery, art, and life.

Our author's first sight of Italy was on the 2d of September, 1847; and his last was in the following April. Between these dates two months were spent in Tyrol and Germany. But in the brief period occupied by his residence in Italy he saw nearly all those objects which most interest a well-educated and cultivated traveller. In truth, he appears to have exercised a judicious economy in regard to his time; and without hurrying from one point to another before the mind could settle and arrange its impressions, he seems to have lost few hours in idleness. His first chapter, after describing the Lake of Como and some other noted and interesting spots near the northern confines of Italy, presents a very pleasing account of Milan and its cathedral and pictures. It is with the second chapter, however, and his visit to Venice, that Mr. Hillard's Italian travels really commence. Though he passed only one week in Venice, his

description of the city and its many wonders of art is quite full, and comprises one of the finest portions of his work. We cannot forbear citing from it a part of the eloquent passage in which he describes his first impressions of this glory of the Adriatic:—

“The whole scene, under the brilliant light of a noon-day sun, is full of movement and color. As soon as the steamer has dropped anchor at the entrance of the Grand Canal, a little fleet of gondolas crowds round her, and you are charmed to find them looking exactly as you expected. As they receive the passengers, they dart off in the most easy and graceful manner possible, their steel prows flashing in the sun and their keels tracing a line of pearl upon the bright, green water. In time your own turn comes, and as you are borne along the Grand Canal, the attention is every moment attracted by the splendid show on either side. The long wave which the prow turns over is dashed against a wall of marble-fronted palaces, the names of which carelessly mentioned by the gondolier awaken trails of golden memories in the mind. The breadth of the ‘silent highway’ allows the sun to lie in broad, rich masses upon this imposing gallery of architectural pictures, and to produce those happy accidents of light and shade which the artist loves. High in the air, arise the domes and spires of the numerous churches with which wealth and devotion have crowded the islands of Venice, the bells of which are ever filling the air with their streams of undulating music. Every thing is dreamlike and unsubstantial; a fairy pageant floating upon the waters, a city of cloudland rather than of the earth. The gondola itself, in which the traveller reclines, contributes to weave the spell in which his thoughts and senses are involved. No form of locomotion ever gratified so well the two warring tendencies of the human soul, the love of movement and the love of repose. There is no noise, no fatigue, no danger, no dust. It is managed with such skill and so little apparent effort, that it really seems to glide and turn by its own will.

“So far, the picture is all in light. But it is not without its shadows. A nearer view of the palaces which seem so beautiful in the distance, reveals the decaying fortunes of their possessors. An indescribable, but unmistakable air of careless neglect and unresisted dilapidation is everywhere plainly visible. Indeed, many of these stately structures are occupied as hotels and lodging-houses; their spacious apartments cut up by shabby wooden partitions and pervaded by an aspect of tawdry finery and mouldering splendor. On diverging from the Grand Canal, to the right or left, a change comes over the spirit of the scene.

Instead of a broad highway of liquid chrysophrase, you find yourself upon a narrow and muddy ditch. The sun is excluded by the height and proximity of the houses, and for the same reason there are no points of view for any thing to be seen to advantage. All that meets the eye speaks of discomfort, dampness, and poverty. Slime, sea-weed and mould cling to the walls. Water in small quantities is nothing if it be not pure. A fountain in a garden is beautiful, but the same quantity of water lying stagnant in one's cellar is an eyesore. The wave that dashes against a ship is glorious, but when it creeps into the hold through a defective seam it is a noisome intruder. Venice wants the gilding presence of sunshine. In a long rain it must be the most dispiriting of places. So when you leave the sun you part with your best friend. The black cold shadow under which the gondola creeps falls also upon the spirit. The ideal Venice — the superb bridegroom of the sea clasped by the jewelled arms of his enamored bride — disappears, and you have only a warmer Amsterdam. The reflection, too, forces itself upon you that Venice at all times was a city for the few and not for the many. Its nobles were lodged more royally than kings, but the common people must always have been thrust into holes close in summer, cold in winter, and damp at all times." — Vol. I. pp. 37 – 39.

As a companion to this graphic picture of Venice as it first strikes the eye, we will extract one or two paragraphs from our author's remarks on its literature and science. After referring to the poverty of the Venetian annals in names distinguished for successful effort in the higher departments of learning and eloquence, he proceeds to observe: —

"But in creative or imaginative literature, the poverty of Venice is most conspicuous, especially when contrasted with her eminence in painting and architecture. Bernardo Tasso, born at Bergamo, and Trissino, at Vicenza, were Venetians only in the accident of their birth; and they are but lesser lights in the glittering constellation of Italian genius. In the fourteen hundred years of the life of Venice, we find no great original writer whose mind, trained by the influences around it, reproduces the spirit of its age and country. The patriotism of Venice expended itself in action, and not in thinking or writing. There is no state whose annals are more rich in materials for poetry and romance, and no history more animating or inspiring to genius. Her long and brilliant wars against the Turks, especially, were calculated to bring the two powerful impulses of religion and patriotism to bear upon literature; but poetry neither

celebrates her victories nor mourns her defeats. The Spanish Herrera sung of the battle of Lepanto in strains which rang all over Europe, like the sound of a trumpet, but not a voice of triumph was heard from Venice, which had contributed so much to the glory of that day. Writers from every other country — Shakespeare, Otway, Byron, Schiller, Casimir Delavigne, George Sand, Cooper — have found in her annals the themes and inspiration, which her sons have missed. The mystery and terror of the government, the plots, assassinations and judicial murders which darken her history, the spies and informers, the lidless eyes of a secret police, the blows from a bodiless hand, the universal atmosphere of suspicion and distrust — all that made and still makes Venice so fruitful in subjects for poetry and romance to strangers — must have had a repressing and paralyzing effect upon native writers themselves. Who would venture to write a domestic novel, or a national tragedy, when the incidents and machinery must be sought in regions guarded by the flaming sword of despotism and jealousy, and the danger incurred would be in exact proportion to the merit of the result? A Venetian would no more have dared to publish such a play as ‘*Marino Faliero*,’ than to pull the doge by the beard.

“We may form a strong sense of the paralyzing influence of the institutions of Venice upon the minds of her people, by reflecting upon the impossibility of such an intellectual phenomenon as Dante having been reared there. His mind was formed and braced by the mountain air of freedom and struggle, and every line of his great poem breathes the spirit of a man accustomed to examine, to dissent, to assail, to praise and to denounce. In the exhausted receiver of Venice a genius like his would have perished in inanition. Florence and Venice, indeed, present striking illustrations of the respective influences exerted by liberty and despotism upon intellectual development. The history of Florence is disorderly and tumultuous, and sounding with the clash of civil warfare. Her citizens fought in the streets; revolution succeeded revolution; and constitutions were changed more rapidly than the fashions of garments. But everywhere and at all times there was rich, crowded, and animated life. There was free thought, free action, and free speech, and the human mind, under the powerful excitements by which it was acted upon, left no path untried and no triumphs ungathered. In Venice, there was long and unbroken calm, — no convulsion — no civil strife — no whirl of revolution. But it was the repose of death, and the mind of man slept from age to age, like a mummy in its sarcophagus. It is far better to suffer from the occasional excesses of freedom, than to have every energy sealed by the arctic frost of despotism.” — Vol. I. pp. 81 – 83.

From Venice Mr. Hillard went to Verona, Parma, Bologna, and Florence. In the last of these cities he passed three weeks; and three brilliant and attractive chapters show how pleasantly he spent his time. Few cities in Europe contain more that is calculated to gratify a traveller of cultivated taste, than this proud and beautiful city. Situated in the centre of a country remarkable even in Italy for the beauty of its scenery, and containing within its walls so many of the treasures of ancient art, it offers equal attractions to the lover of nature and to the traveller who finds his chief pleasure in works of art. In both directions Mr. Hillard made a diligent use of all the opportunities of study and research which offered within this brief period.

A considerable part of his volume is devoted to notices of the pictures and statues which, in Florence and Rome especially, furnish so large a portion of the enjoyment a traveller derives from his residence in Italy. In these notices our author shows a ready appreciation of the higher forms of pictured and sculptured beauty, and a freedom from prejudice and prepossession too seldom found in writers on art. His judgments are often at variance with the commonly received opinions, and may not always be free from the distorting influence of individual peculiarities of taste; but they are so frankly stated that they always command a respectful hearing. We copy a single passage from his remarks on Raphael, to show how gracefully he treats such topics, and how fertile his mind is in happy illustrations drawn from other and previous studies in literature and art. Referring to two pictures in the Tribune, — a Holy Family and a St. John preaching in the Desert, — he says: —

“ These two pictures are not penetrated with that maturity and vigor which Raphael’s genius subsequently attained, but they are full of those winning and engaging qualities which belonged to it in every stage of its development. Raphael is perhaps overpraised by those admirers of art who are not artists, and who judge of painting, not by their technical merits, but by the effect which they produce; in other words, subjectively, and not objectively. All the fine arts, poetry, painting, sculpture, and music, have something in common; something which all persons of sensibility feel, though such airy resemblances are not very patient of the chains of language. In the expression of

this common element, Raphael has no rival. Maternal love, purity of feeling, sweetness, refinement, and a certain soft ideal happiness breathe from his canvas like odor from a flower. No painter addresses so wide a circle of sympathies, as he. No one speaks a language so intelligible to the common apprehension. There is something in his pictures at Florence, which recalls the early poetry of Milton. Like that, they flow from a mind into which none but forms of ideal beauty had ever intruded; like that, they are full of morning freshness, of the sense of unworn energies, of the most exquisite sensibility, and, like that, they glow with a light as pure as that which sparkled in the eyes of Beatrice in *Paradise*. Towards the painter, the dark cloud, which overshadowed the closing hours of the poet, was never turned. His life was a summer's day cut off before the noon. He is the Achilles of art, and his image is fixed in our minds as that of a youth, of immortal energies, ever aspiring, ever struggling, and ever conquering. Beautiful as are the works of Raphael, none surpass the perfect picture of his life. All contemporary testimony dwells with enthusiasm upon the gentle grace of his manners, the sweetness of his temper, his freedom from envy, and the readiness with which he communicated his knowledge to others. He breathed the atmosphere of love and admiration. In his behalf the common laws of man's imperfect moral nature were reversed. Before his transcendent genius, and the meekness with which its honors were borne, malice was silent and envy disarmed.

"In Raphael's hands, art performs its highest, and indeed its only legitimate function, because it helps to make us better men. There are many pictures extant — some by eminent artists to their disgrace be it spoken — which degrade and sensualize the mind, filling it with impure suggestions, and giving strength to down-dragging impulses, already too strong in most natures. There are others that are, morally speaking, neither good nor bad, that please for the time, and then leave us as they found us. These entertain us like a brilliant spectacle or clever pantomime, but they do not haunt the mind with images of remembered beauty. They do not float before us in our twilight walks, or paint themselves upon the wall, in visionary colors before our eyes, as we look up from our work. But the pictures of Raphael, and of every artist who combines genius with purity of feeling, are positively elevating and purifying influences. Nor is it necessary for the securing of these influences that the artist should have a distinct moral purpose in view; or should appeal directly to the sentiment of religion, as the early Italian painters do so exclusively. It is enough that the tone of his mind should be pure and elevated. Take, for instance, the Beatrice of All-

ston — that admirable artist in whose soul the highest graces of painting, so long wandering and homeless, found a congenial abode. Here is merely the head of a beautiful young woman, but how full it is of the most persuasive moral power. The purity of soul expressed in those gently drooping lids and softly closed lips, derives fresh attractions from so perfect a representation of its moulding influence upon the clay in which it is enshrined. The mere sight of such a face is an argument in favor of a spotless life. Such influences are indeed momentary, but of good influences how few there are that are not momentary, or at least evanescent? Temptation comes upon us suddenly and powerfully, like a tempest, but the virtue which resists it successfully has been slowly built up from a thousand nameless elements. Nothing is so small as to be despised; nothing so trivial as to be rejected. The influence of works of this class is like the influence of nature. There is no necessary and inevitable relation between the beautiful scenes of the visible world, and moral well-being or well-doing, but it is certainly true that just so far as a man cultivates a taste for nature, he cultivates a susceptibility to moral impressions. A lover of nature is not likely to be a bad man, because such a love preoccupies the mind so as to arm it against evil approaches. A vacant mind invites dangerous inmates, as a deserted mansion tempts wandering outcasts to enter and take up their abode in its desolate apartments." — Vol. I. pp. 118 – 121.

We should be glad to cite some of the passages descriptive of Florentine society and habits, as they appear to an observant traveller, and we had marked two or three short extracts which we are compelled to omit for want of room. In Florence our author met two of the most remarkable and vigorous poets of our time, though not among the most popular. The passage in which he speaks of them is so admirably expressed, and so just in its criticism, that we need offer no apology for copying it entire: —

"It is well for the traveller to be chary of names. It is an ungrateful return for hospitable attentions, to print the conversation of your host, or describe his person, or give an inventory of his furniture, or proclaim how his wife and daughters were dressed. But I trust I may be pardoned if I state, that one of my most delightful associations with Florence arises from the fact, that here I made the acquaintance of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. These are even more familiar names in America than in England, and their poetry is probably more read and

better understood with us, than among their own countrymen. A happier home and a more perfect union than theirs, it is not easy to imagine ; and this completeness arises, not only from the rare qualities which each possesses, but from their adaptation to each other. Browning's conversation is like the poetry of Chaucer, or like his own, simplified and made transparent. His countenance is so full of vigor, freshness, and refined power, that it seems impossible to think that he can ever grow old. His poetry is subtle, passionate, and profound ; but he himself is simple, natural, and playful. He has the repose of a man who has lived much in the open air ; with no nervous uneasiness and no unhealthy self-consciousness. Mrs. Browning is in many respects the correlative of her husband. As he is full of manly power, so she is a type of the most sensitive and delicate womanhood. She has been a great sufferer from ill health, and the marks of pain are stamped upon her person and manner. Her figure is slight, her countenance expressive of genius and sensibility, shaded by a veil of long brown locks ; and her tremulous voice often flutters over her words, like the flame of a dying candle over the wick. I have never seen a human frame which seemed so nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit. She is a soul of fire inclosed in a shell of pearl. Her rare and fine genius needs no setting forth at my hands. She is also, what is not so generally known, a woman of uncommon, nay, profound learning, even measured by a masculine standard. Nor is she more remarkable for genius and learning, than for sweetness of temper, tenderness of heart, depth of feeling, and purity of spirit. It is a privilege to know such beings singly and separately, but to see their powers quickened, and their happiness rounded by the sacred tie of marriage, is a cause for peculiar and lasting gratitude. A union so complete as theirs — in which the mind has nothing to crave nor the heart to sigh for — is cordial to behold and soothing to remember." — Vol. I. pp. 177, 178.

To Rome Mr. Hillard devoted much the larger part of his time ; and nearly half of his work is occupied with a description of the wonders of the city and its immediate neighborhood, and with reflections on the character and condition of its people. Fortunately for his readers, he did not confine himself to a mere hasty and superficial glance at the uncounted treasures of art gathered in Rome ; but here, as well as at Florence, he seems to have lingered in rapt admiration over the masterpieces of painting and sculpture, and to have been not less mindful of the beauties of nature. Nor did he neg-

lect to investigate with a curious and philosophical mind those questions touching the state of agriculture and mechanical and manufacturing industry, the social condition of the people, and the kindred topics, which possess so large an interest for the statesman and the philanthropist. And in so doing he has wisely availed himself of the labors of his predecessors, and added to the result of his own observations much valuable information derived from the writings of scholars who have made these questions a special study. A single passage in which he contrasts the English and Italian styles of landscape-gardening may be quoted in partial illustration of this characteristic of his volumes : —

“There are but two styles of laying out gardens, or, more properly, pleasure-grounds ; one, English, and one, Italian : whatever changes have been introduced in other countries are but modifications of these two systems. The difference in them is the result mainly of differences in climate, and of consequent diversity of habits and tastes. The Englishman, living in a climate of uniform coolness, is led to form habits of active exercise, and he delights to surround his dwelling-place with as much land as his means will allow, so that his walks and rides may be as extensive as possible. His house becomes only a small part of the landscape, and he brings the greenness and wildness of nature as near as possible to his very door. He disposes of his trees and shrubs in such a way as to banish the idea of formality, and to create the impression that they have been sown by the hand of Nature herself. Living under a gray and overclouded sky, where lights and shadows rapidly alternate, and gleams of watery sunshine fall in broken fragments, he is obliged to forego the sudden contrasts of broad masses of light and shade, and to seek that general effect, the combination of many particulars, which requires a large space to be produced. The moisture of the English climate is also highly favorable to the growth of trees and shrubs, and is the immediate cause of that exquisite verdure which is the great charm of an English landscape. A lawn can only be seen in perfection in England ; and it is not surprising that an embellishment so refreshing to the eye and always so attainable should form an essential part in English pleasure-grounds. On the other hand, the Italian, living in a hot climate, does not fall into habits of bodily activity. Long walks or rides are not tempting to him, and for a portion of the year, at least, are quite out of the question. His purpose in laying out his grounds is to enlarge his house. He seeks to be led into the open air by insensible gradations and unobserved intervals. His

garden is to a considerable extent an architectural creation. His terraces and balustrades are rooms in the open air, without walls or roof. Not having a certain portion of the day appropriated to exercise, he seeks to secure the power of going into the open air, when the humor may seize him, without being exposed to observation. The powerful sun which burns up his grass creates a necessity for shade, and instead of distributing his trees in clumps over a lawn, he plants them in rectangular rows, so that by the meeting of their branches they may make a sun-proof canopy. As the light falls in monotonous sheets from a cloudless and dazzling sky, he contrives by salient projections, by walls, vases, balustrades, statues, and by thick-foliaged trees like pines and cypresses, to produce strong shadows, and thus modify the general glare. For the same reason — the prevalence of heat and sunshine — fountains are added — if not to cool the air, to awaken dreams of coolness, and refresh the thoughts if not the senses. The English writers upon the subject have not dealt quite fairly with Italian landscape gardening, nor judged of it with reference to the ends proposed to be accomplished by it. Their groves nodding at groves — their fraternal alleys — their formal walls of verdure, are not caricatures of Nature, introduced from a perverse preference for what is quaint and fantastic, but simply such a direction and use of the energies of Nature as shall produce certain results which are required by the climate, and which shall so blend with the features of the palace or villa, as to produce an architectural whole." — Vol. I. pp. 396 – 398.

Mr. Hillard visited many of the churches, basilicas, palaces, and villas in which Rome abounds, and has given descriptions of all of them and of the works of art which they contain. He also examined the vast treasures of the Vatican, which have furnished him with matter for an entire chapter. But we have no room for extracts from this portion of his work, and must confine ourselves to a single paragraph from his account of the College of the Propaganda: —

"On the 9th of January, 1848, I attended the annual performances, or commencement, of this institution. The apartment in which the exercises were held was of a moderate size, furnished with rows of benches, which were closely packed with spectators, and a raised platform at one end, from which the pupils spoke. The places of honor nearest the stage were occupied by half a dozen cardinals, among whom was Cardinal Mezzofanti, whose extraordinary knowledge of languages natu-

rally led him to take a lively interest in so polyglot an institution. As soon as the dignitaries were seated, the performances began with what we should call a salutatory address in Latin, pronounced by a youth whose name was set down in the programme as 'Sig. Enrico Van Buren di Limburgo.' His pronunciation was so unlike that to which my ear had been trained, that his Latin sounded like an unknown tongue. Then followed performances in fifty-one different languages and dialects, including Chinese, Persian, Arabic, Burman, Cingalese, Turkish, Ethiopian, Coptic, Hindostanee, and Syriac. They were generally very short, rarely exceeding five minutes; and as soon as one had concluded he was instantly followed by his successor, so that no time was lost. Several of the exercises in the oriental tongues were concluded by a few strains of singing or chanting, which afforded much amusement to the spectators. The strange countenances and the novel sounds made the whole affair quite entertaining, and many of the youths showed that their religious training had not entirely extinguished the spirit of fun. Many of the oriental languages spoken hardly appeared to be composed of articulate sounds, but to be made up of gutturals, aspirations, and a sort of faint shriek. A young man from Guinea, who was as black as it is possible for a human being to be, recited some Latin hexameters. His manner was excellent, and his hexameters smooth and flowing. The exercise in Portuguese was also by a colored youth, from Rio Janeiro, apparently the youngest of all the performers, looking not more than fifteen years old. He had a clear, ringing voice, and he spoke with great spirit and animation, producing a very general and hearty burst of applause. An English poem was recited by Sig. Eugene Small of Paisley, who spoke with a strong Scotch accent, and very rapidly. His poem, so far as I could follow him, was quite clever. In expressing his hope that Scotland might come back to the fold of the true Church, he used the expression, 'Religion's Bannockburn.' He also recited a poem in the Scotch dialect, in a very animated manner. Two of the performers, John Roddan and John Quin, were from Boston, and were the only representatives from the United States. One of them spoke in Hebrew and in the language of the aborigines of Chili, and the other in that of Paraguay. Of all the languages, the Spanish struck me as the finest in the quality of its sounds."*

— Vol. I. pp. 425 - 427.

* "No ladies were admitted upon the floor of the room in which the performances were spoken, but a few of them were present in a sort of upper corridor or gallery, from which they could see and hear only imperfectly. Remembering the vantage-ground enjoyed by the female sex at home on all similar occasions, some of us were disposed to exult a little over those

We have left ourselves space for only one other extract, painting with a master's hand the favorable circumstances which invite the young artist to Rome, and place before him and around him so many inspiring influences : —

“ Every young artist dreams of Rome as the spot where all his visions may be realized ; and it would indeed seem that there, in a greater degree than anywhere else, were gathered those influences which expand the blossoms, and ripen the fruit of genius. Nothing can be more delicious than the first experiences of a dreamy and imaginative young man who comes from a busy and prosaic city, to pursue the study of art in Rome. He finds himself transported into a new world where every thing is touched with finer lights and softer shadows. The hurry and bustle to which he has been accustomed are no longer perceived. No sounds of active life break the silence of his studies, but the stillness of a Sabbath morning rests over the whole city. The figures whom he meets in the streets move leisurely, and no one has the air of being due at a certain place at a certain time. All his experiences, from his first waking moment till the close of the day, are calculated to quicken the imagination and train the eye. The first sound which he hears in the morning, mingling with his latest dreams, is the dash of a fountain in a neighboring square. When he opens his window, he sees the sun resting upon some dome or tower, gray with time and heavily freighted with traditions. He takes his breakfast in the ground-floor of an old palazzo, still bearing the stamp of faded splendor ; and looks out upon a sheltered garden, in which orange and lemon-trees grow side by side with oleanders and roses. While he is sipping his coffee, a little girl glides in and lays a bunch of violets by the side of his plate, with an expression in her serious black eyes which would make his fortune if he could transfer it to canvas. During the day, his only difficulty is how to employ his boundless wealth of opportunity. There are the Vatican and the Capitol, with treasures of art enough to occupy a patriarchal life of observation and study. There are the palaces of the nobility, with their stately archi-

of our fair countrywomen who were present, on account of our temporary superiority. Rome being to so great an extent an ecclesiastical capital, women are often made to feel that they are judged by a monastic standard. From many places they are absolutely excluded, and the guide-books will make the cool announcement, that this or that spot is so holy that no woman is allowed to approach it. To women fresh from America, where they enjoy the chief seats in the synagogues, the change is somewhat emphatic ; but I must do them the justice to say that they submit to their privations very amiably.”

ecture, and their rich collections of painting and sculpture. Of the three hundred and sixty churches in Rome, there is not one which does not contain some picture, statue, mosaic, or monumental structure, either of positive excellence or historical interest. And when the full mind can receive no more impressions, and he comes into the open air for repose, he finds himself surrounded with objects which quicken and feed the sense of art. The dreary monotony of uniform brick walls, out of which doors and windows are cut at regular intervals, no longer disheartens the eye, but the view is everywhere varied by churches, palaces, public buildings, and monuments, not always of positive architectural merit, but each with a distinctive character of its own. The very fronts of the houses have as individual an expression as human faces in a crowd. His walks are full of exhilarating surprises. He comes unawares upon a fountain, a column, or an obelisk — a pine or a cypress — a ruin or a statue. The living forms which he meets are such as he would gladly pause and transfer to his sketch-book — ecclesiastics with garments of flowing black, and shovel-hats upon their heads — capuchins in robes of brown — peasant girls from Albano, in their holiday bodices, with black hair lying in massive braids, large brown eyes, and broad low foreheads — beggars with white beards, whose rags flutter picturesquely in the breeze, and who ask alms with the dignity of Roman senators. Beyond the walls are the villas, with their grounds and gardens, like landscapes sitting for their pictures, and then the infinite, inexhaustible Campagna, set in its splendid frame of mountains, with its tombs and aqueducts, its skeleton cities and nameless ruins, its clouds and cloud-shadows, its memories and traditions. He sees the sun go down behind the dome of St. Peter's, and light up the windows of the drum with his red blaze, and the dusky veil of twilight gradually extend over the whole horizon. In the moonlight evenings, he walks to the Colosseum, or to the piazza of St. Peter's, or to the ruins of the Forum, and under a light which conceals all that is unsightly, and idealizes all that is impressive, may call up the spirit of the past, and bid the buried majesty of old Rome start from its tomb." — Vol. II. pp. 253 — 255.

But to this bright picture there is a reverse, and Mr. Hillard has presented with equal skill the many obstacles to the highest success of the young artist when placed in the midst of so many models of almost perfect beauty. His remarks are too long to be quoted here; but they are strikingly just and beautiful, and well exhibit the happy balance of our traveller's mind. When

in the presence of works of high art he gave himself up to a full and cordial admiration of them; and on the other hand, as before intimated, some of the finest sections in his work are descriptive of natural objects. But whenever any subject assumes a practical aspect, as in the passage just quoted, the calmness and sobriety of his judgment and the breadth and liberality of his views are not less noticeable.

In his second volume Mr. Hillard has introduced several chapters, in which he thus deals with practical questions in a wise and comprehensive spirit. Among these are the chapter on the Agriculture of the Campagna, and that in which a comparison is instituted between the inhabitants of the Alban Mount and the people of the rural districts of New England. Both of these chapters are particularly valuable and interesting, and are deserving of a careful reading for the information they contain on points about which few travellers give themselves much trouble. Another chapter of a similar character treats of the houses, inhabitants, site, and climate of Rome, and of the malaria which so constantly hangs around the city. A very pleasant chapter is devoted to an excursion to Pompeii; and there are also sketches of Naples, Genoa, Perugia, Assisi, and other famous places. At the end of the volume are three chapters giving brief notices of the principal writers who have visited Italy, with extracts from their works. In attempting this criticism of his predecessors Mr. Hillard has entered upon very hazardous ground. But he has accomplished his difficult task with great success, and probably no reader will wish that these chapters had been omitted, however much any one may differ with the critic in his judgment of particular writers.

Throughout his volumes Mr. Hillard preserves a kindly temper, and in speaking of the many annoyances to which every one who travels is subjected, he never gives way to a querulous tone. He generally contrives to pluck some flower from the thistles which grow in the traveller's path; and even the intolerable nuisance of Italian beggars, so exasperating to most travellers, fails to excite any vehement outbursts. On the contrary, he is strongly inclined to give them credit for a disposition to work if opportunity offered for the exercise of their muscles.

How far this opinion may be correct we cannot determine; but certainly the good-natured feeling which prompts such a judgment is by no means so common a virtue among travellers as to be unworthy of a passing notice.

In these brief and discursive remarks on Mr. Hillard's volumes we have merely indicated some of their chief points of interest and characteristic merits. But enough has been said and quoted to show how high a place they must hold among similar publications. Certainly we know no books of travel to which higher praise can be awarded, whether we consider their calm and thoughtful tone, their general interest, or the beauty of their style. In taking leave of our author, we need only thank him for the pleasure which we have derived from his volumes, and express the hope that he may long continue to labor in those fields of literary endeavor in which he has achieved so honorable a position.

C. C. S.

ART. VI. — POETRY.

SONG OF DEBORAH:

A LAY OF ANCIENT ISRAEL.

THANK God! now Israel is revenged! Freely her people came.
Hear, kings! hear, princes! while I sing Jehovah's mighty name.

Jehovah! when thou wentest forth from Seir, from Edom's plain,
The earth did quake: the skies dropped dew: the clouds poured
floods of rain:

The mountains melted from before Jehovah's awful face:
Yea, Sinai, when the God of Israel visited the place!

In the days of Shamgar, Anath's son, and Joel, all the highways
Were empty and forsaken, and the wanderers walked in by-ways.
The gatherings of Israel ceased, — for sore the people feared, —
Till I, a mother in the land, I, Deborah, appeared.

They had chosen them strange gods: war at their gates was
raging then:

No shield or spear was seen among their forty thousand men.

To you, O Israel's leaders, turns my heart, — ye came so free !
Sing praises to Jehovah ! sing triumphantly with me !
Sing, ye that ride on asses white, and sit on vestments gay ! *
And ye, that walk secure, with none to harm you by the way !

The voice of herdsmen, watering their cattle by the springs !
Where the battle was most hotly fought, the shout of victory
rings !

The people of Jehovah were hard pressed : but let them tell
Of the goodness of Jehovah, — his good work for Israel !

Arouse thee, Deborah ! awake ! sing the triumphal song !
Rise, Barak, son of Abinoam ! lead thy captive trains along !
A remnant fought the mighty ; but our God withstood the strong !

First Ephraim came, towards Amalek : then Benjamin's trained
bands :

Then Machir's chiefs, and Zebulon's, with truncheons in their
hands :

With Deborah followed Issachar, his captains and his men :
Issachar's footmen ; — Barak led them down upon the plain.

By Reuben's brooks, brave words, grave looks ! Why sit among
your cattle ?

To hear the shepherds' piping ? Do ye fear the shout of battle ?
Gad beyond Jordan with his sheep, Dan in his shipping stays :
Asher keeps snugly by the shore, and lingers in his bays.
But Zebulon will jeopard his life, and so will Naphtali, —
Where death is thickest on the field, press forward dauntlessly !

At Taanach, by Megiddo's stream, the kings of Canaan fought :
Fiercely they fought, yet found they not the booty that they
sought.

From heaven they fought ! Stars in their courses fought with
Sisera !

Old Kishon's stream — swift Kishon's stream — it swept his host
away !

O, then we smote and trampled down proud Canaan's men of
might,

And loud and fleet the horse-hoofs beat, that sped their captain's
flight !

Curse ye Meroz ! said God's angel then : ay, curse the coward
clan

That came not to Jehovah's aid, — that sent not spear nor man !

* The equipage of magistrates in Israel.

But Joel, Heber's wife, above all women blessed be !
 Among the tribes that dwell in tents no woman such as she !
 He asked to drink : with brimming bowl the creamy milk she
 gave :
 Her left hand held the nail, her right the heavy hammer drave !
 The hammer smote proud Sisera through the brain and through
 the head :
 At her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay, — at her feet he dropped
 down dead !

From her window cries his mother, where the lattice half con-
 ceals,
 " Why tarry my son's chariots ? why delay his chariot-wheels ? "
 " Must they not, then," her ladies said, " find and divide the prey ? "
 Each man his captive maid or two, — rich robes for Sisera, —
 A prize of bright embroidered robes, fine wrought, with curious
 toil, —
 Doubly embroidered scarlet robes, the glory of the spoil ? "

* * * * *

So perish all thine enemies, Jehovah ! but may those
 Who honor thee be like the sun, when forth in strength he goes !

J. H. A.

STRENGTH.

TO AN INVALID.

" WHEN I am weak, I 'm strong,"
 The great Apostle cried.
 The strength that did not to the earth belong
 The might of Heaven supplied.

" When I am weak, I 'm strong."
 Blind Milton caught that strain,
 And flung its victory o'er the ills that throng
 Round Age, and Want, and Pain.

" When I am weak, I 'm strong,"
 Each Christian heart repeats ;
 These words will tune its feeblest breath to song,
 And fire its languid beats.

O Holy Strength ! whose ground
Is in the heavenly land ;
And whose supporting help alone is found
In God's immortal hand !

O blessed ! that appears
When fleshly aids are spent ;
And girds the mind, when most it faints and fears,
With trust and sweet content !

It bids us cast aside
All thoughts of lesser powers ; —
Give up all hopes from changing time and tide,
And all vain will of ours.

We have but to confess
That there 's but one retreat ;
And meekly lay each need and each distress
Down at the Sovereign feet ; —

Then, then, it fills the place
Of all we hoped to do ;
And sunken Nature triumphs in the Grace
That bears us up and through.

A better glow than health
Flushes the cheek and brow,
The heart is stout with store of nameless wealth ; —
We can do all things now.

No less sufficiency seek ;
All counsel less is wrong ;
The whole world's force is poor, and mean, and weak ; —
" When I am weak, I 'm strong."

N. L. F.

ART. VII. — BEECHER'S CONFLICT OF AGES.*

THE caption to this article, and the title given below, introduce us to a volume which is destined to cause something more than a mere ripple in the ever agitated current of religious thought and controversy among us. Without yielding any to a spirit of exaggeration, that might naturally be supposed to result from the excitement attending the perusal of a deeply serious book on a most momentous theme, we may calmly pronounce the volume before us the most important contribution which has been made for years to our religious literature. It is an honest, manly, candid, and most able exposition of the workings of a free and cultivated mind, upon a theme second in solemnity and practical influence to no other within the range of human thought. Whether the results which the author reaches shall be regarded as sound and satisfactory, or otherwise, no fair-minded reader can withhold from him the tribute of a respectful praise for his deep sincerity, his devotion to truth, his just regard for the honest convictions of others, and his thorough impartiality in presenting their different views.

The Beecher race are attaining such a reputation for individuality, independence, and strength of opinion and influence, that they will wellnigh deserve a separate classification in all matters with reference to which human beings are apt to be confusedly arranged in large sects or parties. The honored and venerable father of the family, after an uncompromising crusade against Unitarian heretics in this neighborhood, had no sooner reached the West for a new field of labor, than he was himself caught up and tried for heresy. His vigor and honesty of mind were of equal service to him, as they were to St. Paul under a similar change of experiences. This family trait of independent, outspoken honesty of mind, gives both the charm and the power to the volume before us. But the boldness of the book is not more remarkable than the solemn earnestness, the impressive superiority to all personal and party feelings, which every

* *The Conflict of Ages: or, The Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man.* By EDWARD BEECHER, D. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 552.

page of it displays. That the book will provoke many severe and excited critics, and will open a controversy among brethren of a most painful, as well as serious character, are results which the author must of course have expected. But if the noble example which he has set for his critics shall be followed by them, the controversy will not be poisoned by any of that acrimony or personality, or any of those petty meannesses of misrepresentation, which have made the very name of religious controversy odious to every lover of the truth. We say to every reviewer of this book, Be as honest, candid, and truth-loving as the author, and then do your best to prove him wrong. The admirably lucid style of the book; its distinctness and completeness in the expression of thoughts and statements; its frequent gathering up of the thread of its argument, so that a reader may have a clear, full view of his progress; and the absence of all misty, foggy, or rhetorical tricks with language, will give to those who may read it every facility for understanding it, and will raise no difficulties except those attaching to the main issue with which it deals.

We suppose that we shall treat the book and the author most fairly, and at the same time do our own readers the best service, by presenting as complete an analysis of the contents of the volume as our limits will permit, leaving the interest and the aim of it to develop themselves in that way, rather than anticipating them by giving here our own statement of them. We may, however, quote one sentence from near the close of the volume. Dr. Beecher says: "I have written as I have, because I have felt in my inmost soul, and with deep and long-continued sorrow, that God is deeply dishonored, and the energies of his kingdom on earth are fatally paralyzed, by the basis on which his own Church has placed his greatest and most glorious work, the divine work of redeeming love. I have believed, therefore have I spoken." (p. 445.) The volume is, in fact, another revelation, similar to that made by the excellent John Foster, of the dread gloom, the irreconcilable antagonism with reason and with all our conceptions of God, which attach to Orthodoxy, so called. In this view there may be nothing, or but little, new to most Unitarians. The significance of the book is that this new exposure

should come from a faithful and esteemed minister of that communion, amid the very round of his present pulpit and pastoral labors. That he has subjected himself to a tremendous accountability to his own brethren in the ministry, and to thousands of his communion whom our arguments would never reach, is not to be denied or averted. By many of them, as by us, he will be regarded as having dealt against orthodoxy a blow, from beneath which it can never raise its head again with its former honor in view of those who here are witnesses to its dishonor. Whether the fact that the author still adheres bravely to the whole orthodox system, saving only its one great fundamental tenet, will exculpate him, or what refuge they will seek who admit his argument so far as it is destructive, but reject the relief which he proposes, remains to be proved.

The work is dedicated, in an affectionate and manly spirit, to his "honored and beloved brethren in Christ, of every name," and a candid and generous reciprocation of the writer's frank sincerity is bespoken from all who may see fit to pronounce upon his labor. We sincerely hope that we ourselves may not fall below this fair claim of the author, and we shall take the highest satisfaction in reading every examination of his argument that shall be written in the same noble spirit that plainly moves him. He has set to controversialists an example which ought to introduce a new era in theological discussions.

Dr. Beecher affirms that it is not enough that the existing system of Christianity can do some good, or even much good. A system is needed "that shall give us the power intelligently to meet and logically to solve all of the great religious and social problems which we are called on to encounter in the great work of converting the world, and thoroughly reorganizing human society." The object of the Gospel is the Moral Renovation of Man, the theme of highest interest for the heart and the mind. But there is a most momentous conflict of opinions involved in it. "On the one side have been the advocates of that system the peculiar characteristic of which is the doctrine of a supernatural regeneration rendered necessary by the native and original depravity of man, and effected according to the eternal purposes of a divine and mysterious sovereignty." This system is said to

find its centre and strength in the Epistle to the Romans, though it appeals for support to all other parts of the Bible. It has been variously entitled the Pauline, the Augustinian, and the Calvinistic system; it was held by the Reformers and the Puritans, and has greatly affected the destinies of the world.

"Yet," adds the author, "in all ages, ever since the days of Celestius, Julian, and Pelagius, there have been, in large numbers, men highly estimable for intelligence and benevolence, and animated by a strong desire of urging society onward in the pursuit of moral excellence, who have, nevertheless, earnestly, perseveringly, and with deep emotion, opposed this system, as at war with the fundamental principles of honor and right, and hostile to the best interests of humanity." (p. 3.) There have been many intervening parties, and various subordinate conflicts, but harmony and satisfaction have not been reached. The author hopes to reconcile this strife, "to redeem the first-named system from a just liability to such attacks as it has sustained, by showing that all of its fundamental elements may be so stated and held as not to be inconsistent with the highest principles of honor and right." (pp. 3, 4.) He hopes to do this by treating with full justice those who have opposed the system, and also by vindicating the principles of honor and of right for which they have contended. To effect this purpose, it is necessary to give a compendious view of the various efforts that have been made; with all the earnestness of deep emotion and careful thought, to remove this antagonism.

The author illustrates his idea of the misadjustment of the system of the Gospel, by supposing that, in a community little skilled in the laws of nature, a steam-ship was introduced with the traditional theory that the wheels should be so adjusted as to revolve in opposite directions. For a time the theory might be put in practice, and the steam-ship would move in a circle, and be powerless against the winds and currents. Careful inquiry might sooner or later discover some process for readjusting the wheels so that the capacities of the noble vessel would be brought out. Has there been such a misadjustment of the system of the Gospel? Is there a readjustment possible which will make it effective?

The author says Yes, to both these pregnant questions. There is a conflict in the working of the two great moving powers of Christianity. The earnest and endless strifes and controversies thus opened have divided the New and the Old Schools among the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists, as well as other sects. No radical or permanent settlement of the issue has as yet been made.

The two great moving powers of Christianity which have been so adjusted as to work against each other are the TRUTHS which are found in practice to be of fundamental importance in the great work of moral renovation. "This work presupposes depravity in man, and a system of means ordained for its removal." Before this depravity can be removed, there must be a deep conviction of it. "But true repentance and confession of sin imply a conviction that the conduct of God towards the sinner has been, in all things, honorable and right, and that his own conduct towards God has been wrong, dishonorable, and without excuse. It is plain, therefore, that those are the great moving powers of Christianity, which are essential in order to produce these results. It is no less plain that they are the two following: — 1. A true and thorough statement of what is involved in the fallen and ruined condition of man as a sinner. 2. A full development of the honor, justice, and benevolence of God, in all his dealings with man, so made, as, in the first place, to free him from the charge of dishonorably ruining them, and then to exhibit him as earnestly and benevolently engaged in efforts for their salvation, through Christ, after they have been ruined by their own fault." (pp. 16, 17.) The great conflict is between these *Principles of Honor and of Right*, and the *Fact of Human Depravity*.

God has implanted in man an intuitive sense of justice, which defines those principles of honor and of right. It may be said that depravity has impaired or perverted man's power of judgment in this matter. How far depravity has had this effect the author does not decide, for he confines himself to the sense of justice as found in a regenerated heart, which, as he very reasonably says, is certainly to be trusted. This innate sense of justice is also to be compared with the principles advanced in "the

word of God," by which unqualified phrase the author uniformly designates the whole Bible. He then quotes such orthodox authorities as Calvin and Melancthon, Drs. Alexander and Chalmers, and Professors Hodge, Stuart, and Tholuck, to show "that there are fundamental judgments concerning honor and right, which God has made the human mind to form with intuitive certainty, and which he designed to be a divine disclosure of the principles by which he regulates his own conduct." (p. 20.) These principles, though not methodically set forth, are most positively and distinctly recognized in the Bible. St. Paul referred to them in what he said about the law of the heart and conscience among the heathen, and the Saviour's own words — "Why judge ye not, even of yourselves, what is right?" — have given the author a motto for his title-page. He is exceedingly careful in the clear exposition of these statements, because, as he says, some of his brethren, when pressed by the resistance of these principles of honor and right, are apt to stigmatize them as proposed by a dangerous rationalism.

Some writers, too, have been very slow and backward in the statement of these *principles*, from a fear of being compelled to meet them in an application at a later stage of the discussion. But, as our author admirably avows, God acknowledges these principles as binding on himself, and will not feel honored by any pleading for him which evades, or takes from, their full force. Four points to which these principles have reference are thus stated: — "1. The distinction that ought to be made between the innocent and the guilty. 2. The distinction that ought to be made between original constitution and responsible moral character. 3. The relations and obligations that exist between great and powerful minds and such as are more feeble and limited, and especially between the great, self-sustained Mind, and such as are inferior and dependent. 4. The obligations of the Creator to new-created beings, as to their original constitutions and powers, circumstances and probation." (pp. 28, 29.) These principles are not to be suppressed in view of any alleged facts; but are to be stoutly maintained, even at the expense, if it be necessary, of bringing the facts into question.

When these principles are applied to the points now

before us, they justify the six following inferences: — 1. If God, as the Infinite Father, gives existence to inferior and dependent minds in view of an eternal destiny for them, he is bound to feel and act as a superior, kind and wise, with an honorable regard to their truest good. This condition makes a "dividing line between the divine and the satanic spirit." 2. No man, except under some urgent compulsion, would think of denying "that the principles of honor and right call upon God not to hold his creatures responsible or punishable for any thing in them of which they are not the authors, but of which he is, either directly or indirectly, the creator, and which exists in them anterior to, and independent of, any knowledge, desire, choice, or action of their own. Whatever thus exists is a part of the original constitution conferred by the Creator on his creatures; and for this he is obviously responsible, and not they." (p. 34.) 3. These principles require of God, that, as he demands of his creatures that they do what is right, he should not himself confound the distinction between right and wrong, by dealing with the righteous as with the wicked. 4. The same principles require that God should not "so charge the wrong conduct of one being to others as to punish one person for the conduct of another, to which he did not consent, and in which he had no part." (p. 35.) 5. As the creatures of God exist for eternity, and yet not by their own will, the dictates of honor and right demand that God should confer on them such original constitutions as shall, in their natural and proper tendencies, favorably affect their prospects for eternity. If the original constitution of such a creature be sinful, he would not be honorably treated by his Creator, nor be responsible for his sin: God would be the author of it, and would be responsible for it. And if there be a radical derangement or corruption in the creature involving a moral certainty of ruin, then existence is a curse to him. 6. The same demands of honor and right forbid the Creator to place his creature in circumstances needlessly unfavorable to right conduct and a proper development of his powers.

Thus it must be made to appear that God did not wrong us in the original constitution which he gave us, nor in the situation and circumstances in which he placed

us ; but, on the contrary, gave us a constitution and lot as favorable as possible, setting before us good and evil, life and death, awaiting the result. These conditions the Bible everywhere implies. "The Bible does not for a moment admit that men have in any respect been wronged. It always presents God as the injured party, and throws the whole responsibility of wronging him, and ruining themselves, on men." (p. 39.) These principles are all the more authoritative as they present themselves forcibly to a regenerated heart growing in likeness to God.

The author proceeds to confirm these principles by quotations from the most approved orthodox writers, derived from their discussions and decisions as to the constitution which God gave Adam, and the circumstances in which he was placed: for it is precisely at this point that Orthodoxy — technically so called — has had to meet the great question, "What was due from God to a new-created mind, and what was the fair state of probation for such a mind?" In this, as indeed in every other incidental and subordinate portion of his argument, we owe to our author the tribute of a most respectful recognition of his eminent fidelity and candor. Turretin, Dr. Watts, Wesley, the Westminster divines, and those of Princeton, are found to accord in statements which "involve in our first parents, as the essential basis of a fair probation, a good original constitution, well-proportioned powers, and a decided and powerful bias to good, resulting, at first, in actual and perfect obedience to the law of God." (p. 47.) The clear, emphatic, and reiterated announcement of these conditions is insisted upon, because "they are the most fundamental and the most momentous truths in the universe of God."

In order that the "Great Conflict" may be presented in its full strength, "it is necessary to place in contrast with the principles of honor and right which have been developed, the most radical view which has been extensively given of the fallen and ruined condition of man." (p. 51.) The facts authenticating that view are said to be independent of Bible authority, as they lie on the surface of the history of this world, witnessed to by the observation and experience of all men. In terrible contrast with what the principles of honor and of right would

have led us to expect, human beings exhibit a radical and prevailing depravity. If the principles that have been defined had had their full and unimpeded sway, we should look for a race which, with a few exceptional cases of sin, would, in their constitution, their powers, their tendencies and history, "illustrate and prove the existence of strong and predominant tendencies to good." But instead of this, we are confronted with a dark, a painful, and an appalling fact, — that of the universal prevalence of sin. Dr. Beecher quotes such Unitarian writers as Sparks, Norton, Burnap, and Dewey, as to the prevalence and the ruinous influences of sin. He is careful, however, to add, that these writers repudiate the idea that this development of sin implies in man a *sinful nature* in the obvious and literal sense of those words.*

* Without wishing to break the thread of our analysis, we feel that a proper respect for our author, calls us to notice an inadvertency from which even his hearty spirit of candor has not secured him. He says of Unitarians, "The origin of sin they ascribe to the perversion of free agency by limited imperfect beings, in a world of temptation, bodily and mental." But he adds, that it was felt and conceded by Dr. Dewey that this solution does not account for the facts, and that that divine, "while insisting that the origin of sin is plain, says, 'The extent to which these evils go is doubtless a problem that I cannot solve. There are shadows upon the world that we cannot penetrate; masses of sin and misery that overwhelm us with wonder and awe.'" Then Dr. Beecher states: "The extent and the power of evil in this world are so great, even as conceded by Unitarians, that they cannot find an adequate solution of them in the mere free agency and temptation of uncorrupted minds." (p. 59.) He had previously written concerning the mournful realities of sin, that "eminent Unitarian divines do not hesitate to state them with an eloquence and power which cannot be resisted" (pp. 52); that "the testimony of Professor Norton to the facts of the case is still more ample and unequivocal" (p. 54). that the Professor had too deeply colored the picture in representing "the prevalence and power of error and actual depravity in the world more darkly even than the Calvinists." (p. 57.) Yet, farther on in his volume, Dr. Beecher says: "Those who hold these views [anti-orthodox] do, in fact, make every effort that they can to present in lighter shades the dark colors of depraved human society and organizations." (p. 219.) Calling his attention to the inconsistency into which he has been inadvertently led, we would remark that Unitarians in general view the existence of evil of every kind and shape as involving a *providential mystery*, our own liability to sin being not one whit more nor one whit less mysterious than was that of Adam. Finding ourselves subject to it, we endeavor to find in the warfare with it, and in the effort to overcome it with good, two of the great moral ends to be answered by our existence on the earth. The origin of our *liability* to sin we can explain only by referring it to the will of our Maker, who may have wished to people his various worlds with beings possessing various measurements of inherent moral strength, and exposed to various preponderances of good and evil influences for purposes of his own. Thus the Gospel presents to us its noblest elements of value and

Our author next presents "the radical view of the ruin of man," as held by the orthodox. We cannot forbear the incidental expression of our dissent from his assumption, that the whole force of the Bible is on the side of that class of writers. Even while we were perusing the quotations from authorities, it came into our minds to question how Dr. Beecher could entertain their testimony as to a *total depravity*, in view of that fine and noble sense of right and honor for which he has been pleading as still left in the heart of man. Had man no other endowment than that, he would by that alone be well furnished for the beginning of an angelic career. But our author is entitled to present his quotations. He says the aim of the orthodox is for THOROUGHNESS in getting to the bottom of this *depravity*, and "in disclosing the ruined state of man before he is renovated by the grace of God." They have been led to insist on these three leading facts concerning man: — "1. His deep innate depravity as an individual. 2. His subjection to the power of depraved social organizations, called, taken collectively, the world. 3. His subjection to the power of unseen malignant spirits, who are centralized and controlled by Satan, their leader and head." (p. 62.) They have found in the nature of man, antecedent to action, an already existing depravity, "conceiving of the human mind as a kind of seed-plot of sin." Calvin defines original sin as "an hereditary depravity and corruption of our nature, diffused through all parts of the soul, which in the first place exposes us to the wrath of God, and then produces in us those works which the Scripture calls the works of the flesh." "Infants," he says, "bring their condemnation with them from their mother's womb." "Satan's chief wile is, by concealing from man a knowledge of his dis-

power, as a means for reënforcing what is good, and for overcoming the strength of evil. If Unitarians were careful to use only such words as are consistent with their theological opinions, they would never employ the term *depravity*, or *depraved*; for those unscriptural words imply that man's nature has deteriorated from or fallen below its primitive type, — which we do not believe. It cannot be shown that Adam had a single advantage or security which is denied to us. He was subjected to temptation and to the power of evil influence or advice from another, to say nothing of the "power of the Devil," and he had within him a weakness which yielded to these outward solicitations. Our case is no better than his, but it certainly is no worse: for those three conditions involve the whole exposure of our lot.

ease, to render it incurable." The Synod of Dort teaches that all men become depraved through "the propagation of a vicious nature." The later Helvetic Confession says, "We take sin to be that *natural corruption of man*, derived or spread from those our parents unto us all," &c. The Confession of Bohemia says that original sin is "*naturally engendered* in us and hereditary, wherein we are all conceived and born into this world." The French Confession says of man, "*His nature* is become altogether defiled, and, being blind in spirit and corrupt in heart, hath utterly lost all his original integrity, — making every man (not so much as those little ones excepted, which as yet lie hid in their mother's womb) deserving of eternal death before God." An article of the Church of England says, "Original Sin is *the fault and corruption of the nature* of every man that is naturally engendered of the offspring of Adam." The Confession of Belgia says, "Original Sin is *a corruption of the whole nature*, and an hereditary evil wherewith even the very infants in their mother's womb are polluted." The Confession of Augsburg calls it "that *very corruption of man's nature* derived from Adam." The Moravian Confession calls it an "*innate disease* which is truly sin, and condemns under God's eternal wrath," &c. The Westminster divines teach that "*a corrupted nature* was conveyed from our first parents to all their posterity. From this original corruption, whereby we are utterly indisposed, disabled, and made opposite to all good, and wholly inclined to all evil, do proceed all actual transgressions." Such are the testimonies, — *thorough* enough, in all conscience.

After doing, in the sketch of which we have just given a brief summary, the most full justice to the doctrine of man's corrupt nature, our author presents the terrific power of evil as exhibited in the social and organic relations of man, in governments, in cities, families, society, and business. Then he adds, that we are informed "in the word of God that this world is the abode and theatre of action for hosts of fallen spirits, who, whilst the generations of men die, live and plan, and acquire malignant wisdom, from age to age," plotting and scheming in all sorts of ways against man.

We must intimate here, that this last suggestion is an

unnecessary aggravation even of the theory of Orthodoxy; though it is but right in the author to present it as it enters into the old-fashioned Orthodoxy. Only a very few passages of the Bible, at best, can be adduced in its support, and those evidently metaphorical. Christ came to destroy the works of the Devil, — that is, devilish or wicked works; but he could not have meant really to say — as he did in words — that Peter, his disciple, was the Devil, nor that the Jews, or children of Abraham, were literally the sons of Satan, — “Ye are of your father, the Devil.” Paul’s warfare with the hosts of darkness will not support the orthodox inference.

But we return to our author, who sums up his positions thus far by reminding us that as to these *principles* of right and honor, and as to these *facts* of depravity, all Christians accord, the Unitarians demurring only about the *antecedent causes* of the development of depravity. Now, he says, Christianity, as a system, can never operate harmoniously and powerfully except on the two following conditions: first, that it shall include all that belongs to these its two great moving forces, — the *principles* and the *facts*; and secondly, that it shall give ample room for the full and consistent development of each. Each is sustained in its radical elements by its own independent and indestructible evidence, but, “as Christianity is at present adjusted, there is no possibility of a full and harmonious development of them both, for one constantly conflicts with and tends to repress, and even to destroy, the other.” (p. 80.) The result of the investigation thus far shows us that man, born with a ruined nature, subjected to a corrupt and corrupting social system, and set upon by malignant spirits, has not been treated by his Creator as the principles of honor and right demand. A terrible conflict ensues in the mind that seeks to entertain both the *principles* and the *facts* that have been set forth. One who holds that God is the author of these facts of depravity is driven to an evasion or a denial of the principles of honor and right; one who holds to the principles will be driven to an evasion or a denial of the facts. Nearly all, if not in fact all, the writers who hold to both the principles and the facts, as Dr. Beecher says, have flatly contradicted themselves.

The second division of this most able and thorough volume is filled with details to illustrate the *Conflict*, and to prove that, as it now presents its conditions, it is interminable. The controversy thus opened is a most sublime and affecting one. Persons of a superficial mind, or a heart engrossed by the world, may not realize its profound and momentous interest, as it moves the depths of all earnest souls, as it concerns, not a philosophy, but an inspired message relating to the *realities of life and practice* in view of both worlds.

The author proceeds to describe six different *Experiences* which have arisen from the existing misadjustment of the system of the Gospel, and to present some of the reactions which they have called forth:—1. An experience in which the facts of depravity have been so intensely realized as to suspend, or to produce a disbelief or an essential modification of the principles of honor and right. 2. An experience involving such a sense of the sacredness and momentous importance of the principles of honor and right in their relations to God, and giving to them such an ascendancy, as to lead to an entire denial and rejection of the alleged radical facts of depravity. 3. An experience in which both the principles and the facts are retained, whilst the mind seeks relief in the system of ultimate universal salvation. 4. An experience in which both the principles and the facts are retained, while the principles are allowed to modify the facts in order to a removal of the conflict between them. 5. An experience which retains both the principles and the facts, without conceiving of any mode of reconciling them; the result of which is an awful sense of being under a system that cannot be defended, and of having a God that cannot be worshipped or loved. 6. An experience which allows the retention of both the principles and the facts through force of a new adjustment of the system. The author presents the reactions attendant only upon the first four of these experiences, as the fifth of them is too terrible to be ever formally set forth, and the sixth is so suited to harmonize all difficulties as to avert any reaction.

The first Experience involves a review of the deep religious exercises of such men as Edwards, which results in the profound conviction of the facts of depravity, the

basis of orthodox doctrines. Yet it has caused a powerful reaction against it. "It has never been able to prevent, or successfully to repel, a most powerful assault, prompted, not by human depravity and carnal reason, but by the divinely revealed principles of honor and of right. And to this assault its advocates have never made a reply which has had any decisive power." (p. 98.) The orthodox have seen this result, and have taken the ground of defence, "that all men, even before knowledge or action, and, indeed, before existence, *have forfeited their rights as new-created beings, and have fallen under the just displeasure of God*; and that the existence in them of a depraved nature, and of inability to do right, is a *punishment* inflicted on them by God, in accordance with their just deserts." "THEIR WHOLE DEFENCE OF GOD TURNS ON THIS ALLEGATION." (pp. 99, 100.) If this can be made out, the defence is valid; but if it fails, the failure is an awful one, involving God's justice: nor can relief be found by regarding man's ruin as the *consequence*, instead of the *penalty*, of Adam's sin.

Our author visits his keenest and sharpest censure upon those who here take the ground that this terrible doctrine is a mystery seeking to be received through implicit faith. He makes terrible havoc with the mean evasions and subterfuges of those who cry out against "*the subtlety of human reason*," or "*metaphysical reasoning*," or "*unsanctified philosophy*," for the purpose of averting the honest inquiries of the human mind as to a system which shocks a sentiment implanted by God. To say nothing about the fact that these cowardly charges can be retorted against orthodox *reasoning*, they are unavailable for any honest purpose, as our instinctive judgments of the right are a revelation from God to us, — his voice in the soul. Dr. Woods grants that the theory of our having in Adam forfeited God's favor, and that his act, though done thousands of years before our birth, is our act, *is against our natural instincts of honor and right*. Dr. Hodge, of Princeton, says, "It cannot be explained on the common-sense principles of honor and right." Abelard, Pascal, and some others, says our author, took the only consistent ground, when they boldly confessed, in accordance with their theory, that God did condemn innocent beings to endless misery for Adam's sin, and that our ideas of

right and honor about the matter were not to be trusted, because not common to God and us. Pascal allowed that nothing could appear "so revolting to human reason." Dr. Beecher therefore concludes, that something better than this plea against carnal reason must be found. God cannot fear to have his system judged by man's own sense of what is right. "There is reason to believe that he has allowed these principles to be embodied as at present they are in the Unitarian body, with a view to this result." (p. 115.)

The treatment of the second Experience involves a reference to Unitarianism, which, as our author rightly says, assails not only the doctrine of the Trinity, but the whole scheme of doctrines connected with it, as devised in view of the facts and the principles in the great *Conflict*. He exposes the shallowness and poverty of that reply to Unitarianism which ascribes it to "the depravity of the heart and an aversion to the humbling truths of the Gospel," and he says that the great movement of Unitarianism will not be understood till it is recognized as produced in part by a desire to vindicate an important truth relating to God. "The existence of the Unitarian body is a providential protest in favor of the great principles of honor and of right." (p. 124.) He warns every man against despising the argument raised on this point by Unitarians, as if it came from human pride, or carnal reason, or hatred to the truth. "It is," he says, "an argument adapted to operate with immense power on a rational mind." "It has in it a principle of vitality which cannot be destroyed." With full candor he confesses that their argument has not been met by the orthodox system as at present adjusted. Considering the source whence this honest and manly decision comes, it awards a triumph to Unitarians worthy of the patient waiting and the earnest pleading on their part which have marked them before this community. The testimony of such men as Dr. Channing, President John Adams, and Justice Story, is candidly given by Dr. Beecher. But he adds, it may be asked, why Unitarianism, with such strength on its side, does not carry with it the whole body of Christians. The answer is, Unitarianism is reacted upon by the facts of depravity, to which it does not give a full solution. He alleges passages from Dr. Channing to show that he

was disappointed in his early hope of what Unitarianism would accomplish, by its failure to resist or to rectify the terrible corruption of society. Dr. Beecher's objection to the Unitarian explanation of sin is, that it involves a *degradation of free agency*. We submit that he may be in error on this point, though we have not space to argue the matter. An imperfect nature is not necessarily a *degraded* nature. If man has never had more of free agency than he has now, that quality has never been *degraded*, except as individuals have misused it. The possession of a degree of free agency subject to abatements and impediments, does not show that that degree of it is *debased*. We may sin because we are free and imperfect, not because our freedom is impaired by a previous corruption. In referring, at another stage of his argument, to this alleged degradation of free agency, he speaks of it as describing "such facts as occur in this world as the natural and necessary results of the best minds which God could make, in their normal state." (p. 229.) But Unitarians are far from affirming that human minds, with their limited faculties, and human nature, with its imperfections, are the *best* minds and the *best* nature which God *could* make. We view them only as of the *sort* of minds and of the *sort* of nature which he chose to make. He may have in other worlds very different orders of being, diversely endowed, and subject to greater or to less imperfections, or to none at all.

The third Experience is that which led the orthodox John Foster, as it has led others also with his creed, to embrace Universalism. Foster's deep and melancholy shrinkings from the logical conclusions from Orthodoxy are affectingly presented, as bringing him to the admission that through it the system of the world appeared to him "a most mysteriously awful economy, overspread by a lurid and dreadful shade." This refuge of Universalism is reacted upon by the authority of the Scriptures, which are said to give it no sufficient support, but, on the contrary, to be wholly irreconcilable with it. Dr. Beecher adds: "There is a Christian experience which so reveals the malignant nature of sin as to throw it out of the pale of lawful sympathy, as in its essential nature cruel, and tending to cruelty in the highest degree, so that to punish it implies in God no cruelty, but the re-

verse." (p. 156.) A page or two in this strain is very poor reasoning, and very dreadful moralizing. We must enter a protest to the drift of it. Did Christ look upon the sin of a sinner — and there is no other sort of sin — as throwing him "out of the pale of lawful sympathy"?

The fourth *Experience* involves the New School theory, which attempts so to modify the statement of the doctrine of depravity, "as to represent the conduct of God towards his creatures in their fall as neither dishonorable nor unjust, and the doctrine of eternal punishment as not at war with benevolence and justice, and, therefore, as not incredible." (p. 164.) The debated issue between the Old School and the New School is most piquantly presented. The New School denies that God regards Adam's sin as our act, it denies the existence in us of a strictly sinful nature before action, and the *inability* of a human being to do his duty; but it asserts a fixed *unwillingness* to do the will of God, making man inexcusably guilty because he has the *ability*. This distinction is the most marvellous specimen of the exaltation of the issue of the difference between *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee*. With admirable skill Dr. Beecher uses the respective parties to it as the agents for "using up" each other. He pronounces the distinction as futile for the reconciliation of the great *Conflict*, whatever other merits it may have.

The fifth *Experience*, which is characterized as an "eclipse of the glory of God," overwhelms the heart with the harrowing conviction that we are living under an irreconcilable system of things, and under a God that cannot be worshipped or loved. A forcible representation is given of John Foster's description of this experience. Our author confesses to having been within the dark cloud, and to have found relief only through the method of readjusting the system which he has to disclose.

In his third division Dr. Beecher lays down the principles on which the *Conflict* he has set forth is to be reconciled. He says we must receive the whole of a system, and know the relations of its parts, and omit none of its elements, if we would have what is essential to its harmonious working. This is illustrated by referring to the

processes and conditions through which a true conception of the solar system has been attained. The human mind has faculties suited to such methods and processes. The Bible does not foreclose inquiry into the momentous subject before us. The author has but moderate expectations as to the immediate acceptance of his theory, on account of the preconceptions and prejudices which may deny it a fair hearing; still he hopes to present a method for reconciling the Great Conflict which shall be sound in principle, and which "will finally be recognized as such by all rational, impartial, and unbiassed minds." He certainly presents to his own orthodox brethren a strong motive for a kind entertainment of his theory, when he tells them so frankly and so fearlessly, that all their theories "involve God, and his whole administration, and his eternal kingdom, in the deepest dishonor that the mind of man or angel can conceive, by the violation of the highest and most sacred principles of honor and right, and that on the scale of infinity and eternity." (pp. 225, 226.)

The misadjustment which has rendered the system of religion so disastrously irreconcilable and ineffective, we are now informed, has all risen from "the simple and plausible assumption, THAT MEN AS THEY COME INTO THIS WORLD ARE NEW-CREATED BEINGS. That they are NEW-BORN beings is plain enough; that they are therefore New-created beings is certainly a mere assumption." (pp. 211, 212.) This is pronounced to be the only available suggestion through which we may find our way to relief from the terrible Conflict that has been described. The supposition that we are *new-created* beings when we appear on this earth, says our author, "is the most remarkable case of an illogical assumption of a fundamental truth, during a controversy of ages, of which I have any knowledge." (p. 218.) But, "If, in a previous state of existence, God created all men with such constitutions, and placed them in such circumstances, as the laws of honor and of right demanded, — if, then, they revolted and corrupted themselves, and forfeited their rights, and were introduced into this world under a dispensation of sovereignty disclosing both justice and mercy, — then all conflict of the moving powers of Christianity can be at once and entirely removed." (p. 226.) The

advantages accruing from this method of relief will be, that we can hold the most radical view of the facts of depravity, can retain an undegraded free agency, can clear God of every dishonorable imputation, and can believe in the rectitude of our original constitution. The supposition likewise accords with the Scripture doctrine of a kingdom of fallen spirits, a field and scope for whose ancient rebellion and fall are now found by high orthodox authorities in the demonstrated antiquity of the globe, far back of the six thousand years of our histories. It is affirmed also, that, by this supposition of our preëxistence, the experiment which God is trying on this earth, so far from adding to the number of ruined spirits in the universe, does in fact rescue some spirits from that fate, — the Christian Church being the medium of redemption.

The author admits that his theory is not a novel one, but he says that he "shall endeavor to show a view of the character of God, which properly belongs to this system, which has never been properly developed and introduced as an element in systems of theology." (p. 247.) He compares the element which he introduces into theology to the announcement of the one fact which interpreted the solar system and reconciled all its other facts.

In his fourth division, Dr. Beecher goes back to give an "Historical Outline and Estimate of the Conflict." He takes Augustine as the lofty mountain-top of vision in this review. After a high eulogium on that great leader, he represents him as finding, as the result of previous speculations on the freedom of the will, that such an ascendancy had been given to the principles of honor and right as threatened to eradicate the *thorough* doctrine of depravity. Augustine fully and clearly conceded, that as men enter this world they have not such a constitution as the principles of right and honor require, for these demand that man should be free and pure, and should have constant divine influences for his support. He escaped the force of these principles by suggesting a theory almost of *Preëxistence*, namely, the theory of "A FORFEITURE PREVIOUS TO BIRTH"; "a kind of Preëxistence," says our author, "that is available only through the imagination, and not through the reason, yet it gave to much of his language the form of truth." "He supposed and believed that all men so preëxisted in Adam

that they could and did act in his act, and forfeit together all of their rights, in that great and original forfeiture of Adam." (p. 297.) Dr. Beecher adds, "Yet shadowy and baseless as is this theory, upon it for centuries the doctrine of the Western Church as to original sin, and also all the doctrines which grow out of it, were made to rest." (p. 301.)

Still, Augustine's method of explaining this theory of forfeiture has not proved satisfactory to those who avail themselves of it. He himself did not find peace in it. The author then enters upon a most keen, close, and scholarly review, to show the variations from Augustine's theory, and very naively sums it up by remarking, "I am not sure that I have gathered up all the modes [he gives six] of solving the great Augustinian problem, as to how men can forfeit their original rights before they are born into this world." (p. 318.) But if the forfeiture in any shape is denied, we are told that we must rest in one or another alternative. The first is, the supposition that all men are as well off both as to condition and powers as Adam was before his sin. We pause here one minute to say that we take this to be the theory of the Prophet Ezekiel, and indeed of the whole Bible, as well as of common sense and experience. Our author goes beyond the mark when he says that it would follow from this theory that "the predominant and natural developments of men, in all ages, are holy and good," (p. 334,) for this is *more* than was true of Adam, as the event proved with him. If we do not claim a predominance of good in us, we are then no worse off in constitution than Adam was, whose weakness and whose subjection to evil spirits brought about, as is alleged, the ruin of the world. This, however, by the way. The other alternative is, that the facts of depravity must be resolved, as by the New School, into the "Sovereignty of God," and be left to burden with gloom the best and holiest men. Two other ineffectual attempts for relief have been made, one in the dogma of the Roman Church, that free-will, though debilitated, was not wholly extinguished by the fall; and another, in the Arminian tenet of a gracious ability restored by Christ to all the race. But the relief will not meet the emergency.

At this point the author must be allowed to have

wrought out his argument to a crisis of terrific solemnity and of a profoundly intense interest. He affirms that "some of the best of men have ascribed to God, in these theories, acts more at war with the fundamental principles of equity and honor than have ever been imagined or performed by the most unjust, depraved, and corrupt of created minds." (p. 358.) Though some have been unconscious of the dread fact involved in their theories, others "cannot see around them any thing but a universe of terror and gloom, in the lurid light of which a just and honorable God cannot be seen, and in which the soul faints, and it seems better to die than to live." (p. 359.)

The final question now arises, — "Shall the theory of a previous existence be received as true?" Three objections to it are anticipated, which are to be considered in their place: namely, that there is no evidence of the truth of the theory; that it merely shifts, without removing, the difficulty; that it is inconsistent with Scripture. This brings the author, taking the last objection first, to refer to the Bible. He argues that his theory is not inconsistent with Scripture, if no other solution of the great problem is there offered. It is not pretended that the Scriptures offer any other except the theory of a *forfeiture* in Adam of our original right, a theory founded on the famous passage in Romans v. 12-21. He says that the whole discussion turns on that point, — whether the passage proves such a forfeiture; for except on the belief that it does, "such a doctrine of forfeiture could never have gained credence, or sustained itself for a single hour." (p. 366.) That famous passage is then subjected by Dr. Beecher to a most elaborate and exhaustive exegesis. His conclusion is that Adam's personal sin is not there represented as having any *causative* power to produce the ruin of man; that the condemnation involves only *natural death*; and that the balancing of the agency of Adam against that of Christ indicates only a typical sequence. The Old School divines, by their doctrine of *imputation*, agree with Dr. Beecher in maintaining that this passage does not assert that the sin of Adam made all men *actual sinners*, but only caused their *condemnation*. His conclusion is, "It appears, then, as the final result of these well-sustained premises, that the doctrine

that our depraved natures, or our sinful conduct, have been caused or occasioned by the sin of Adam, is not asserted in any part of the word of God," (p. 409,) and that the passage in Romans "does not exclude preëxistence, but rather presupposes and requires it."

Reverting now to the other two objections which he anticipates, the author briefly notices the first of them as follows. The objection is, that his method of reconciling the great Conflict "is a mere theory without any proof of its truth." He replies that it is in this way that some of what are regarded the most important truths are held. Our allowance and belief of them rest upon certain great intuitions and convictions of our own, taken in connection with the system around us. He earnestly pleads, that the impotence of every other conceivable solution of a most terrific problem casts us upon this as our only resource, and that this by its explanatory, harmonizing power is admirably suited to meet the emergency, and so has all the strength which it derives from the fitness of things. He says that the doctrine of a forfeiture of our original rights in Adam is the weakest point — indeed, the only weak point about the Gospel, the only avenue open to an assault upon it, and that nothing else in the whole system can be assailed. The *simplicity* also of the theory commends it, especially as it meets that recognized characteristic of human sinfulness which seems to endue it with the nature of a *habit*. It is remarkable, too, that Julius Müller, in his elaborate treatise upon "sin," was brought by a different course of reasoning to the adoption of the same theory, — of our having sinned in a previous state of existence.

The author has evidently reserved the energy and pathos and zeal which the theme has given to his own spirit, as well as the whole power of his logical skill, and the statement of the wide and momentous relations of his theory, to be spent upon his reply to the remaining objection, — viz. "That his theory merely shifts, without removing, the difficulty," — and upon the relief which his theory gives to the common view of the system of revelation and redemption. He contends that the shifting of the difficulty does in fact relieve it. For "the real and great difficulty is, not that free agents should sin, but that God should bring man into being

with a nature morally depraved," and should expose him to evil influences in society and the plottings of malignant spirits. This difficulty the theory of our having fallen in a preëxistent state does touch, by referring the origin of our depravity to that state, and by regarding us as beings who have lost our original claim on the justice of God. Our having sinned in a previous state may be a mystery still, but is not burdened with such an imputation on the justice of God as is the common theory; "it does not, as in the former case, present an alleged fact, which the human mind can see to be within the range of its faculties, and to be positively unjust." (p. 474.) The author enters into an elaborate argument designed to show that our liability to sin in a previous state might be referred to a *temporary limitation* of divine power in its relations to inferior beings in the earlier stages of creation, which was a necessary means of *evolving* the purposes of God. The reasoning here is hard, and does not satisfy us. We are not sure that we understand it, and therefore the fault may lie with us, and not with the author. We are particularly at a loss to conceive how any cogency or relief to be found in this reasoning would not apply equally to our being first created for this world with the same liability to sin.

Then follows a very condensed and powerful statement, under eleven heads, of the great recommendations of this theory of preëxistence, the substance of which is, that it accords with the whole tenor and contents of the Bible in its view of God's government, in its intimation of a great kingdom of fallen spirits organized under Satan, to break and triumph over whose power is the glorious work of Jesus Christ, in its description of this material system as created to serve as a theatre for the contest, and in its sublime idea of the Church as composed of redeemed spirits who are to inhabit the renovated system, and sit down for ever with God.

No reader can peruse the last hundred pages of this volume, the analysis of the contents of which we thus close, without feeling deeply moved by the evident earnestness of conviction which possesses the whole soul of the author, and kindles him almost with a prophetic fire. Who can bring any thing but argument and equal sincerity to bear against him?

We have followed the author through his volume with a profound interest, and we trust that we have fairly represented its contents to our readers. It may properly be expected that we give some expression of opinion upon its theory. This we must do with brevity. As to the issues which the author raises between himself and his orthodox brethren we may withhold our judgment, leaving him and them to open a strife or to arrange terms of peace. As we said in the beginning of our remarks, he has placed himself under a tremendous responsibility to his brethren, to the conditions of which they will doubtless hold him rigidly. They will not be able to conceal from the laity of their communion the fact that Dr. Beecher has exposed the doctrinal system which they preach to the gravest objections, and has crippled what remained of its power; while he has honestly accounted for the well-known truths, that Orthodoxy has led vast numbers of intelligent and serious-minded persons into unbelief, and is fast losing its hold upon the convictions of all classes of society. If, after his unflinching and unsparing representation of the antagonism which exists between Orthodoxy and the principles of reason and right, they shall conclude that the resource which he offers in his theory is but a painfully feeble compromise with the stern old faith, and, when contrasted with the boldness of his onset against Orthodoxy, exhibits only the sick fancy of a timid visionary, — they will find that two tasks are thrown upon them. If they shall think that one of these — namely, the demolition of his theory — is very easily performed, they will find occasion for all their skill and energies in the other, — namely, the repairing of their own outworks and citadel. How much of the troubled anxiety and perplexity which the book will cause to the orthodox may be allowed to transpire publicly, we cannot say; for policy may dictate reserve. But in private, there must be a frequent repetition of the question, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" The pregnant question will present itself to many minds, If Orthodoxy is made powerless by the inconsistency or the misadjustment of the moving forces in its system, will not the fact that the Bible teaches such a system bring the holy book into discredit, and render it useless?

As to the theory of our Preëxistence, which Dr. Beecher has revived and put to so extraordinary a use, we should be tempted far beyond our needful limits if we followed the line of thought which it opens to us. Heathen mythologies and pagan philosophies have put the theory to their own service, and though on this, as on almost every other speculation of the human mind, nearly every possible form of thought and shaping of fancy has been anticipated, there is a degree of novelty in the use to which Dr. Beecher has turned it; for his theory is not a reproduction of that of the Hindoos, nor even of that of Origen. The idea of a Preëxistence, of our having shared a conscious and intelligent life before we came upon this earthly scene, has been a fond fancy of many dreamers, and has occasionally stolen in upon the meditations of prosaic and philosophic minds. In strange contrast, however, with the view of Dr. Beecher, that our former existence embraced a fall from holiness and innocence and a loss of the finer elements of purity, love, and rectitude, our fancies have been wont to trace to that state, as to one of unsullied and perfect spirituality, our fond ideals of things fair and holy and harmonious, to which there are no answering realities among things visible here. Our ideals of perfection have been regarded rather as remembrances surviving from a past state, than as hopes and promises of a future. There have been many persons who have professed to have some vague and fragmentary memories of joys and scenes which they have loved to trace to a previous life of their spirits. Those who have cherished that fancy will feel no gratitude to Dr. Beecher for telling them, that, instead of bringing with them into this world from a former state some surviving elements of a higher and nobler life, they are but the wrecks of a shattered and disabled army of rebel outcasts from heaven.

Sometimes, too, when looking upon that not rare phenomenon of a nursery which is described as "an old-faced baby," whose strange wrinkles and frowns and searching gaze seem to betoken a vast deal more of knowledge and experience than even the parents possess, the thought has arisen in our minds that perhaps the old face answers to an old spirit to which it gives expression. This, however, is but a fancy.

Dr. Beecher's theory may relieve the system of Orthodoxy, *but it does not relieve the human mind.* This we regard as a fatal objection. If we believed that the Scriptures taught the orthodox system, — which we do not, feeling as firmly convinced as we are of any thing of which we can form an opinion, that the Bible doctrine is wholly inconsistent with Orthodoxy — or if we believed the orthodox system independently of the Scriptures, we should probably feel as glad as is Dr. Beecher to avail ourselves of any suggestion that would resolve its awful problems. But this theory would not relieve our minds. Dr. Beecher says, "If this world is but a moral hospital of the universe, if in it are collected, for various great and public ends, the diseased of past ages, the fallen of all preceding generations of creatures, — then we are at once relieved from such depressing views of free agency itself." (p. 232.) We say, not one whit relieved. For how does it at all relieve matters to put the *scene* or the *place* of that degradation back into other worlds or ages instead of here, since whenever it occurred it must still have been *providential*. Besides, as we understand Dr. Beecher to represent the case, we are selected through the mercy of God, from out of the imprisoned and condemned crew of fallen spirits, that we may have a chance for redemption here. Supposing, therefore, that necessity required that we, in the essence of our own personality, should bear the element of sin, why should we be exposed also to corrupt and corrupting influences from society, and to the assaults of malignant spirits? Is it the habit even of human philanthropists to put the victims of one bodily disease into a hospital, and subject them to the risk of all other diseases for the sake of curing them? The influence of prison society upon convicts is now thought to constitute in itself alone an insurmountable obstacle to the reformation of any one of them. Is the condition of our existence on the earth only the same as that? Again, Dr. Beecher says, that, according to his view, "the entire aspect of God's dispensations towards this world is radically changed." (p. 243.) If changed at all, then it is certainly changed for the worse. For as we have had no conscious experience of the evil which we did, or of the suffering which we endured for it in a previous state, we have been called into

being to create such a consciousness and to be liable to an awful retribution for it. Our author says, that in that previous state, "Man was the author of his original depravity, and not God." (p. 244.) We say No! Not man surely, even by the terms of the theory, but an angel or spirit who acted ages ago for a man, while the son or successor, or human representative, contrary to the doctrine taught through Ezekiel, *is made* "to bear the iniquity of the father."

A second and very grave objection may be urged against our author's theory from the facts of our own consciousness, in its negative and its positive testimony. It is not pretended that we have any consciousness surviving in us now, of having existed before we came upon the earth. If, therefore, we ever existed before, and were guilty of rebelling against God, and had been consigned to suffering for it, we had fallen into a blessed unconsciousness of it, and a merciful oblivion seems to have settled over it. Why, then, should our being have been renewed only to subject us to a new risk? How thoroughly does this theory disarm spiritual retribution of all its terrors! How slight must have been the penalty of our sin, in order that all remembrance of it may be obliterated and we be wholly unconscious of any pain or loss from it! On awaking from an uncomfortable sleep in which we have been visited with the *nightmare*, the beast that rides over the harassed or the vapor-burdened breast, we retain the sense of having suffered, though we may not recall the shapings of our dreams. But if consciousness is miraculously restored to us here, and made so fresh as to appear a new and untried experience as this life begins, and if here we are subjected to a trial which may result in our being doomed to eternal torments, where, we may ask, is the wisdom, where the mercy, of this arrangement? It is to be remembered also, that one of the severest penalties visited upon sin is the being compelled to bear on its burdens with us, to feel the load of it as it has grown more heavy day by day, from the first day of our existence, through all the past, and as it weighs upon the very element of our consciousness. What becomes of this burden from our sin in a former state? Our author incidentally remarks, that the obliteration of our conscious-

ness or remembrance of that former state was necessary to the operation of the new process to be tried with us here. We should take precisely the opposite ground. Indeed, we should consider that a surviving consciousness of our former existence was essential to the fair trial of the experiment here. If we had brought with us even the faintest glimmering of a remembrance of our alleged former rebellion, it might operate most efficiently upon us in leading us to make the best possible use of our new opportunity. This testimony of consciousness — both negative and positive — is seriously hostile to the theory of our author.

Again, it may reasonably be objected to the theory, that if life is given to us, as human beings, on this earth, in order that we may have an opportunity of being redeemed from the penalty of a transgression and fall attendant upon a previous existence, then the opportunities which this life affords ought to be more equally shared and more thoroughly tested than experience in the great majority of cases proves them to be. A tremendous issue is suspended upon the career of each soul that is *new-born* into this world. The trial should be fair and impartial to each. Dr. Beecher objects to a Unitarian opinion, advanced by Dr. Burnap, concerning this life, — “as designed for a state of discipline and for the *production* in man of a holy character,” — that, “as in a great majority of cases there is an entire failure to secure this result, we are compelled to entertain very low ideas of the possibilities of free agency.” (p. 143.) May not the same objection be turned against his own theory? Does not the merciful end which it proposes appear to fail “in a great majority of cases”? The great majority of human beings born into this world die in infancy. What is the result of this new trial, which in fact is no trial, for them? When a little human body is brought forth, and God snatches from the dominion of Satan a rebel and condemned spirit to be breathed into it, if within a day, or a week, or a year, the infant dies, does that spirit go back to Satan, or up to God? If it be but fair, as, according to the principles of honor and of right, our author says it is, that “for *new-created* minds God could do and ought to do much more than to give them such constitutions and circumstances as are found in this

world," (p. 515,) may we not with equal force say that God ought to do more than he does for those who are *new-born* into this world for a new trial designed by grace for their redemption?

Once more, we object to Dr. Beecher's theory for re-adjusting the Christian system, that it involves essentially a recourse to that same plea of mystery, which, as availed of to meet a previous difficulty in another shape, he positively rejects as wholly unsatisfactory. Our author admits that there is a profound mystery involved in his solution, but he contends that the plea as he uses it may be honestly and reasonably advanced. We grant that it may be *honestly* advanced, but not that it will satisfy the mind. It cannot be pretended that, as his theory is presented to our minds, it can be any thing but a conception, a supposition, a tenet of unaided faith. We have no conscious knowledge of its truth, nor can any demonstrative assurance be offered for it. Possibly, in conformity with the principles of the Baconian philosophy, a shadow of evidence might be alleged for it in certain visible effects that might be referred back to a pre-existent state for their causes. But this would not be enough to satisfy us. And besides, while the author avails himself of the plea of mystery which he has previously impugned, he does not leave to that plea the wide, profound, and indeterminable scope of possible contingencies and conditions which it has as more broadly applied by orthodox writers. Dr. Beecher narrows down and contracts his plea of mystery to the dimensions of his own particular solution of a problem, and thus he concentrates our curiosity upon one dark point in a universe where all else is represented as being bright. When our curiosity is so concentrated upon *one* definite mystery, we are continually teasing ourselves with a restless desire to penetrate and explain it. His orthodox brethren never concentrate thought or a restless inquisitive spirit upon one dark point, one specific mystery in God's dealings with us; but they aim to extend the protection of mystery over a large, wide, free range, covering a vast number of possible contingencies.

Though we might multiply objections to the theory which this remarkable volume proposes to us, we will add but one more, drawn from the *extra-Scriptural*, if

not the *anti-Scriptural* character of the resource from which Dr. Beecher seeks relief under an overwhelming difficulty that is said to attach to a system taught in the Scriptures. Dr. Beecher recognizes the objection as charging an *inconsistency* with the Bible, and he maintains that there is nothing in the Bible irreconcilable with the theory. Even under this shape he fails to meet the objection satisfactorily, for the whole tone and doctrine and purpose of the Scriptures are in harmony only with the view of this life as actually the commencement of our existence. If, in opposition to the Universalists, the orthodox maintain that probation in view of eternity is bounded by this life, we see not how any one holding this opinion can represent this life as involving any part of a foregone conclusion. But even if this theory could be shown to be not irreconcilable with the Bible, that would not be enough. It ought to be advanced in the Bible. If the liberty be once allowed to speculative theologians of supplementing or complementing the Scriptures by figments or devices of their own brains, there will be no end, no limit, to the extraneous elements that will soon be introduced into the science of Biblical theology. That science is already a bewildering, perplexed pursuit, wearying and confusing to all but a very few persevering minds, and terribly unsatisfactory because so many unsettled terms enter legitimately into it. But if, besides having to contend with all these difficulties in the way of extracting a system of theology from the Scriptures, we are to contest and to encounter every theory which may be devised for filling out or reconstructing its system by the fancies of the human brain, we may as well give over the task before we undertake it. It is enough for us to be sounding and seeking our way, as now, over the depths of the great ocean of truth in the Bible. We cannot add to that sufficient toil and risk a course of experiments in the subtler element of the ether. Especially should one who holds the common orthodox view of the Bible confine himself to its teachings to find in it the whole of the system of which he finds there a part. His system ought not to be a larger one than that which he believes has been revealed to him. Certainly there is no intimation, much less a direct recognition, of the theory of our Preëxistence, in

the Bible. It is not availed of there to meet the perplexity alleged to be found in the system of revelation. Our author's suggestion, that even our belief in a God, and our reception of the Scriptures, and some other fundamental tenets, lead us out of the Bible for their warrant, seems to us inadequate for the large use to which he would put it. All the conditions for the statement and the solution of a Scriptural system, ought to be found within Scripture itself. To suppose that God breathed the spirit of an old condemned fiend into the fair form of Adam in Paradise, and that the Giver of life stands by the maternal bed, to inclose a fallen spirit in each infant body, if it be a supposition needed to relieve *Orthodoxy*, is a most forlorn device; but if it be needed to supplement the Scriptures, they are no longer "a sufficient rule of faith and practice."

We should be guilty of an unpardonable trespass on the patience of our readers, if we presumed here to give our own views upon the startling, yes, the appalling exhibition which Dr. Beecher has made of the orthodox system. We apprehend that relief from the fearful dilemma in which he finds himself involved can be found only in a modification of his doctrine concerning depravity. The readjustment of the system must be sought, as Unitarians have always said it was to be sought, and where, we doubt not, more of the orthodox than Dr. Beecher might allow have really sought and found it, — in some qualification of the theory of sin in its broadest relations, as to its cause, its origin, its extent, its effects, its palliations and means of relief, and the relations in which it places us towards God. The same conditions must be applied to moral virtue that are applied to mental attainments, or to skill and aptness in the use of the bodily organs, — conditions requiring practice, growth, and slow acquisition through effort and repeated failure. Dr. Beecher would not expect a child of his to know *by nature* how to spell, write, and cipher at all; much less, to know how to do all those things correctly: nor how to till the ground, or to regulate a watch, or to manage a ship, or to protect his health. Why then should he expect a child by natural instinct, without training through errors, to know and do all that is morally right? If we put our own children into schools, not to reclaim

ready-made dunces or blockheads, but that they may be taught what they are capable of learning, why may not God educate us morally in this life, starting with us in our ignorance, and bearing with our follies, and forgiving our sins? Poor reading or poor spelling does not prove a *ruined* mind. Why should wrong conduct be regarded as proving a *ruined* soul?

It is true that we cannot have too serious an alarm and horror for sin, and that we ought not to take refuge from its awful realities of woe under any invented theory or fancy. But it is also true that we have no right to work up so appalling a problem out of sin as will take it from the controlling, remedial, reformatory power of time, trial, suffering, eternity, and even of God. God is the only irresistible, unchangeable power in this universe, and God is love. We do not find in the Bible, nor in our observation of life, what Dr. Beecher calls "the thorough doctrine of depravity." If we did, we should regard ourselves as already among the condemned in hell, and not as living within the realms and under the training of a wise and merciful God, — "our Father in heaven."

G. E. E.

ART. VIII. — ANDREWS NORTON.

THE name of Andrews Norton has long been familiar to our readers, as that of one of the ablest theologians and most accomplished critics of our time; standing, in his department of service, at the head of the Unitarian movement in this country. His memory will be ever admiringly cherished by those who sympathized with him in his religious views, and who knew him in the fulness of his fine powers, as it will be honored by all who are ready to do homage to a true man, wherever he may be found; by all who in a generous spirit can reverence sincere piety and virtue, rich genius and learning, patient industry and independent thought, consecrated to the highest aims, in whatever quarter of the Christian camp their light may shine.

When such a man passes away, we cannot but pause

at his tomb, and hearken to the voices that come up to us from the receding past, louder and louder, as we listen, speaking of his labors and virtues. Both for the instruction of the living, and in justice and gratitude to the dead, we must glance, if we can do no more, over the scenes through which he has moved and the work which he has done. We propose to give a brief, though necessarily an imperfect, sketch of the life, character, and services of this faithful and gifted servant of Christ and of God, with a full appreciation, we trust, of his high merits, but in that spirit of simple truth which he loved so well, and which was one of the marked characteristics of the whole man.

Mr. Norton was a native of Hingham, Massachusetts. He was a direct descendant of Rev. John Norton of Hingham, who was a nephew of the celebrated John Norton, minister of Ipswich, and afterwards of Boston. His father, Samuel Norton, was a well-known and much respected citizen of that place, often employed in its public trusts, whose agreeable conversation and manners are spoken of by those who remember him. He was educated in the tenets of Calvinism, but, as he grew older, the views which it presents of the character and government of God were so revolting to him, that for a time he was almost driven into utter unbelief, until, under the light of truer and brighter views, he found faith and peace. He was a man of great devoutness of mind, delighting to see and to speak of the Creator's wisdom and love in all his works. He died in 1832, at the advanced age of eighty-eight. He married Miss Jane Andrews, of Hingham, a sister of Rev. Dr. Andrews, for so many years the minister of Newburyport. Another of her brothers died from a wound received at the battle of Brandywine. She lived to the age of eighty-five, and died in 1840.

Andrews Norton, the youngest child of his parents, was born December 31, 1786. From childhood he was remarkable for his love of books and his proficiency in his studies. Having completed his preparatory course at the Derby Academy, in Hingham, in 1801 he entered the Sophomore class in Harvard College, and was distinguished throughout his academical career for his high scholarship and correct deportment. He graduated in

1804, the youngest of his class, at the age of eighteen. The natural seriousness and religious tone of his mind determined him at once in the choice of his profession, and led him, on leaving college, to commence his preparation for the ministry. He became a Resident Graduate at Cambridge, but not being in haste to preach, he quietly pursued a course of literary and theological study, and laid the foundation of that high mental culture and large erudition which afterwards distinguished him. In this scholastic, but not idle nor fruitless retirement, he continued for a few years, residing partly at Cambridge, partly at his father's house in Hingham, until, in October, 1809, after preaching for a few weeks in Augusta, Maine, he accepted the office of Tutor in Bowdoin College. Here he remained a year, and some of the friendships which he then formed lasted through life. After this he returned to Cambridge, which henceforward became his fixed and chosen residence. In 1811, he was elected Tutor in Mathematics in Harvard College, but resigned his office at the close of the year. Mr. Norton had now reached that point in his career at which the rich fruits of genius and scholarship, that had been so long ripening in the shade, were to be brought before the public eye, and to receive their due appreciation. It will be remembered that his entrance on his theological studies was nearly coincident with the breaking out of the controversy between the *orthodox* and *liberal* parties in theology, occasioned by the election, in 1805, of Rev. Dr. Ware, then minister of Hingham, to the Hollis Professorship. Without going into the history of that controversy, it is sufficient to say, that it was amidst the strong and constantly increasing excitement which it produced, that Mr. Norton's early manhood was passed. The atmosphere of the times and the character of his associates contributed no doubt to strengthen the decided bent of his mind towards the theological and metaphysical questions which formed the subjects of discussion of the day. In the society of such men as Buckminster, Thacher, Channing, Eliot, Frisbie, Farrar, Kirkland, and others of kindred opinions and spirit, his attachment to the principles of the liberal school must have received added impulse and strength. In 1812, he undertook the publication of "The General Repository," a work

"in which," to use his own words, "the tone of opposition to the prevailing doctrines of Orthodoxy was more explicit, decided, and fundamental than had been common among us." Its straightforward boldness in the expression of opinions which then seemed new and heretical, while it was admired and approved by some, startled others, even of the liberal party, who thought that the time for it was not yet ripe. It was conducted with signal ability, but after the second year was discontinued for want of support. It was too bold, and probably somewhat too learned, to win general favor. But it did its work and left its mark. In 1813 he was appointed Librarian of the College. He discharged the duties of his new office with his accustomed fidelity and judgment, and under his direction much was done during his eight years service towards improving the condition of the library, then in many points, as in some now, lamentably deficient. He relinquished the charge of it in 1821; but he always retained a warm interest in its welfare, and was a generous contributor to it through life. In 1813, the same year in which he became Librarian, he was also chosen Lecturer on Biblical Criticism and Interpretation, under the bequest of Hon. Samuel Dexter. The revered names of Buckminster and Channing stand associated with his, as his predecessors elect in this office. Eminent as they were, it is not too much to say, that their successor did not fall below even their mark; that in a peculiar fitness for the place, he was in some respects before them; and that he carried out what they had only begun or hoped to begin. Mr. Norton preached occasionally in the pulpits of Boston and the neighborhood, and, though he lacked the popular gifts of a public speaker, his services were held in acceptance by those who were best able to appreciate his true merits. At one time during the vacancy at the New South, previous to the election of Mr. Thacher, many of the members of that Society, as we have been informed, would have been glad to invite Mr. Norton to become their pastor. His lectures in Cambridge on subjects of Biblical Criticism were greatly admired; and there were persons who went from the city to hear them, whenever they were delivered.

In 1819, upon the organization of the Divinity School

and the establishment of the Dexter Professorship of Sacred Literature, Mr. Norton was chosen by the Corporation to fill that office. He was inaugurated on the 10th of August, 1819; and the discourse which he delivered on that occasion, republished by him in his recent volume of "Tracts on Christianity," ought to be in the hands of every student of theology. He held his office till his resignation in 1830; "bringing to it" — to use the words of one* of his associates in the Divinity School, still living and honored among us — "his large and ever-increasing stores of knowledge; imparting it in the clearest manner; never dogmatizing, in an ill sense of the word; but, on the contrary, fortifying his doctrines, solemnly and deliberately established in his own mind, with all the arguments and proofs that his critical studies and logical power could furnish." In 1821, he was married to Miss Catherine Eliot, daughter of Samuel Eliot, Esq., a wealthy and highly respected merchant of Boston, and a munificent benefactor of the College, whose son, Charles Eliot,† a young man of rare promise, early cut off, had been Mr. Norton's intimate coadjutor and friend. It is sufficient to say, that in this union he found all the happiness which earth has to give, and all that the truest sympathy and love can bestow. In 1822, he was bereaved of another of the dear friends whose society had been among the choicest blessings of his life, — the highly gifted and pure-minded Frisbie. He delivered an address before the University at his interment, and the following year published a collection of his literary remains, with a short memoir. In the discussions which took place in 1824–25, respecting the condition and wants of the College, and the relation between the Corporation and the Immediate Government, he took a prominent part both with voice and pen. In 1824, he published his "Remarks on a Report of a Committee of the Board of Overseers," proposing certain changes in the instruction and discipline of the College. In February, 1825, he appeared before the Board of Overseers in behalf of the memorial of the Resident Instructors, relative to "the mode in which, according to the charter of the institution, the Corporation of the same

* Professor Willard.

† The Miscellaneous Writings of Charles Eliot, with a biographical memoir by Mr. Norton, were printed in 1814.

ought of right to be constituted." Professor, now Hon. Edward Everett, spoke in the morning, and Mr. Norton in the afternoon and evening, in support of the memorial. Mr. Norton's speech was afterwards published. His admiration of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans induced him, in 1826, to undertake the collection and republication of her works in this country, in a style suited to his estimation of their merits; and in an article in the *Examiner* during that year, followed by other articles on the same subject at different times, he labored to impress on the public mind his own sense of their richness and beauty. The following year (1827), partly for the benefit of his health, partly for the enjoyment of the tour, he went to England. He enjoyed so much during this visit, and formed so many pleasant acquaintances, especially with those whom he had long admired in their writings (Mrs. Hemans and Miss Edgeworth among others), that, in a career so quiet as his for the most part was, it took its place among the most interesting recollections of his life. After the resignation of his Professorship, in 1830, he continued to devote himself to literary and theological pursuits. At the earnest solicitation of a friend (Rev. William Ware, we believe), urging the republication of his article on "Stuart's Letters to Channing," he undertook to revise and enlarge it; and the result of his labors — a new work in fact, the most able, thorough, and learned refutation of the Trinitarian doctrine that has yet appeared — was given to the press in 1833, under the title of "A Statement of Reasons for not believing the Doctrines of Trinitarians concerning the Nature of God and the Person of Christ." In 1833-34, he edited, in connection with his friend, Charles Folsom, Esq., "The Select Journal of Foreign Periodical Literature," a quarterly publication, the plan and object of which are to some extent indicated by the title. It contained also remarks and criticisms by the editors, and some longer articles by Mr. Norton. In 1837, he published the first volume of his elaborate work on the "Genuineness of the Gospels." In 1839, at the invitation of the Alumni of the Divinity School, he delivered the annual discourse before them, afterwards published, "On the Latest Form of Infidelity." Those who remember him as he appeared on that occasion, speaking to many of them for the last time, will not soon forget the impressions of that

day, deepened by the evident feebleness of his health, by his slow, impressive utterance, and the "sweetly solemn" tones of that well-known voice, speaking out with slightly tremulous earnestness the deep convictions of a truth-loving, Christ-loving man, as with eagle eye he saw danger in the distance, where others saw only an angel of light, and with a prophet's earnestness sounded the alarm. The publication of Mr. Norton's discourse led to a controversy, in which he further illustrated and defended the views which he had expressed respecting the "Modern German School of Infidelity."

In 1844 appeared the second and third volumes of his work on the "Genuineness of the Gospels," completing the important and laborious investigation, which had occupied him for so many years, of the historical evidence on this subject. With the exception of his volume of "Tracts on Christianity," printed in 1852, composed chiefly of the larger essays and discourses which had before appeared in a separate form, this was his last published book.

Mr. Norton's life, certainly the most prominent portion of it, moved through sunshine. Clouded as it was by occasional bereavement, the common lot, and by the infirm health of his latter days, it was yet, in other respects, a singularly happy one. He was surrounded with every earthly blessing. He had within his reach all that can feed the intellect, or gratify the taste. He had leisure and opportunity for his chosen work. And all around him was an atmosphere of purity and peace. His strong and tender affections bloomed fresh and green to the last, in the sunny light of a Christian home. He loved and was loved, where to love and to be loved is a man's joy and crown. He had both the means and the heart to do good. And so, in tranquil labor, in calm reflection, in grave discussion of high themes, or in the play of cheerful conversation, amid the books and the friends he loved, "faded his late declining years away." His strength had been for a long time very gradually failing, as by the decay of a premature old age. In the autumn of 1849, it was suddenly prostrated by a severe illness, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. By the advice of his physician, he passed the following summer at Newport, with such great and decided benefit to his

health from the change of air, that it was resolved to make it in future his summer residence. From the beginning of the last season, however, it was evident that his strength was declining, and that the bracing sea-breeze had lost its power to restore it. He became more and more feeble, till, at the close of the summer, he was unable to leave his room; but his mind remained strong and unclouded almost to the last. He was fully aware that the end drew nigh. And he met death, as we should expect that he above most men would meet it, with all a Christian's firmness, tranquilly, trustingly, with a hope full of immortality, reposing on the bosom of the Father. His patience, serenity, gentleness, his calm faith in God, the heavenliness of his spirit, the sweetness of his smile, illumined and sanctified the house of death. He gradually sunk away, till on Sunday evening, September 18, the quivering flame of life went out, and the shining light within ascended to the Father of lights.

The life of Mr. Norton was that of a diligent student and thinker, doing his work in the still air of the library, and withdrawn from the stir and rush of the great world, yet not indifferent to its movements, nor unconcerned in its welfare. He mingled little in political affairs, though in them, as in every thing else, he had his own distinct judgment and decided action, when the time called. He took no prominent part in the moral reforms of the day. A lover of his country, a lover of his kind, he expressed his patriotism and his philanthropy in quiet, individual ways. Whatever he did for others, there was no sounding of a trumpet before him. He went little into general society. He had enough, as we have seen, to occupy his time and his thoughts, without going out of his little world into the larger. The delicacy of his health and the languidness of his animal spirits, added to the studiousness of his habits and his natural reserve, made him somewhat of a recluse. But his house, with its kind and sincere hospitality, was always open, nor was his heart cold, or his hand shut.

He was never idle; but he chose to labor in his own way, apart from the crowd. He knew that he should labor more happily and more usefully so. He kept aloof from public excitements. He had no taste for public meetings. He had not the showy, popular gifts, which fit a

man for the speeches of the platform ; nor the impulsive social temperament, which throws itself into the boiling current of the times. He was, both by nature and on principle, disinclined to enter into the associated movements of denominational warfare. He objected to the Unitarian name. He did not favor the formation of the Unitarian Association. On this point he differed decidedly, but quietly and amicably, from the majority of his brethren. No man prized the truths of Liberal Christianity more highly than he, or held them with a firmer grasp ; but he believed that they would make their way more surely, and in the end more rapidly, with less irritating friction against the popular modes of faith, and with less peril, both from without and from within, if left to the quiet channels of individual speech and individual effort. He therefore studiously kept aloof from any distinct, formal organization, even for the maintenance and diffusion of doctrines dearer to him than life.

And yet this reserved, independent, solitary thinker, moving in his own orbit, towards his chosen goal, carried with him by a mastery which he did not seek, and by a gravitation which was but the natural result of his intellectual greatness, a host of other minds that rejoiced in his kingly light. By the massive power of his mind and the weight of his learning, by the force of his character and the impressive authority of his word, spoken and written, he wielded for many years an influence in the body to which he belonged, such as few other men among us have ever possessed. This influence, as quiet as it was powerful, was exerted partly through his stated teachings in the Divinity School at Cambridge, partly through his private conversational intercourse, partly through the occasional articles and the more elaborate works which came forth, "few and far between," from his scrupulous pen. What he was and did in his several fields of theological service is well understood by many of our readers ; but those who knew little of him will be glad to know more, and those who knew him best will love to read over again the recollections of the past and to dwell on the memory of what they owe him.

Mr. Norton brought to the Professorship of Sacred Literature a combination of rich qualifications, natural

and acquired, for his high office, such as is rarely found, such as we can hardly hope to see again, approximating the ideal of the consummate theologian described by him in his *Inaugural Discourse*; an acute and vigorous intellect, disciplined in all its faculties by laborious study, trained to habits of clear and exact reasoning, and remarkable alike for its powers of analysis and discrimination, for the logical ability with which it grappled with the questions before it, for the intense and sustained concentration of its strength on its chosen subjects, and for the native sagacity and good sense with which it saw its way to the hidden truth; varied and extensive learning, as finished and accurate as it was full; a most pure and nicely critical taste; a fine imagination, that stood back in waiting as the handmaid to his robust understanding; a complete command of his accumulated resources; an inwardly enthusiastic devotion to the studies which he had embraced, and the highest appreciation of their nobleness and importance; a masterly familiarity with the science of Scriptural interpretation, and with the whole circle of theological science; a love of original and independent investigation, going back to the fountain-head, and never satisfying itself with guesses or traditions; an indefatigable assiduity and patience of examination and of pursuit in the researches which formed the business of his life; the most scrupulous carefulness in the statement of facts, and a microscopic accuracy in every part of his work; a simple lucidness of expression and daylight distinctness of thought, even in the abstrusest themes, as of one who believed that intelligible ideas can be conveyed in intelligible words, and that no others are worth having; a conscientious slowness in forming his conclusions, combined with great strength, earnestness, and decision in maintaining the opinions at which he at length arrived; a confidence that justified itself to those who knew him in the results of his so cautiously conducted inquiries, and a conscious authority which impressed his convictions on others; and with and above all other gifts, surrounding them with a sacred halo, the profound religiousness of his nature, seen, not shown, the depth and calm intensity of his faith in Christianity and in Christ, the elevated seriousness of his views of life and duty, and the purity, delicacy, uprightness, of his whole character.

The influence of such a man, both in his instructions and his example, on the minds which were brought into contact with him at the Divinity School in Cambridge, can hardly be overrated. They regarded him with a peculiar reverence and admiration. They listened with eagerness and profound interest to his decided and luminous words, so aptly expressive of his decided and luminous thoughts. Even if they were not prepared to accept his conclusions, they did not the less admire the strength and fulness with which they were set forth. His admirable elucidations of Scripture, his searching criticisms on the various readings or various theories of interpretation, his convincing expositions of Christian doctrine, his solemn and impressive representations of the character and teachings of Christ, his interesting unwritten (yet, as it seemed to us, as complete and exact, both in thought and language, as if they had been written) dissertations on some point of theological or metaphysical inquiry, his wise hints and counsels to the young preacher, uttered in that peculiar manner of his which gave them a double force, will never be forgotten by those who heard them. Even those who on some points are not in sympathy with him, love to bear testimony to his high merits. The voluntary tribute which Dr. Furness rendered to him some years since in his work on "*Jesus and his Biographers*," is as just as it is heart-felt.

"I esteem it an invaluable privilege," he says, "to have been introduced to the study of the New Testament under the clear and able guidance of Mr. Norton. How fully did he realize the idea of a true instructor, not standing still and pointing out our way for us over a beaten path, but ascending every height, descending into every depth, with his whole attention and heart, and carrying the hearts of his pupils along with him. The remembrance of those days, when a rich and powerful mind, animated by the spirit of truth, came close to my own mind, renders more vivid my sense of the meaning of the Great Teacher of teachers when he described the increase of the power of truth, which was the life of his being, under the figure of a personal coming, and said, 'If any man will keep my commandments, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him and make our abode with him.'"^{*}

^{*} Furness's *Jesus and his Biographers*, p. 212.

"Whatever interest I have felt in the study of the Bible," says another of the most eminent of our Unitarian divines, "or whatever knowledge I have gained of the proper way of pursuing that study, I owe in great measure to him, certainly more to him than to all other men. And when I look back to the three years spent under his kind and faithful instruction, I seem to return to one of the happiest as well as most profitable periods of my life."

It has been said, that the awe which he unconsciously inspired was sometimes unfavorable to the free action and free expression of thought in those who sat under his instructions; and that the severity of his taste, and his known dislike, openly or silently expressed, of every thing which bordered on what is theatrical in manner, or over-florid in style, or extravagant in sentiment, had a tendency to repress too much the exuberance of youthful imagination and the warmth of youthful feeling. Certainly the danger was on that side. But for one who may perchance have suffered from this cause, many, we are sure, will thank him through life for the restraining, improving, and elevating influence which he exerted on their minds and hearts.

But the field of Mr. Norton's labors and usefulness extended far beyond the bounds of the theological institution with which he was for a time connected, and of the religious body to which he belonged. He became known and widely respected through the writings, chiefly of a religious, partly of a literary character, which through various channels he gave to the press. He was too careful of truth, and too careless of present fame, — like his great neighbor-artist painting for immortality and giving the last touches to his work till death found him still waiting to finish it, — too deeply impressed with the sense of an author's responsibility in the publication of his opinions on important subjects, too anxious that his offerings at the altar of Christian science should be without blemish and without spot, to be a rapid or voluminous writer. *Non multa sed multum*. He has left enough to lay us under a lasting debt of gratitude. Whenever we hear a contrast suggested between him and others in this respect, implying some defect on his part, we are always reminded of the old fable, in the

school-book, of the Cony and the Lion. "See my troop of little ones! and how many hast thou?" "One, but a *lion*." One such work as that on the "Genuineness of the Gospels" is more honorable to a man, than a score of imperfectly prepared, roughly finished, loosely jointed productions, soon to die and be forgotten. Besides, each one must work in his own way, and not in another's; and each subject must have its own mode of treatment. The inquiries on which Mr. Norton spent his strength demand of a conscientious man all the thought, labor, long circumspection, and minuteness of investigation which he can give them. He held his place, he did his part, — a high and peculiar one, — in the confirmation and advancement of Christian truth. Let others be as faithful to theirs. A survey, however, of Mr. Norton's actual labors, both as a theologian and a man of letters, will show that his life was a continuously industrious one; — and even on the point to which we have referred, the amount of his published thoughts, some injustice may have been done him from the fact that a great part of them appeared in the periodical literature of his day, and stand somewhat out of sight.

Mr. Norton's earliest contributions to the press appeared in the *Literary Miscellany*, a periodical published in Cambridge in the style of the day, in 1804–5. They are a notice of Cowper, a short review of a sermon by Rev. Henry Ware, his pastor, and one or two short poetical translations. They are of little interest, except as indicating the turn of his mind at the age of eighteen or nineteen, and as dimly foreshadowing to us in their subjects the future career of the theologian, the man of letters, and the poet. He wrote some years after this for the *Monthly Anthology*. To some of its volumes his contributions, we believe, were frequent.

It was not, however, till he assumed the editorship of the *General Repository*, that his full power as a thinker and a writer was publicly developed and understood. The first article of that work, a very clear and powerful, and, as it was then considered, a very bold article, entitled "A Defence of Liberal Christianity," was written by him and attracted much notice. Its sentiments, then new, or not before so openly expressed, drew down severe animadversion from the orthodox pulpit and press. This

was followed by his masterly review, continued through several numbers of the same periodical, of the "Controversy between Dr. Priestley, Dr. Horseley, and others," evincing the most thorough learning and the most patient research. Other minor contributions of his, literary and poetical, are scattered through the work.

With the New Series of the *Christian Disciple*, commenced in 1819, Mr. Norton resumed his public literary labors, which appear to have been suspended for a time in consequence of the discontinuance of the *General Repository*, and the want of an appropriate organ for the utterance of his views. Besides some smaller articles of a general character, he contributed several critical and doctrinal dissertations of great value and interest, and full of that marked power which placed him at the head of the theological and controversial writers of his day. Among these are his *Review of Stuart's Letters to Channing*, by far the most able, complete, and at the same time condensed confutation of the doctrine of the Trinity which has yet appeared,—his "Thoughts on True and False Religion,"—and his "Views of Calvinism." The earlier volumes of the *Christian Examiner* were also enriched by his pen. The articles on the Poetry of Mrs. Hemans, and one on Pollok's *Course of Time*, will be remembered among those of a purely literary character. Besides these and several religious essays in the first and second volumes of the *Examiner*, on the "Future Life of the Good," the "Punishment of Sin," the "Duty of Continual Improvement," &c., he contributed some critical dissertations and reviews. His articles on the Epistle to the Hebrews, in the fourth, fifth, and sixth volumes, form the most valuable and instructive discussion which has appeared in the English language, or perhaps in any language, on that subject. We wish they might be republished, as a separate work, for wider circulation. His last contribution to the *Christian Examiner* appeared, in September, 1849, in the shape of a letter to his friend, Mr. George Ticknor, on the "Origin and Progress of Liberal Christianity in New England, and on Mr. Buckminster's Relations to them." He wrote also for the *North American Review*, though not often. His most noticeable articles in that publication are those on "Franklin," in January, 1818, on "Byron," in October, 1825, on

Rev. William Ware's "Letters from Palmyra," in October, 1837, and a "Memoir of Mrs. Grant of Laggan," in January, 1845. His severe strictures on the character of Lord Byron, and the immoral tendency of some of his poems, although he allowed him all the praise justly due to his remarkable genius, were highly unpalatable to the idolatrous admirers of that great poet. But they were seasonable and true, and will commend themselves to every mind of pure taste and high principle, that is not dazzled and blinded by the intellectual splendor which, like the silver veil of Mokanna, may hide from his votaries the deformity beneath. In this, as in all Mr. Norton's critiques on the poetry and literature of the times, the influence which he exerted was of the highest and most salutary kind, laboring as he did with all his earnestness and strength to bring the literary judgments of the community into harmony with Christian morals and a Christian taste, and fearlessly opposing himself to the popular current, when, either in theology or in letters, it was running, or in danger of running, the wrong way.

The *Select Journal* contains also much original matter by him. The longest articles in this work from his pen are upon "Goethe" and "Hamilton's Men and Manners in America."

Mr. Norton's withdrawal for the last twenty years from very active and prominent service may have created a false impression in some minds respecting the amount of his labors. It will be seen from the survey that has been given of his contributions to the religious and other periodicals of his time, that his life — especially when we take into consideration the important occupations of his Professorship, the nature of his studies, and the engagements of various kinds which fall upon a man in his position — was not only a laboriously industrious, but an abundantly productive one. He was so little ambitious of shining before the world, and so independent, both in mind and in circumstances, of any outward pressure, — he was so careful and conscientiously thorough in all that he undertook, besides being always so far from robust, and, latterly, so much of an invalid, — that we ought rather to be grateful that he did so much, than to wonder that he did not do more. He was not a man to be hurried by the false expectations of others. He

wrought "as in his great Taskmaster's eye," not for theirs. He knew best when his work was finished, and then, and not till then, it came forth.

The last years of Mr. Norton's life were chiefly devoted to the preparation and the completion of important works, long planned in the hope of rendering permanent service to the religion which he loved with all his mind and heart and strength, as his own and the world's most precious treasure and hope. One, his great work on the "Genuineness of the Gospels," already given to the world, will be a lasting monument of his intellectual ability and his patient, conscientious research, and one of the standard contributions to the evidences of our Christian faith, which will go down to posterity in company with those of the greatest names in this department of Christian study. It is an honor to our country, of which we have quite as much reason to be proud, as of other illustrious achievements by other pens in more popular and better appreciated fields of mental labor. The historian, the poet, the orator, rise at once into the upper sky of a nation's admiration, and their names become world-renowned. The great theologian, the profound thinker, the retired scholar, elaborating in his study the noblest products of thought, and establishing truths of the most vital importance to the highest interests of man, must, like Kepler, wait his time. Sooner or later that time will come, and the tardy verdict of the world will crown him with its laurel wreath.

The three volumes of the work just mentioned which have already been published contain an elaborate exposition — finished with all that minute accuracy for which Mr. Norton was so remarkable, and with all that logical acuteness and strength for which he was equally distinguished — of the historical evidence of the genuineness of the Gospels. It was his intention, if his life and health had been continued, to add another volume concerning the internal evidences of their genuineness; which he wished, however, to appear simultaneously with a new translation of the Gospels, accompanied by explanatory notes, on which he had been long engaged. He did not live to complete, as we fondly hoped he might, the former part of his plan; but we rejoice, and all who knew him will rejoice with us, to learn that the translation of

the Gospels with critical and explanatory notes, the work which we believe he had most at heart, is entirely finished, and in a state of preparation for the press. Consecrated to us as it is by his long labor upon it, and bearing to us the last messages of his pen, we shall look forward to its publication with an eager interest, believing that it will afford important aid to every class of readers in the interpretation of the New Testament, bring out with new force the evidences of its truth, and present in a clearer and fuller light the beauty and power of our Saviour's character, the sublime import of his teachings, and the divine greatness of his life. We hope also, that a dissertation, prepared by him, as is understood, within a recent period, on the theory of Strauss and its kindred vagaries, and forming a part of his contemplated volume on the internal evidences of the Gospels, may be in some form given to the world. It may interest our readers also to know, that he has left behind him a complete translation of the Epistle to the Romans, and of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and translations of the obscure portions of other Epistles, with a body of notes, critical and exegetical, which must be of great value to the student of the Scriptures. We cannot help expressing our earnest wish that these also may, if possible, be published at some future time, in connection, perhaps, with the articles of which we have already spoken, on the Epistle to the Hebrews. Even the fragmentary products of so clear and penetrating a mind, consecrated through life to the study of the Christian Scriptures and the Christian revelation, and filled with so devout a spirit, will be gladly welcomed.

Mr. Norton's writings are all impressed with the same strongly marked qualities, bearing the image of the man; the same calm but deep tone of religious feeling; the same exalted seriousness of view, as that of a man in sight of God and on the borders of eternity; the same high moral standard; the same transparent clearness of statement; the same logical closeness of reasoning; the same quiet earnestness of conviction; the same sustained confidence in his conclusions, resting as they did, or as he meant they should, on solid grounds and fully examined premises; the same minute accu-

racy and finish; the same strict truthfulness and sincerity, saying nothing for mere effect. And the style is in harmony with the thought, — pure, chaste, lucid, aptly expressive, unaffected, uninvolved, English undefiled, scholarly, yet never pedantic, strong, yet not hard or dry; and, when the subject naturally called for it, clothing itself in the rich hues and the beautiful forms of poetic fancy, that illumined, while it adorned, his thought.

The works of this eminent man will be always valuable, not only for the treasures of learning which they contain, and the light which they throw on questions of the deepest importance to every thinking man and every Christian theologian, but for the instructive example which they present of rare virtues, never more needed than in this age of hurry and excitement. They furnish lessons to the scholar and the student which he will do well to ponder and profit by; — lessons of patience, of persevering research, of scrupulous accuracy, of thorough and independent investigation, and of a conscientious slowness in the publication of facts and opinions which can be properly established only by long and diligent inquiry. He did not believe in any intuitional knowledge, — knowledge snatched up in a day and by hasty glances into the written or the unwritten page of truth. He did not believe that there is any royal road to solid and trustworthy learning, — any road to it except the old one, as old as man, — the beaten path of patient study, toiling on day after day, year after year. He believed with Newton, himself the example of what he said, that it is by concentration and fixedness of thought, by intent devotion to its subject, more than by native genius, that the best and greatest results are to be wrought out. He thought it much better to do a little, and to do it well and thoroughly, than to do a great deal poorly. He was therefore in no hurry to throw off into the seething world a multitude of books. He had no ambition to shine as a writer and to keep himself in the world's eye. Apparently, he was quite indifferent to the kind of fame to which so many aspire. He had nobler aims. He cherished a wiser ambition. He cared little for present popularity, he wrote for permanent effect and lasting usefulness. And thus year after year passed away in the faithful endeavor to give greater completeness to the

work before him, or to verify its statements, or to supply some missing link in the argument, or to correct some minor blemish that might have crept in, until he could in some degree satisfy his severe taste, his high sense of responsibility, and his conscientious love of the perfect truth. It is easy enough to make a book; but he wished to make a book worth making and worth keeping. And this to one of so high a standard, of so fastidious a taste, of so self-exacting a love of accuracy and completeness, and of so conscientious a purpose, was not easy. But the slow ripening of his mental harvests was amply compensated by the final richness of the product. It would be well, in this surfeiting age of half-made books, if more would follow the example.

Mr. Norton's position as a theologian has already been intimated, in the general account which we have given of his writings and labors. But it claims a more distinct and extended notice. It is an extremely interesting one; and one too for which, judged by its motives, even those who stood in opposition to him on either side must yield him their respect, as we do our grateful admiration. The true key to that position is found in his strong faith, beating through every pulse of his life, in the divine mission of Jesus Christ, and in his profound conviction of the supreme importance of the Christian revelation to all the best hopes of mankind. Misname him who will, if ever there was a believer in Christ, it was he. He was a believer with the head and with the heart too. He was as fully persuaded of the truth of Christianity as of his own existence. The Gospel,—the Gospel of Christ, and not the Gospel of Calvin,—the Gospel, as it came fresh from heaven in its own native beauty and power, was in his eyes the most precious gift of the Good Father. And under this conviction, he felt it to be the work of his life, the work to which God called him, to defend the Christian revelation, and to set forth its heavenly character, with all the power which his Maker had given him, not only against the assaults of infidelity and scepticism without, but against the undesigned yet perilous treachery within. He, with a jealous care for the safety of the priceless treasure, stood on the watch to keep it intact, on which side soever the enemy might approach; and by his words of

wisdom, not always heeded as they should have been, he threw new bulwarks around the faith that he loved with a strength of feeling proportioned to his strength of mind.

With this intense faith, shining through his powerful intellect, burning in his pure heart, and ever urging him on with a calm but mighty impulse, he entered on his career, and pursued it consistently, through all the different phases of his life, to the end; whether, as he best liked, he quietly labored by himself in the mine of truth, seeking goodly treasure and pearls for his Master, or, at his Master's call, girded on his armor for the battle, and fearlessly laid siege to the intrenched errors of the past, or with equal chivalry went out to meet the novel errors, home-born or of foreign race, that he saw springing up among us under the very walls of the temple of Christ. He was both a Reformer and a Conservative, as every wise and good man must be, who in the spirit of Paul resolves to prove all things, but to hold fast that which is good and true. At his very first appearance in the theological arena, he was a bold, zealous, uncompromising assailant of the Orthodoxy of the time. He as fearlessly maintained his views, as he had carefully and conscientiously espoused them. "*Nec temere nec timide*," was the motto which he placed over the opening article of his first editorial work, and which he bore upon his banner through life. He stood ready to avow and to defend what he believed; and he proved himself as able as he was ready, uniting all the courage of Luther with all the scholarship of Erasmus. While others, from love of peace, or fear of giving offence, chose to maintain what seemed to them a justifiable and prudent reserve, he spoke out boldly and fully the conclusions to which he had deliberately come. In his doctrinal views he was no half-way man, — no double-minded one; and in his phraseology there was a studious avoidance of that vague mistiness of language, which is sometimes used as a reconciling veil, and is sometimes the cover of confused and cloudy ideas. Whenever he had occasion to express his opinions, he expressed them without obscurity and without reservation.

As a champion of Liberal Christianity, Mr. Norton stands, as a writer, unquestionably foremost in the field. In the important controversy under which its

battles were fought at the commencement of this century, his was the leading *mind*. He furnished the strong weapons of argument and learning by which it best maintained its ground. Others who stood at his side had more of the gift of popular speech:—his was the word of knowledge and of wisdom. He was the Moses in the Exodus from the orthodox realm; Dr. Channing, the Aaron. The one was the eloquent rhetorician and advocate; the other, the profound scholar and thinker and sure interpreter of the sacred word. But this zealous Reformer for Christ and the Gospel's sake was a no less zealous Conservative for Christ and the Gospel's sake, when the time called. And there was no inconsistency in his course, any more than in that of the leader of old, when, having shaken off the bondage of Pharaoh, he withstood the innovations of Korah. In one case, he fought against ancient errors; in the other, against the new. In both, he was contending, as he believed, for the eternal truth, the truth as it is in Jesus. When at a more recent period he wrote and published his views concerning the modern rationalism and infidelity whose seeds, imported from the Old World, had struck root and were springing up in the New,—when he strove to tear up the poisonous root, hidden under the perfumed flowers, and to put the Church and the community on their guard against it,—he was animated by the same spirit which had moved him from the beginning. He made no bigot's war upon liberty of thought and speech, but he had a right and he felt himself bound to unmask and to resist those doctrines and speculations which were leading, as he thought, to infidelity. As his hostility to Calvinism was the side-growth of his love to Christ and his love to God, so his severity against Straussism and Spinozism was but one of the offshoots of his reverence for the Saviour and his faith in the Gospel. It was the severity of an honest conviction, as honestly expressed, of the pernicious tendency of the views which he opposed. He believed them to be, not only wholly unsound, but, whether so intended or not, hostile to Christianity, betraying it, like Judas, with a kiss, and in their tendencies finally destructive of all religious faith. Without entering at all into the question of the soundness or unsoundness of the views against which Mr.

Norton uttered his sincere and solemn warning, we think that all must admit the long-sighted sagacity with which he foresaw the results of the tone of thinking then beginning to show itself in various forms, — the wisely prophetic ken, with which he announced the direction and final developments of the new school of German speculation. Just what he predicted came to pass.

But in all his labors and conflicts, in his attack on the "Latest Form of Infidelity," as well as in his "Defence of Liberal Christianity," in his laborious, life-continued study and exposition of the "Evidences of the Genuineness of the Gospels," and in his faithful, never-satisfied endeavors, persevered in to the very last, to unfold the true meaning of those Gospels, and to clothe them in our own language in a form in which their beauty and power may be best seen, and the majesty of the Saviour's life shine out in its own undimmed light, he pursued a nobly consistent career. His profound faith in the Christian revelation, his intense conviction of its inestimable value, was, we repeat, the harmonizing key of his life.

But Mr. Norton was not only an accomplished theologian, a powerful controversialist, a learned and indefatigable critic, a most able and zealous defender of the Christian revelation, a profound and original expositor both of the meaning of its records and the evidences of their truth; he was also one of the pioneers of literary progress in this country, a man of letters, interested in the advancement of all good learning. He was a strong and graceful writer on other subjects besides those which formed the chief occupation of his life. He had a vein of fine poetic talent also, occasionally exercised in his earlier days and in his intervals of leisure, but only enough to open a glimpse of the wealth within. The few specimens which he has left behind are gems of rare lustre, finished of their kind. Apart from their beauty of thought and expression, they have a higher value derived from a higher source. The well-known "Lines written after a Summer Shower," which originally appeared in the first volume of the *Christian Disciple*, are among the most beautiful in the language. The hymn of resignation, beginning with the words,

"My God! I thank thee; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe,"

is a favorite one in our churches, and has soothed many a grief-stricken spirit. He did a good greater than he could know when he wrote it out of his own experience to be as angel music to the mourner. Another, written by him to a friend in bereavement, beginning,

"O, stay thy tears ; for they are blest,
Whose days are passed, whose toil is done,"

is in a similar spirit and of similar beauty.

Whenever we read the scattered effusions of his Christian muse, we are tempted to lament that he has left us so few of these polished diamonds of thought, till we remember that he was in quest of other and larger treasures, hidden in the mine. He had but one life to work with ; and it must select its prize, leaving the rest, however bright and sparkling, unsought, or with now and then a passing glance and touch. And yet the little that he did in this way shows how much good even a little well done may do, when it is cast in beautiful forms.

But we pass on to what is much greater in God's eye than any work of genius, however brilliant, or any product of thought, however elaborate and mature. Mr. Norton's character and life were marked by the high virtues, the fruits of a Christian faith, whose rich aroma breathes through his written works.

To say that he had none of "those infirmities which," to use his own words, "have clung to the best and wisest," would be ascribing to him a perfection which has belonged to but one who has lived on the earth. To say that he never erred in opinion or in action, would be to say what no man can venture to say of himself or of any other. Certainly he, who was truth itself, would claim no such exemption from human frailty. But towering above these errors and infirmities, whatever they were, which, however magnified to the fault-finding eye, disappeared from the friend's, there were virtues which the world will not willingly let die ; and which will make him still a blessing to it in death, as he was a benefactor to it in life. And that which we think would be first and above all remembered by those who had the happiness to enjoy his friendship and to listen to his wise discourse, whether in the lecture-room or in his delightful home, was the peculiar devoutness of his spirit, — the profoundly religious tone of thought and of sentiment

which seemed to form the atmosphere in which he lived, — the unformal, unostentatious, but deep piety, so perfectly sincere and unaffected, that made his presence like the air of a temple, — the ever-present sense of those higher relations in which we stand to God and to eternity, springing naturally out of that strong faith in Christ and in his truth which had struck down its roots into his whole being.

No man could be at all intimate with him, or be brought into near communication with him, either as a friend or a pupil, without receiving religious impressions such as few men whom we have known have the power to impart. There was something mightier than any common eloquence, which entered into the hearer's soul and led it by a calm and spiritual force into the presence of God and of things unseen and eternal. And this high religiousness of spirit — born of his vital Christian faith — was seen in union with other virtues which are the proper fruits of that faith. Purity of heart, singleness of purpose, devotion to duty, integrity of dealing, perfect openness and honorableness in all the affairs of life, marked his whole career. Truth — truth in thought, truth in speech, truth in manner, truth in conduct — shone through his life. He especially honored it in others; it made a vital part of his own being. All shams and falsehoods, all equivocations and manœuvring, all forms of cant and hypocrisy, and all affectations of every kind, were therefore peculiarly offensive to his sincere and upright spirit. And in close union, as it commonly is, with his perfect truthfulness, was that Christian courage which dares always to choose its own course and to carry it out without asking leave except of conscience. He held decided opinions upon every important subject that bears upon human life and duty in all a man's public and private relations, and he acted upon them. He did not fear to differ from others, or to walk apart from others; —

“Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single.”

Without any false pride of singularity, he cherished a self-relying independence of thought and of action. As in his religious views and his religious course, so in all other things he judged and acted for himself: and

judged and acted from high principles fearlessly applied. He sought to try each case at the tribunal of a thoroughly Christianized reason, and to follow out what he accepted as its final decisions. We need not say that he always did what was best, but we may say, what is in truth greater praise, that he always did what he thought was right.

But his independence was not a selfish or cold-hearted independence. It was united with the truest and warmest kindness, when that kindness was called for. His retired habits, the habits of a student and scholar, — the individuality of his character and life, — his slowness and reserve of manner, — his occasional severity of speech, — the flashes of a pure and just indignation against some act of folly, meanness, or misconduct, — his decided and stern condemnation of opinions which he held to be false and dangerous, — were not connected with any want of Christian tenderness or Christian sympathy. It was a part of his creed, and one of the first lessons which his pupils in the Christian ministry learned from him, that timely reproof is often the truest friendship; that the exposure of error, and the cure of it by the needed caustic of sharp and plain-spoken truth, may be the highest charity. But those who knew him best knew the real warmth of his heart and the real kindness — the kindness both of feeling and of principle — which were sometimes hidden from a stranger's eye by the peculiarities of his manner. He was no ascetic, no declaimer against the innocent festivities of the world, no morose hater or proud scorner of its pleasant triflings, no misanthrope, shunning converse with men. If he mingled little in the gayer scenes of society, it was more from his engrossment in the studies that occupied his thoughts, and from the want of a quick flow of animal spirits, than from any unsocial feeling. As a friend, a neighbor, a citizen, he was ever prompt to do his part. His hand was always open to every work of charity. He knew the Christian blessedness of giving. His generous consideration of others, his readiness to help whenever his help was needed, his benevolence to the poor, ever guided by his strong good-sense, his judicious and thoughtful kindness in all the varied occasions of life, his quiet and unostentatious charities, will be remembered by many

who shared in them. They were much better known to himself than to the world. His alms were not done to be seen of men.

But it was on the nearer circle around him, on the Christian home in which he lived, that his strong and tender affections beamed out most brightly and warmly. What he was there, where the true character most fully shows itself, they know whose loss is the greatest, and whose grief will be ever mingled with gratitude for the great blessings which they have enjoyed in the privileges of his society, in the tenderness of his love, in the wisdom of his counsels, in the Christian influence of his conversation and his life. To them his memory will be peculiarly blessed, for it will be associated, not only with the tenderest, most delicate, most sympathizing love, but with the highest, holiest, happiest influences, — influences that do not end at the grave. No man had more exalted views than he of the duties and the happiness of domestic life, and of the place which Christianity should hold in it.

We know how difficult it is to draw an unbiassed portrait, in all points true to the life, of one in whom we have a personal interest, or whose name is identified with the religious faith which is as father and mother to our hearts. In that which we have attempted, we have at least wished to avoid the exaggeration, which in every thing the subject of it so greatly disliked. But it seems to us, as we look upon it again, that a word more may be necessary to place it in its full light, and to give its features their true and best expression. We believe that, on certain points of character, a false impression exists in the minds of some who did not know him intimately. He was on some accounts in danger of being misunderstood and misjudged. In this, however, he shared the lot of many others, whom the world sees through a glass darkly. Every virtue has its shadow mocking it. The near friend sees the virtue; the distant or the fault-seeking eye may catch only the distorted shadow. A man of strong thoughts and strong feelings, Mr. Norton spoke strongly the truth that was in his heart. When he aimed a blow at an unsound doctrine or a dangerous error, he did not strike with the sword in the sheath. He did not attack it with roundabout phrases or with soft innuendo. What he said, he said in plain English, never

coarse indeed, but sometimes caustic, always open and sincere. He was "a good hater"; not of persons, however, but of the false opinions with which those persons were identified, of which they were in his mind the living exponents. He was a man of very decided convictions, and not a man given to compromises in important matters. What he thought right to be done or to be said, he went forward to do or to say; alone, if necessary. He was not at all studious of the arts of popularity. From the course and habits of his life he was secluded from that free, personal intercourse with others of opposite opinions, which is necessary to a perfect understanding on either side. Hence, those who came into collision with him, and those who saw him at a distance in those situations in which the strong and sharp points of his character were made to protrude, would be likely to do him injustice. A stranger or an opponent might sometimes, from their point of view, imagine him to be deficient in the softer and meeker virtues. The friend at his side, seeing him as he was, *knew* that nothing could be farther from the truth. Under the constitutional coldness and restraint of his manner, and the stateliness and occasional sternness of his speech, there was a deep enthusiasm of character, a sincere warmth of feeling, the truest and most considerate tenderness. A person living with him or in intimate connection with him would be particularly struck with his gentleness, indulgence, and quick human sympathies; he would see as much in him of the John, as others had seen of the Paul. If he was ever severe towards any, it was from the love which he bore to religion and to truth. If he erred, in word or in deed, his errors were the errors of a true-hearted and true-spoken man.

A most pure and gifted spirit has gone from us to join the host that "have crossed the flood." He has ascended from the study of God's word and works in this lower world, where, with all his knowledge, he could know but in part, to the study of God's word and works in that more glorious sphere, where, with Buckminster and Eliot, he will know even as he is known.

The hymn,* little known, we believe, which he com-

* His first contribution to the *Christian Examiner*, and the first of its poetical articles. Vol. I. p. 39.

posed many years ago for the Christian's dirge, was written unconsciously for his own funeral. It now chants for us, as we stand in spirit at his grave, the farewell of many hearts that honor and bless his memory.

"He has gone to his God ; he has gone to his home ;
No more amid peril and error to roam ;
His eyes are no longer dim ;
His feet will no more falter ;
No grief can follow him,
No pang his cheek can alter.

"There are paleness, and weeping, and sighs below ;
For our faith is faint, and our tears will flow ;
But the harps of heaven are ringing ;
Glad angels come to greet him ;
And hymns of joy are singing,
While old friends press to meet him.

"O honored, beloved, to earth unconfined,
Thou hast soared on high ; thou hast left us behind ;
But our parting is not for ever ;
We will follow thee, by heaven's light,
Where the grave cannot dis sever
The souls whom God will unite."

W. N.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Commentaries on the Laws of the Ancient Hebrews, with an Introductory Essay on Civil Society and Government. By E. C. WINES. New York : Geo. P. Putnam & Co., 10 Park Place. 1853. 8vo. pp. 640.

HERE is a most valuable addition to our American theological literature, — a work on a subject of profound interest to every believer in the Bible as a record of God's providential dealings with his creatures, embodying the results of an investigation sufficiently thorough to satisfy the scholar in a form suited to interest and instruct the popular mind. We learn from the preface

that the work originated in a lecture delivered before the Mercantile Library Company of Philadelphia. Archbishop Hughes, who preceded the author as a lecturer, having taken for his subject a dignitary of the Romish Church, Pope Pius VII., Mr. Wines was led to select a dignitary of the Church Universal, and accordingly took "Moses and his Laws." The interest awakened by this lecture produced a formal invitation from some leading citizens of Philadelphia to the author, to give a series of lectures on the same subject, embracing a wider and more thorough discussion of it. A compliance with this invitation led to the preparation of a course of lectures, which, having been at different times rewritten, enlarged, and delivered in various parts of the country, are now given to the public in the volume before us. It was our good fortune to hear these lectures when Professor Wines delivered them in Boston, several years ago. It is a great pleasure to us now to greet them as old friends, in a form in which we can more thoroughly appreciate their value and usefulness.

The introductory Essay on Civil Society and Government covers about eighty pages, to the people of this country by no means the least valuable and instructive pages in the book. In this essay Mr. Wines regards government as a divine institution, having its ultimate origin and foundation in the will of God. "As regards the origin of political government and the sources of political power, as things of human contrivance and purpose, without any reference to that divine sanction which by the law of nature as well as by the law of revelation will inevitably attach itself to political institutions as soon as they are formed and put into operation," — he advocates the theory of the social compact, answers with great ability all the objections to this theory, deduces and states, in a series of propositions, the general principles of civil polity included in this theory, and closes with the illustration of the practical application of these principles as exhibited in the government of the United States. We know not where to find, in so short a compass, a more comprehensive and satisfactory treatment of this subject, than in this Essay. It forms an appropriate introduction to Commentaries on the Mosaic institutions, which, as these Commentaries show, contained the earliest and most authentic enunciation of the great principles of civil liberty, and embodied the results of the highest political and legislative wisdom. Indeed, in this respect Professor Wines's book is worthy the profound and thoughtful study of the statesmen and lawyers of our country. We hope they will not fail to read and digest it.

We regret that our limits forbid the full analysis of these lectures, and compel the omission of several passages marked for

quotation. The work is divided into two books of several chapters each. The first book, after some introductory observations on the claims of the Hebrew Law to our study and regard, treats of Moses as a man and a lawgiver, of his credibility as an historian, his divine legation, and the influence of his laws and writings upon the subsequent civilization of the world. The second book treats of the organic law of the Hebrew state, the general idea of the Hebrew constitution, its fundamental principles, and their particular manifestations in the Hebrew chief magistrate, — Senate, Commons, Oracle, Priesthood, Prophets. This brief statement of the contents will give some idea of the systematic arrangement of the work, and of its unity of design, but the fresh and earnest spirit in which it is written, the rich amount of learning it brings together and embodies, and the important conclusions reached, can be understood only by a thorough study of the volume itself, and such a study of it we cordially recommend to our readers.

The Works of Shakespeare. The Text regulated by the recently discovered Folio of 1632, &c. By J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq., F. S. A. In Eight Volumes. New York: Redfield. 1853.

WE look upon Collier's Shakespeare as the greatest piece of literary audacity that has moved the laughter or the wrath of men since Dr. Bentley published his edition of the "Paradise Lost." There are some points of resemblance between the two performances; though nothing can ever be thought to come up with that wonderful exploit of the "slashing" Master of Trinity. The first of these points is, that while Bentley took in hand the second of the great names in English poetry, Collier undertakes to deal with the very chiefest. They thus both flew at the highest game, without sufficient fear of the divinity of genius before their eyes. In the second place, they both seem to have had their heads turned by an over-close perseverance in one line of study. The illustrious Grecian had been so long in the habit of correcting by guess the corrupted and defective texts of ancient writers, that he did not see how absurd it was to practise the same arts of conjectural criticism upon a writer who had printed his own works in fair, solid type only sixty-five years before. And the new tamperer with the text of Shakespeare had exercised and puzzled his mind so much over his favorite author, that the discovery of the old folio, his own exclusive possession, which set all questions so beautifully at rest, seems absolutely to have bewitched him. We admit that the parallel fails

after this. Mr. Collier only offers what he finds; inserting into the Plays the various readings which were actually written in the margin of his idolized copy. The learned classicist, on the contrary, took every conceivable freedom with his august original; ridiculed as he threw away whole sentences at a time, as unworthy of Milton's pen; substituted and added at pleasure whatever came into his dictatorial brain; and thus composed a work that amazed men as a scholar's insanity, and disgusted them with its tone of insolence and levity. This last assertion will not seem too severe to any who have examined his book with the least care, or who remember especially his note on the "wide-encroaching Eve," at the 581st line of the tenth book of the "Paradise Lost." It is our consolation to think, that as the Benteian Milton lies in its single quarto edition, never renewed in any popular form, and never consulted but for curiosity's sake to see how ridiculously a learned man could talk, so the Collier Shakespeare will be allowed to go quietly back into a deserved oblivion. We do not propose to enter into any minute or extended criticism upon the text of the great dramatist, or upon this attempt to foist on him the pretended emendations of an after day. Our magazine is not the place for such disquisitions. But our wish is to offer just two considerations, to justify the sharp censure with which we began.

In the first place, the manuscript variations in the margin of Mr. Collier's folio have no claim to be considered authoritative. However old they may be, they are younger than the printed text. They are the suggestions of some unknown person or persons. They do not bring the shadow of a voucher for the preference they seem to show. They do not even tell whether they imply a preference or not. At the utmost, they are but conjectural emendations, and we cannot conjecture by whom. They have no more right, as of right, to take the place of the received readings, than any supposed improvements that Mr. Collier might himself devise. Mr. Samuel Weller Singer, who is a distinguished literary antiquarian, and professes to be an expert in questions of this nature, tells us that he has an old folio too, and that its spare paper is as full of variations as Mr. Collier's copy can show; but that he never dreamed of attaching any authority to them. This is a very sensible disclaimer on his part; and yet he also is threatening the public with a new and corrected edition of the bard of "all time." He is a reformer also of the old writing, or rather of the old printing. We have no great approbation of him, except when he vindicates the text from the "interpolations and corruptions" of other people. So long as an editor or commentator confines himself to annotation, and lets margins be margins, it is all very well. But when he proceeds

to alter the words of his author without any other warrant than conjecture, he is likely to commit literary misdemeanors of very aggravated degree.

But it may be said, that though these new readings have no positive sanction, and bring no absolute assurance that they were the original, they yet so recommend themselves by their internal probability as to deserve to be introduced into the body of Shakespeare's works. We advance our second objection, then, to the readings themselves ; — to their character as well as their origin. A few of them may, perhaps, be fortunate guesses ; and there is an exceedingly small number of instances where the first writing of the poet has been so mutilated as to demand the aid of conjecture. But on the whole these changes are not good. Very many of them have been shown to be utterly absurd ; even those that seemed very plausible at first. They are terribly apt to be flat. Indeed, they for the most part impair the force of the passages that they assume to explain. They almost invariably take the fire out of the poetry, the fine tissue out of the thought, the ancient flavor and aroma out of the language. They habitually violate that just canon of criticism, which prescribes that the more subtle and obscure form of language should be preferred to the more common and simple ; for the good reason that corruption is the more apt to creep in through that latter direction. It is more likely that a gloss, or an expletive, or a euphemism, should be brought forward by a fastidious reader, than that an obscurity, or a gap, or an uncouth error, should creep in through the fault of transcribers. This was true in the age of manuscripts. Much more in the age of types. If the principle is admitted to be generally valid, it is most especially applicable to the writings of a man, whose language took such daring sweeps of meaning ; with freedoms of phrase that were sometimes peculiar to himself, and that seemed strange to his very contemporaries. If his critics would bend again and again, and longer at a time, and with deeper earnestness of spirit, over the passages that seem the darkest or strangest, they would be less likely to wish to alter them. We would not say even of Shakespeare, what Mr. Carlyle and a great many more have said of Goethe, that if he was unintelligible it could only be because he was so profound, — though possibly they often missed him by sounding for him too deep ; but we do feel assured that the old words of our wonderful dramatist were too easily called in question or thrown aside, as if they had no depth or meaning at all. New and beautiful gleams of thought will often break out over the page, better than all that any ingenuity could light up. Shakespeare chooses what is coarse and rough and hard very often, but never what is feeble and commonplace. His faults are brave and distinctive, — or,

as Voltaire might choose to call them, of a "barbarian" kind. And therefore one is the more astonished, that persons who have really studied him with a persevering devotion, and might seem therefore to be in spirit with him, should bear even to see his noble ventures tamed down to such easy words as children might understand, and as if in order that children might understand them; and worst of all, that they should help in the degradation. Mr. Collier has a great deal to answer for on this charge. The study of his author for half a century does him small credit after this result. For of all the studious men who have exercised their skill here, — and some bright reputations have been considerably tarnished by their hapless attempts, — no one appears to us less perceptive of the latent peculiarity of the true Shakespearian touches than this very person, and the marginal guide in whom he confides so much. He does not scruple to put off upon us whole lines as Shakespeare's, which are at entire variance with the style of the poet and of his age, and which are sometimes absolutely farcical. The general effect of his interference is to enfeeble, and impoverish, and cut down to modern patterns. The opal loses its deep and playful iris when he takes hold of it, and the scent and the tint fade from the flower. He reminds us of that sort of dull meddlesomeness which began about fifty years ago to reduce the flaming lyrics of Watts, so as to adapt them to the demands of a frigid imagination and a timid theology.

A writer in Blackwood's Magazine has just completed a short series of papers on this subject with great vivacity, good nature and good sense. He entirely sets aside the pretensions of Mr. Collier's folio, and has some clever banter at that editor's expense; treating some of his offences with the severity they deserve. It might seem as if we ought to be thoroughly satisfied with him, when he says: "We believe that Mr. Collier's 'Shakespeare restitutus,' so far from being an acceptable present to the community, will be perceived to be such a book as very few readers would like to live in the same house with"; — and again: "To insert the new readings into the text, and to publish them as the genuine words of Shakespeare, is a proceeding which cannot be too solemnly denounced." He uses occasionally other expressions of more vehement resentment or contempt. We are certainly very thankful to such a writer for every thing that he has uttered of this kind. But we have to confess, notwithstanding, that our satisfaction with him is not complete. We are not inclined to give in, even to the extent which he allows, to the temerity of modern innovation. We do not agree with him in most of his concessions. He "ventures to suggest" sometimes a new reading of his own, which seems to us entirely uncalled

for. He speaks now and then of "difficulties" in the old text, where we cannot admit that there are any; and of "stumbling-blocks in the way of commentators," when the real obstacle, we should rather think, was from five to six feet above the path. He brings forward what he calls "one excellent emendation by Mr. Singer himself," who proposes to read "imp," instead of "jump," in those lines of Coriolanus:

"To *jump* a body with a dangerous physic
That's sure of death without it."

"No sense can be made of this," asserts the critic. Is not that too bad? "'Imp' is the word which ought to stand in the text." Is not that worse still? It is surprising that any discern-er of the power of language, or any sufferer from the apothecary's shop, should fail to perceive that Shakespeare has here chosen the very word, and the only word, that could fully make his meaning felt.

We should be glad to quote particular instances of what we have asserted; but have determined to resist as far as possible all such temptation. The critic brings forward passages as "evidently requiring amendment," which are perfectly well as they are, and are only affronted by being dressed out in guesswork. He extends the hand of welcome to others claiming admission as authentic, whom we should certainly show down the steps with no considerable ceremony. Towards others he is quite too civil, though he cannot let them in. The manuscript corrector, for example, reads "unthinking" for "in thinking," in those deep lines:

"As though *in thinking*, on no thought I think,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink";

and instead of being soundly cuffed for this barren and tautological impertinence, he is only told that "the old text is quite as good, and indeed rather better." Here is another instance of our dissent. He calls an "undoubted emendation" in Mr. Collier's folio, the change of "Aristotle's checks" into "Aristotle's ethics," in the "Taming of the Shrew," Act I. Scene I. He has "no hesitation in condemning *checks* as a misprint for *ethics*," and hopes that the latter will be "the universal reading from this time henceforward." Our literary instinct is quite the other way. It is true that Sir William Blackstone proposed the alteration a great while ago, and Mr. Singer has adopted it in his edition of 1826. But neither of these facts, nor the advocacy of the reviewer, which would have quite as much weight with us, can recommend to our favor this mere conjecture. And for these reasons. It is not needed; it violates the critical canon mentioned above; it would offer itself too easily to the thought of a mere scholar seeking after novelty; and, above all, it weak-

ens extremely the contrast intended to be set forth between Aristotle and Ovid, the severe philosopher and the poet of love.

On the whole, we are not yet willing to say that we have met with a single various reading, found only in the margin of the famous folio, which deserves to be transplanted at once within the border. We do not mean to say that there are not felicitous hits here and there. It would be strange indeed if, in a case like this, where the text, unlike that of Milton, is acknowledged to stand in considerable need of repair, such a large magazine of surmises should not contain some things curious and even valuable. It doubtless does contain such; though the list of them is remarkably small, compared with the multitude of assumptions that have to be rejected at once as puerile. Among this small collection of reputables we might be inclined to place the "*woolless gown*" in which Coriolanus stood for the consulship; and jolly Menenius's "*thirst complaint*." Not that we give in our adhesion to either of these two vaunted improvements. We mention them because they are perhaps as colorable as any; and the old reading appears to us the most likely to be the genuine one in both instances. In the first, Coriolanus, filled with irrepressible rage and scorn towards the Roman populace, whose "*most sweet voices*" he almost despises himself for being prevailed on to solicit, calls the poor suppliant robe, in which he was obliged to stand, "*wolvish*," because he felt like a wolf in it. The rhetoric of poetry and passion often makes transfers of this kind from the sentient being to inanimate things. If the expression is a little strong, it is better than "*woolless*," which is utterly tame. Yet Mr. Collier exclaims: "Can there be an instant's hesitation? It seems impossible that '*wolvish*' should ever hereafter find a single supporter." In the second example, the "*humorous patrician*" is alluding to his drinking propensities, and says that he is "*something imperfect in favoring the first complaint*." So all the editions read. But now comes up the too frequent charge of unintelligibleness. "No sense can be extracted from this," cries the Scotch reviewer, "by any process of distillation. The emendation '*thirst complaint*' ought, beyond a doubt, to be promoted into the text." We are of quite another opinion. The first complaint of the infant child is that of thirst; his first cry is for drink. Why might not the old gentleman be making a playful reference to this? We confess that it sounds to us rather Shakespearian. Similar criticisms—similar in their result, only much more satisfactory—might be made upon the rest of these boasted *emendations*, even the most specious of them. But such details would be here out of place. We were carried away for a while by the supposed improvement in the punctuation of the lines, that have been so much

talked about, containing the "Indian beauty"; and we were the more easily beguiled because it is conceded that great liberties may be lawfully taken with the pointing of the text; but a little sober reflection brought us back to the ancient path, as the most likely to be true.

And yet Mr. Collier has the confidence to say in his Introduction: "I have been anxious rather to underrate than to overstate the claims of this annotated copy of the folio, 1632. I ought not, however, to hesitate in avowing my conviction, that we are bound to admit by far the greater body of the substitutions it contains, as the restored language of Shakespeare." *Bound*, indeed! But Mr. Collier goes one step further in his idea of the obligation of the human race towards him and his discovery. In speaking of the "woollen bagpipe," which he insists should read "bollen bagpipe," — though we have seen too many musical instruments carried about in green baize to allow of our thinking Shakespeare's word wholly nonsensical, — he allows himself to say: "We may be confident that we shall never again see "woollen bagpipe" in any edition of the text of Shakespeare; unless it be reproduced by some one, who, having no right to use the emendation of *our* folio, 1632, adheres of necessity to the antiquated blunder." We are really at a loss how to understand the gentleman. Does he think that his thirty shillings and an accident have given him a right of property in the poet of mankind? *

A Record of the Boston Stage. By WILLIAM W. CLAPP, JR., Editor of the "Boston Evening Gazette." Boston and Cambridge. 1853. pp. 479. 12mo.

THE Stage is a great subject, and deserves more attention than it receives from literary and religious men. We think of its varied history, connected with world-history and with every true civilization that the earth has ever seen, and marking different modes of life and thought as it has come down through different nations and centuries. We find it reprobated by an austere piety, from the days of Tertullian at least to our own; but yet upheld and honored by the greatest and best citizens of the most refined states under heaven.

We think of the profession of an actor, how much it requires for its honorable fulfilment, and with what opposite feelings it has been regarded in different places and ages. It has been

* It is proper to say that the above article was in type before the October number of Blackwood came to hand.

liable on one hand to the reproach of dissolute manners, and has been peculiarly disgraced by the loose living of those who have entered it ; while on the other side it is not only associated with pure and noble names, but has natural affinities with the eloquence of the senate, the bar, the political meeting, and the sacred desk. We have known more than one performer, here in Boston, who thought of changing his profession for that of the Christian ministry ; and in England Mr. James Sheridan Knowles, eminently successful both as a dramatist and a player, has of late become a clergyman of the Baptist denomination, and we warrant him a devoted one. In old Greece the composer of the play, who was apt to be a senator or general, — one of the chiefs of the state, — was expected to bear a part in its representation. In Rome, on the other hand, such a violent contrast of opinion prevailed, that Decimus Laberius considered himself irremediably degraded, because he had to appear on the stage, though at the express command of Cæsar himself. And he was so degraded ; though he nobly bore himself under it, and took an author's revenge, in his own part of his own play, on the military dictator. There is a pleasant story told of him in this connection that is too good to be omitted. When the edict of Cæsar had restored him to his senatorial rank, and he went to take his usual seat among his peers, the senators widened their distances so that there was no convenient room for him left. " I would have made place for you by me," said Cicero blandly, " but that I was crowded myself." " That was strange for you," replied the insulted wit, " since you usually contrive to secure for yourself a double seat." We should be detained too long in pointing out all the causes that led to such a demeaning estimate of an actor's part among the people of the toga. But we may say this at least, — it was the Roman barbarity, and not its superior refinement, that occasioned such a divergency from the Grecian judgment and practice.

We think, further, of the vast amount of genius and learning that has been dedicated to the stage, and the invaluable stores of literary composition that have taken the dramatic form. They begin with Æschylus, the true father of tragedy, who fought at Marathon and Salamis and Plataea ; and Sophocles, his contemporary, though younger, who for his *Antigone* was rewarded with a military command, and who is said to have won a triumph over his judicial enemies by the reading of his *Œdipus Colonus*, which he had just composed at almost ninety years old. They then come on, gathering fresh treasures as they come, from all the languages spoken by the cultivated people of the West ; composing a large and precious part of the literatures of Spain and France and Germany and Great Britain ; taking in their

way the immeasurable Shakespeare, and Milton, Liberty's blind seer and rebel saint, till we come to the present Dean of St. Paul's, historian, poet, and divine, with his younger brothers on both sides of the sea.

Then we call to mind the prodigious influence which the acted drama still exerts on the tastes, thoughts, and manners of the community ; spreading good or bad influences according to its character and management. We are willing to acknowledge, for our own part, the instruction and improvement which it may be made the means of diffusing, and its indispensable importance to an intelligent public which must be entertained and ought to be entertained ; and in relation to which the only question is, whether it shall be furnished with intellectual amusement, sufficiently enlivened with addresses to the eye and the sensibilities, or whether it shall be left to seek its own diversion in frivolous pastimes, or stupid indulgences, or ruinous dissipations. We say that this is the question. And we confess the opinion also, that a well-regulated stage, separated as it may be and as it has been from the abuses that have so brought it into disrepute, is as likely as any thing else to meet the wants of the case, and to hit that happy medium which lies balanced between the weakness and the strength of our mixed humanity. There are some persons, to be sure, — men of the closet for the most part, — who think that theatrical representations partake a little of the nature of childishness, and carry the balancing point too far ; and even the better part of a whole community may be induced for a while, as fashion rules, or as wandering stars give the signal, to be content with a concert-room instead of the opera-house, and with readings and recitations instead of the magic of the scene. But the dull substitute and the dull-eyed mistake will not be of long continuance. Nature and art will come to their rights again. The world, even the modish one, will not for any considerable time endure it, that the voice alone should undertake to represent what was meant to be accompanied by motions and visions and passions. The ridiculousness will become too apparent of a dying hero singing out his last breath in the whitest kid gloves and a black cravat, and with a bow and a smile for the audience. The warblers of a few snatches from the thrilling masterpieces that they have forsaken, and the rehearsers of a few broken dialogues or even of a whole drama in the tones of a single throat, will have to betake themselves to their costumes and to the boards again. Events of recent occurrence, and a reactionary state of opinion now growing general, confirm this last remark.

Our general views on this subject may be expressed in these few propositions. Towns of a large population will amuse them-

selves with the acting of plays. It is good and expedient that they should be thus amused. The stage, built by this public demand and necessity, will be productive of great mischiefs, if it is not made to contribute some good service. In order that it should thus contribute, it ought to receive the encouragement and direction of the best citizens.

We have taken occasion from the book before us to offer these few reflections, as worth perhaps some pondering. Of the book itself we have little to say. If we had much, we should say it elsewhere. "*A Record of the Boston Stage*" would seem to many persons, especially to some of advanced years, an attractive subject. It promises to retouch some of the pictures of their youthful time, and recall some of the feelings of eager expectation that awaited the rising of the wizard curtain eight or ten lustres ago. Our oldest citizens can go back to the very origin of dramatic performances in the town; and some of the best talent in the old country gave a real splendor to the first years of their representation among us. Whatever may be thought of it, there was playing here, forty years ago and more, of a far higher stamp than any that has been witnessed since. Nature had not then given way before the tricks that have since won the ascendancy, with few exceptions, on the tragic stage, both sides of the Atlantic. Even the scholarly Macready, who has been set by acclamation at the top of his profession, was so far from being above stage artifices, that one of the most distinguished of our writers, who had taken considerable pains to see him represent Hamlet, gave it as his opinion, that the eminent gentleman was so endeared to his friends by his various accomplishments that they forgave his acting. The subject held out fair promise, therefore, of entertainment, if not of instruction. We do not say that this book is devoid of either. There is pleasant anecdote in it; and much allowance is to be made for defects, that are due to the newspaper form and transient objects of its first publication. But whoever takes it up with high hopes of any kind will be likely to be disappointed. It is the least copious in those earlier periods where its accounts would be of the most interest. It is written with too little regard to any serious or elevated purpose. It fixes its attention too keenly upon the pecuniary proceeds, in the minutest detail, of the actor's engagement or the manager's season. We do not expect or wish that such a work should preach; but we should have been glad if its eye had been a little wider to what concerned the public advantage or detriment. We must in honesty add also, that its prevailing style of composition, and its neglect sometimes of the rules and proprieties of our language, are not only not excused by the editorial chair, but seem more obnoxious to criticism on that very account.

Autobiographic Sketches. By THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Boston : Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1853. 16mo. pp. 383.

THIS is the first volume of a series of selections from his published and unpublished writings which Mr. De Quincey proposes to prepare for publication in England. Hitherto he has been somewhat careless of his literary fame ; and after his productions had been committed to the press, he seems to have given himself little trouble or thought in regard to them. Fresh veins of thought have always been open before him, and he has chosen to follow these rather than to exercise a parental care over his older works. Thus he tells us, in the Preface to the volume before us, that only about one third of the *Suspiria de Profundis* has been printed, and that the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater* have never been revised since their first publication. From this neglect of his literary offspring arises much of that fragmentary character which so largely marks his writings and renders it so difficult to take the exact gauge of his wonderfully capacious and fertile mind. In his Preface, indeed, he assures us that he has always intended to republish his miscellaneous writings in a collected form and carefully revised. But it seems nearly certain that he would have constantly postponed the execution of this design, if the labor of compilation, "absolutely insurmountable to himself," had not been taken off his hands by his American publishers. To them he acknowledges his great obligations, not only for the unexceptionable manner in which their selection from his writings has been edited and published, but also for making "him a sharer in the profits of the publication."

A part of the contents of the volume upon our table will be familiar to the readers of the American edition of Mr. De Quincey's writings, as composing the volume entitled *Life and Manners*. But there are several new chapters of especial interest, as bridging over interruptions in the former narrative of his singular and eventful life, and numerous illustrative notes to the chapters already published. The new matter, amounting to about one third of the whole, is written in the author's happiest manner, and relates to some of the most remarkable events in his youthful experience, or incidentally illustrates some topic of present interest. The Preface, in particular, is a finely written, though somewhat egotistical, introduction to the whole body of his essays, in which he gives us a general insight into his views and aims in writing for the public journals, and also offers some remarks on several of his own productions. The new chapter on his *First Introduction to the World of Strife*, is also a very striking paper, and affords one of the finest illustrations to be

found in any of his works of the remarkable control which he can exercise over the feelings and sympathies of his readers.

Sermons of Theism, Atheism, and the Popular Theology. By THEODORE PARKER, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society in Boston. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 417.

TEN more Discourses from Mr. Parker of themes the highest, the profoundest, and the most practical, with an Introduction, in which the state of the religious world in Christendom is briefly discussed, — ten more, and yet we are not sure that they add very much to the expositions of the author's sentiments which had before appeared. For in truth, Mr. Parker, with all his intellectual resources, and notwithstanding his iron diligence, cannot avoid the decree which dooms every one, lay or clerical, who must discuss the same subject once every week, to repeat himself. The only wonder is that we have not more repetition. The variety in sermons is an admirable illustration of the doctrine of permutations and combinations. We have read the volume through, every word of it. Whether from prejudice or from some better cause, we are still believers in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and in the *Infinite* God, as revealed by the Saviour, and we apprehend that Christianity will survive *Theism* as well as *Deism*. There is very much in Mr. Parker's writings and oral discourses that is very admirable, and very much that is not at all admirable, according to the best of our poor judgment. We love his manly pleas for Christian morality, his earnest advocacy of great Christian reforms. He seems to us to have all the earnestness, without the narrow bigotry or the domineering spirit, of the great leader of the Antislavery movement in New England. We are satisfied that he is indebted to his moral earnestness for a very wide and well-sustained popularity. We happen to know of some in our rural districts, who, knowing and caring nothing about his theological views, indeed being themselves firm supporters of the Popular Religion which he so hates, are yet deeply interested in him as a reformer. We have found not a little satisfaction, too, in his methods with Atheists, and with those who "say that there is no resurrection." He has summed up and presented with very moving eloquence the affirmations of cultivated, and, *we* must add, Christianized souls, upon the doctrine of God and of the world to come. We wish that every Atheist might read what he has so well said. He does not argue the matter, and there is no need that it should be

argued, inasmuch as feelings, aspirations, longings, intuitions, are as truly facts of our nature as those first principles from which all argumentation must start, and which themselves admit of no proof, but are and must be taken upon trust. Most of what Mr. Parker has written in this book upon the uses of suffering, is well written. It was hardly possible, of course, in such an argument, to be original. It was better to be true. On the whole, the *affirmations* of the discourses are admirable; they show forth a man of faith, — faith in God and goodness.

We do not love to turn to the other side. We have a fancy — perhaps we are all wrong in it — that Mr. Parker, sharp-tongued as he finds it necessary to be in his dealings with others, is a little sensitive himself, we know that some of his friends are, and are ready to stigmatize as slander what is really only a right naming of things. If our memory does not sorely deceive us, it was once reckoned abusive to call our author a Deist; but is not the difference between Theist and Deist only the difference between a Greek and Latin name for the same entity? Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is disposed to flout consistency, and yet he always seemed to us singularly consistent, when, after having abandoned the mastership and mediation of Jesus, that is, after having ceased to believe that Jesus was the *Christ*, he declined the name Christian as unmeaning, or worse. We must frankly say, that our author, with all his gifts and merits, is not an agreeable writer, as we judge. Our difficulty with him is not only that he cannot accept Christ as the Son of God and Lord of Glory; — if he cannot, there is nothing for him but to say so, if he must say any thing; — what disturbs us most is a want of intellectual humility, which continually amazes us in a man of Mr. Parker's unquestionable ability. We could not help saying to ourselves, as we laid down this volume, "Well, we have here a complete account of the universe by one who knows almost as much about it as God himself. There are indeed some little matters touching the mystery of evil which he cannot quite explain, but only give him time and he will manage these too; at any rate, he is sure that it will all come out right somehow, that there is no Devil, — that there are no devils." We must say that our author seems to us sometimes very superficial in his treatment of this awful mystery of human life. We are getting on, he says, and ought to be content. We are not Bushmen any longer. But for us, this is a question to which we can give no answer whatever, — why a perfect God, working with perfect materials, for a perfect end and with a perfect motive, should ever create a Bushman at all. What need of beginning so very near the beginning? If I mean to make whole vessels in the end, must I begin with making vessels jagged and fragmentary, and so work up to the

mark? God's world is *not* easily understood, after all our discoursing, and we are inclined to the opinion that Christ understood it quite as well as we do, possibly better.

And again, we have been not a little startled by the calmness with which Mr. Parker treats the wide-spread belief of the human race in miraculous interpositions as utterly groundless. Whether the Christian world has been right or wrong in the persuasion, it is none the less true that it has believed in the inspiration and authority of Christ, as Mr. Parker does not at all believe in them, and it has thriven wonderfully too upon a monstrous delusion, in which it would seem the Saviour must have shared. In fact, the religious world, heathen and Christian, has lived upon a great lie, a great untruth at all events. What we have called revelation is in fact only mythology, and all mythology is about to be given up, — it belongs to the childhood of the world. Henceforth we are to live by the soul's intuitions. Mr. Parker is not content with saying that Christianity has exhausted itself, and that the time is at hand for a new revelation and a new church. He is radical to the extent of scouting all miraculous revelation whatsoever, the very idea of mediation between God and man through a being at once divine and human, God manifested in the flesh. This he is sure is superstitious, incredible, childish. It requires some boldness to propose a new interpretation of Christianity after the manner of Luther and Calvin. To pass from one form of revelation to another supposes a large measure of confidence; but when it comes to an entire abandonment of the whole doctrine of revelation, the sceptic might well be pardoned though he should manifest a little humility of utterance, a slight quivering of the nerves, and a degree of hesitancy. We know how common it is to stigmatize intellectual manliness as pride, nevertheless we are satisfied that Mr. Parker may gain much in the matter of humility without losing the least portion of his freedom.

We are not disposed to criticize severely the rhetoric of one who is accustomed to address a large popular audience. In such circumstances, diffuseness is a positive merit. Nevertheless, discourses which are thus expanded should be compressed so far as may be before they are offered to the reader. And whilst they are submitted to this process, an excellent opportunity would be afforded for correcting expressions, the taste of which is questionable or unquestionably bad, and for dismounting from the stilts upon which the admired declaimer is too likely to climb. Had Mr. Parker thought twice, we are satisfied that he would not have associated "hunker," the slang word of a low political press, with the awful name of the Supreme, — he would not have reminded us *usque ad nauseam* that we are "insured at

the office of the Infinite God," or have told us that "no timid monkey is ever alarmed at the 'spread of infidelity.'" Had Mr. Parker thought twice, we are persuaded that he would not have reminded his audience that "there are few men who hope so much," and that he would "not fear to stand in a minority of one, against the whole population of this whole globe of lands." Luther in a moment of excitement was ready to meet all the tiles on the roofs of Worms diabolized; but *he* had a few supporters, princes too amongst them. Why not spare sincere, if feeble-minded Christians, the ridicule of Christian ordinances contained in such sentences as these, — "the sacrament of baptism, to sprinkle a little water on the face of a baby, and of the Christian communion, to give some men a morsel of bread to eat and a drop of wine to drink in the meeting-house," — as well as call upon us "to drop a tear on the grave of Voltaire"? Poor fellow! what a hard time he had of it!

We have entered into no argument with the author of this book, because so far as he feels bound to oppose Christianity he deals rather in assertions than in arguments, and tells us mainly what he cannot, for his part, believe. He is but one man, though an able one, and all wisdom will not die with him. If he will write a book, the aim of which shall be to show that what he calls the Popular Religion is so far the religion of Jesus as to make him in any way answerable for it, we will engage to read it with great care, even though the rhetoric should be worse than that of the present "Sermons of Theism."

Hymns for the Church of Christ. Edited by REV. F. H. HEDGE, D. D., and REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1853.

It might appear, at first thought, that there were hymn-books already in existence in such numbers, and of such qualities, as to render any further supply superfluous. But there are so many tastes to be suited, that many persons not satisfied with our previous collections, and impressed with the manifold value and importance of the hymn-book in our public worship, hailed with joy the announcement, and awaited with eagerness the appearance, of a new compilation, to be made by persons so well qualified for their office as the associated editors of the present work were supposed to be. There were peculiar advantages in the mutual checks and stimulants of an editorial partnership, in a labor of this kind, which gave rise to increased expectations. We will briefly specify the characteristics most worthy of notice in the

result, — now placed before us by the publishers in a volume of convenient proportions, printed with the clearest type, and on the best paper.

The general arrangement of subjects, by the grouping of the hymns under appropriate heads, seems to us more felicitous and thorough than any we have seen before. A comprehensive outline of the living themes belonging to the Sanctuary is given, which includes a subdivision of topics containing, and making it easy to find at once, hymns of the particular tenor of thought and style of sentiment suited to the special subject of meditation and to the mood of the hour. Though not wholly peculiar to this collection, it is yet a distinct merit in it, that its lyrics comprise so large a number and so extensive a variety. There are in it eight hundred and seventy-two separate utterances, nearly all of which are adapted for singing in public worship, only a few being exclusively designed for devotional reading in private. So copious a supply may afford many qualities, and will not easily be exhausted or become trite from too frequent repetition.

Another excellence of no small value in this compilation is the condensation and brevity which prevailingly mark its specimens. There is very little wearisomeness of tautology, or feebleness of prolongation in it. The hymns are usually of that judicious shortness which will spare the minister the disagreeable necessity, often imposed on him now, of requesting the omission of one or more stanzas by the choir. We are glad, too, to find that, in this book of Hymns for the Church of Christ, there are, as of right there should be, within due limits, distinct recognitions and celebrations of the humane spirit, the Christian reforms, of the age. These features of our time, around which gathers so much of the noblest interests of believing souls, are described and advocated with cheerful and direct heartiness, yet without one word or tone which can be considered immoderate or offensive.

The poetic character of the productions brought together in this volume likewise deserves decided commendation. Viewed merely as sacred poems, they are, for the most part, of a very high order of merit. There are comparatively few which do not constitute interesting reading from their intrinsic worth of substance, beauty of ornament, and smoothness of rhythm. Especially attractive and remarkable is the powerful, tranquil current of gentle, loving sympathies flowing throughout the book. A rare tenderness presided over this work and almost everywhere breathes through it. These pages must become dear to many stricken, fainting hearts, on account of the soothing, hallowed balm and effluence of gentle feelings with which they are filled.

There is in an unusual degree a spirit of life in most of these hymns, an air of reality about them, marks of sincerity on them, which give them power to enlist the interest of the reader or hearer, and to touch and quicken in him emotions akin to those they so truly embody and so forcibly express. Free, with some exceptions, from all merely mechanical formulas and artifices, all merely traditional appeals, all cold and hollow task-work, they are full of the fervid sincerity of experience and desire. In their selection, the test for acceptance appears to have been the presence of a truthful earnestness. They are therefore calculated to seize and move those who will fairly expose the mind and the sensibility to their legitimate influences.

But far more than for any thing else, we would praise this book for the profound and ardent piety pervading it, the lofty standard of experimental religion it holds up. It is not a collection of specimens of ritual and perfunctory services. It speaks of sighs and throbs and tears. It freely employs the figures consecrated by the usage of all the saints ; and when bending over some of its pages, we seem to feel the mystic touch of ancient devotion burning on our hearts, and to hear those strains of faith and love, penance and prayer, which used to steal from cloistered aisles, through matin and vesper shades, and swell and fade towards heaven in the unearthly music of a piety that was vision and embrace. Here, fitly set forth, are the penitent humiliations, the tremulous struggles, the supplicatory breathings, the exultant trusts, of the awakened soul of man made conscious of its varying relations to the Holy Spirit of God. The experimental offices of the Saviour in the religious life of the disciple are warmly and fully celebrated here, and we cannot hesitate in saying, that there is better provision for the culture of a fervent devotional love in this, than in any other similar work known to us. Who can ponder such a hymn as the following, without being deeply touched, ay, without being made better by it ? It is entitled "The Father's Hand," and may be taken as a just index to the ruling spirit of the compilation : —

" When my life-bark, richly freighted,
In the light of morning lay,
Came my Father's hand so gently,
And its treasures bore away.

" Beggared by the sore affliction,
Eagerly my heart pursued,
As, 'mid clouds his face concealing,
The receding hand I viewed.

" Wings of faith its flight supporting,
Lo ! it cleaves the upper sky ;
There my heart its treasure greeting,
Both within his hand shall lie."

The absence from this collection of several of our choicest hymns troubles us a little. But this, perhaps, is no fault. It is a matter of individual partiality; and if each one's favorite associations were consulted, fifty volumes, instead of one, would be requisite to hold the claimants. There are, furthermore, a dozen or more hymns here which seem to us in bad taste, wretched in rhythm, and much marred by a disagreeable and false theology. This latter blemish, however, may be overlooked by accounting it to the catholic spirit of the collection. It is not an aim of devotional lyrics to teach sectarian dogmas, nor an obligation on them to observe literally and metaphysically exact terms. It may be a weak narrowness and a sinful bigotry to be very scrupulous and stiff on such points. Better give a generous welcome to all the helps afforded by the influence of powerful figures and historic associations through the imagination and the heart to kindle and feed religious affection. We therefore esteem it an emphatic virtue in this book, and an honor to its editors, that within it, for purposes of communion, worship, and moral invigoration, they have gathered and presented in practical harmony so diversified and comprehensive an array of the expressive appeals and incitements of the divine life in the soul, — a grand sweep of the Catholic spirit of Christian charity and aspiration, whose specimen sentiments and phrases reach from the Calvinistic severity of Mrs. Browning and the Romanist unction of the *Lyra Catholica*, on the one extreme, to the stoical ethics of Waldo Emerson and the beautiful naturalism of W. J. Fox, on the other. There is not a single stanza in the collection, which, so far as theological terms are concerned, ought to be an occasion for the slightest stumbling to any devout and charitable Unitarian. In allowing this, however, we would not conceal from ourselves the fact, that phrases and doctrinal allusions and implications of sentiment which necessarily involve false opinions, are not to be protected by any mantle of liberality; for when fixed in the memory by associations with devotion, they often exert a pernicious influence. Of course, whoever finds such in the book before us must pass them by.

Upon our first examination of this work, we felt disappointed. Among the various reasons for this, one probably was, that the expectations aroused by the announced names of the editors were unreasonably high. But in proportion as we have grown more adequately familiar with it, suppressing merely dry and cold critical regards, and giving up a warm, humble, desiring heart to the proper spirit and meanings of its utterance, our objections to it have dwindled away, and our favor for it has increased. Its sterling qualities — the soberness and strength, correctness and

beauty, breadth of moral thoughtfulness and glow of tender piety, which, for the greatest part, characterize its contents — are such as will keep it improving with acquaintance, and make it wear well. Upon the whole, our own opinion is, that the work has been done excellently, and that this is indeed by much the best book of hymns yet published. Perhaps on no literary question is there so great room and provocation for the play of mental and æsthetic idiosyncrasies as in the judgment different persons will pass on a collection of hymns. We are well aware that some will form an estimate of the present work widely opposed to ours; but, frankly admitting that a great deal of severe criticism and detraction may be honestly and plausibly urged against it, our own candid and deliberate verdict is as we have written. The examination of the work has nourished and strengthened in us those feelings and purposes which more than all else we covet. We believe that when used in a congregation it will be felt and not criticized. We subjoin an original and striking hymn contributed by one of the editors. To us it appears a model alike of religious sentiment and of poetic beauty, equally true to a profound piety and agreeable to a warm imagination. The expression, we suppose, was suggested by the image in Jeremiah: "The word of the Lord is a hammer." The experience is that which oppresses sometimes the affectionate, yearning soul, crowded with belief and love, but feeling distant and neglected, and impelling it to cry, "Deal with me, O God! Bruise me, scourge me; any thing, only not neglect and leave me. Rather than not feel thy loved spirit and hand, let them pierce me with griefs and smite me with blows. So shall I be chastened for thy pure visits, and be wrought to the form of thy will."

"Beneath thine hammer, Lord, I lie,
With contrite spirit prone:
O, mould me till to self I die,
And live to thee alone!

"With frequent disappointments sore,
And many a bitter pain,
Thou laborest at my being's core
Till I be formed again.

"Smite, Lord! thine hammer's needful wound
My baffled hopes confess;
Thine anvil is the sense profound
Of mine own nothingness.

"Smite, till, from all its idols free,
And filled with love divine,
My heart shall know no good but thee,
And have no will but thine."

An Address in Commemoration of the Two Hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Lancaster, Massachusetts. By JOSEPH WILLARD. With an Appendix. Boston: Printed by John Wilson & Son, 22 School Street. 1853. 8vo. pp. 230.

It is fortunate for our country that a commemorative spirit has pervaded it so early. The clouds of error and fable will be dispelled from its origin and primitive annals, and its entire growth, and the full benefit of its example, will be brought to view. Scarcely two centuries have elapsed since the settlement of the American colonies, and our literature is already preëminently rich in its historical department. In what is commonly regarded as the higher walk of history, embracing a wide sphere and developing great events and comprehensive movements, many works have appeared commanding universal approval.

But narratives of the rise and progress of nations and governments can only reach the highest order of merit, by resulting from a minute, exact, and thorough survey of materials in detail, which themselves cannot find room in any general history, and must be provided by numerous other hands. The sources of a philosophical review and comprehensive exhibition of events and stages of national progress or decline are to be found in local annals and anecdotes of men and things, scattered in special memoirs and separate publications of various kinds. These must be derived from writings of a limited and unpretending character, drawing their interest and value from the minuteness of their details, which, in fact, are interesting and valuable just in proportion as they descend to particulars, conduct us into the recesses of society, and reveal to view the veritable form and shape of things, the idiom, fashion, personal manners, costume, and all most familiar habitudes of ordinary every-day experience in common life. It is from such writings that the genius of history is to gather its inspiration. It is such writings that give the real impress of the times, and disclose the secret and preliminary workings, in the interior of society and the heart of the people, of motives, tendencies, principles, and passions, which finally consummate their action in the career of heroes, statesmen, and sages, in the revolutions of dynasties, and in the power and glory of nations.

The commemorative age having fairly begun among us, the fountains of such local, personal, and minute histories are everywhere opened. Narratives of the origin and humble annals of villages and towns, sketches of early manners and customs, memoirs of the olden time full of local traditions and piquant personal anecdotes, are pouring forth from all quarters. The entire past of our country, over its whole surface, is thus rising to view and

returning to life before us. The lessons of their own immediate and peculiar history, with the inspiring influence that proceeds from them, are hereby secured to our people, and everywhere brought to bear upon their genius and character. The preparation is getting to be complete. The field is ripening for the harvest, and will soon be ready to be reaped by the great historian.

Considerations like these lead us to appreciate the importance of such occasions as that commemorated in the work before us, and the value of the publications to which they give rise.

Although the Address of Mr. Willard nominally belongs to the department of primary and local history just described, and has all the interest peculiar and appropriate to its class, it also possesses the value, and often rises to the dignity, of the most comprehensive and philosophical works. We would instance the view presented of the rise of Nonconformity, in separation from the church establishment of the mother country, and of Puritanism within its bosom, of the gradual working of those principles until they convulsed the fabric of the Old World, and infused their indestructible elements and irresistible energies into the ever-expansive and progressive body and soul of society in the New World. We would also instance his clear and discriminating exhibition of the wisdom and necessity of the rigid, unbending, unflinching state policy of the Massachusetts colonial leaders, preserving the integrity of their administration from internal or external encroachment, from antagonistic elements within, and the interference of the government of the mother country without.

The treatment of these topics by Mr. Willard is masterly, and places him on a level with the highest order of historians. The purity, simplicity, strength, and elegance of the style of the Address give to it a classical character. We confidently commend it as a model production of its class, in both manner and matter. The portraits of the several clergymen of Lancaster are among the most valuable portions of the work. Those persons who had the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with the late reverend and excellent Dr. Thayer, for instance, cannot fail to be struck with the extraordinary skill with which his fine character is portrayed. It is as honorable to the discernment of the truthful artist, as it is to the virtues and graces of the subject.

We cannot refrain from expressing our high satisfaction at the manner in which the old town of Lancaster met the occasion, of which the volume before us — itself, by the way, a most beautiful specimen of Boston typography — is the record.

Discussions on Philosophy and Literature, Education and University Reform. Chiefly from the Edinburgh Review, corrected, vindicated, enlarged, in Notes and Appendices. By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, Bart. With an Introductory Essay. By ROBERT TURNBULL, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 8vo. pp. 764.

THESE Essays of the most acute and the most distinguished metaphysical philosopher of the age, have been gathered together by himself from the pages in which most of them originally appeared. In general they deal with abstruse and difficult themes, though the themes themselves relate to matters nearest to us in their materials and interest. Like all other modern philosophers, Sir W. Hamilton finds a chief part of his task to lie in the work of criticizing the speculations and the conclusions of his predecessors. He is an admirable and a lucid critic, and the trial processes which he institutes must be acknowledged to be those of a peer. We do not feel competent to judge him, nor to pronounce an opinion upon his merits as an original thinker and theorist. The quality which we think of most account in a philosopher is that of intelligibleness in the expression of his thoughts. As we have read the productions of our author's pen in the *Edinburgh*, we have found him for the most part a lucid writer, and have been willing to account what has occasionally looked like obscurity to his profundity and to our own obtuseness. At any rate, we have understood him better than we understand a portion of the critique upon him in the "Prospective Review" for August. But there are Essays in the volume before us which task only the careful attention of the mind without perplexing it with abstruse processes. These are of a high and a most instructive character. Scotch common sense, experimental wisdom, and clear-headed sagacity are their marked characteristics. There is no single volume, treating the same subjects, which can compare in value with this.

Isaac T. Hopper: a True Life. By L. MARIA CHILD. Boston: J. P. Jewett & Co. 1853. 12mo. pp. 493.

THE distinguished authoress might have added many other epithets on her title-page to characterize the *Life* which she has portrayed. It certainly was a *unique*, and a blameless, and a most useful life, which is here so delightfully delineated. It would have been hard to have prophesied, in view of the pranks

of the young rogue whose mischievous doings are related in the early pages of this volume, that they were to open the career of one of the most devoted of philanthropists. Friend Hopper had a genius for serving his fellow-men in one particular way ; — a sort of monomania of benevolence. The cases here given in which his sympathy and service were enlisted in behalf of colored people, present all possible varieties in their details ; but as they were all brought into one category as involving outrages upon humanity, so they all found the shrewd Quaker ready to meet them with the aid of the one great law of love. Occasionally a reader is reminded of the proverbial slyness which is attributed to Friends, and thinks that he may be called upon to wink at some slight trespass upon the simplicity and directness of integrity. But there is nothing of the sort. Friend Hopper is always careful to leave a fair, unstained margin all round his transactions. The book is a treasure in its way, because alike of its subject-matter and its incidental topics.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan. By THOMAS MOORE. New York : Redfield. 1853. Two Volumes. 12mo. pp. 307, 335.

WHILE Moore is himself passing before the literary world through criticisms and judgments called forth upon him by the publication of his Letters and Diary, Mr. Redfield has seized the opportunity to give us an American edition of the poet's Life of Sheridan. This will always be one of the stock biographies. The eccentric and erratic genius with whom it deals in a spirit quickened by some congeniality of nature, has secured for himself a place among "the immortals on the earth." Since the first publication of these Memoirs, their fidelity to truth has in a few points been impugned, and even up to this day, as a reader of that slashing article on Moore in the "Quarterly" will perceive, protests are entered against it. Nevertheless, to those who have learned how to read biographies, through some understanding of the processes by which they are manufactured, Moore's Life of Sheridan will not lose its value as a racy delineation of a great wit and a great sinner. Those who read it for the first time will have in our recent literature many collateral illustrations of the times and the characters referred to in it.

Principles of Geology : or, The Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants, considered as illustrative of Geology. By SIR CHARLES LYELL, M.A., F.R.S. New and entirely revised Edition. Illustrated with Maps, Plates, and Wood-cuts. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1853. 8vo. pp. 834.

THIS volume supersedes and renders valueless the three volumes of a former edition of the same work which now rest upon our shelves. We certainly can find no fault with the author because, in treating of a demonstrative and a progressive science, he himself thus annuls or modifies some of the opinions which he had before announced. On the contrary, we are pleased to have this evidence supplied to us by a highly distinguished votary of the science of Geology, that there has been a boastfulness of assurance concerning its facts and deductions which circumstances have greatly abated. Our own interest in the perusal of works on this science has from the first been largely qualified by the oracular and presuming confidence which very many of the writers and the lecturers upon it have allowed themselves in their assertions, their generalizations, and their inferences. Sir Charles Lyell, with all his high and undeniable talents and attainments, has not been the least of the offenders on this score. After saying this, we must thank him for that careful and elaborate revision of his views and statements which he has given to the world in the ponderous English volume whose contents are here reprinted by the Messrs. Appleton. The distinguished author has for many years been an indefatigable student of his favorite theme. He has never trusted to report where he could exercise his own acute powers of observation. His constancy in research and his painstaking toil have resulted in making him a master in the science of Geology. His travels have enabled him to relieve the dryness of his pages by some fresh and incidental allusions to incidents of personal experience. He is himself so widely known that his book needs no indorsement.

Lectures to Young Men. By WILLIAM G. ELIOT, JR., Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, St. Louis. Boston : Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 1854 [?]. 16mo. pp. 190.

THIS little volume, filled with the fruits of practical experience gained in a devoted engagement in the labors of the Christian ministry, is a fitting companion to that, which we reviewed in our last number, which contained "Lectures to Young Women," by the same author. The subjects of the Lectures are, "An Appeal : Self-Education : Leisure Time : Transgression : The

Ways of Wisdom : Religion." Though these titles afford in reality no index to the character of the volume, they are such simple but comprehensive words that they will define the themes which the author thought of most vital importance as bearing upon the interests of young men. There is no ambitious writing in the volume, no straining after originality, which is so apt to result in mere conceit, but a solid, earnest, discreet, and kindly wisdom, now uttering itself in a plain statement of one of the commonplaces of truth, now breathing the tenderness of a most affectionate heart. It is a book to be given to young men who go abroad or to those who stay at home, as it is concerned with perils and duties which do not depend upon climate or latitude, but which are involved with human life under all circumstances.

A Selection from the Correspondence of the late THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LL.D. Edited by his Son-in-law, the REV. WILLIAM HANNA, LL.D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. 12mo. pp. 504.

THIS is a most appropriate and acceptable companion volume to the four which have already appeared, containing the Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers. A glance at the table of contents will show, by the variety of the names and the titles of the men and women to whom the letters of this honored divine are addressed, how large was the circle embraced by his heart or reached by his influence. The editor gives us no intimation of the principle on which he made his "Selection," and we conclude that it depended, in some measure at least, upon the facilities which he may have enjoyed through the courtesy extended towards him by those who happened to have in their possession more or less valuable materials from which he might choose. The Rev. Sydney Smith felt it to be his duty to destroy every letter that was sent to him. We rejoice that some consciences have not felt that obligation, for though the preservation and publication of such documents occasionally tends to mischief and involves a wrong, these are but exceptional cases, while some of the most precious volumes owe their charm and value to such contents. The volume before us will be heartily welcomed, and we should have been glad of its aid when we were reviewing the career of Dr. Chalmers in a recent number of this journal.

The Homes of the New World ; Impressions of America. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1853. Two volumes. 12mo. pp. 651, 652.

It has come to be a well-understood, if not an admitted fact, that the reports which travellers make of the regions which they visit depend chiefly upon the reception which they have met there. Miss Bremer came to this country hardly in the character of a stranger, and many hearts were at once opened to her. It is also evident from her pages, that many persons who entertained her made it a matter of conscience to caution her against some of the errors and misjudgments into which foreigners who had preceded her had been in most cases misled. We do not mean to imply that such cautions forestalled the exercise of her own faculties of observation and inquiry. On the contrary, Miss Bremer was at least as inquisitive as was Miss Martineau, and on every occasion showed a desire to be just and impartial. Whether any of her friends here will be annoyed at her personalities, or even at the misspelling of their names, depends somewhat upon the impression which she herself made upon their minds. The extracts from her lively pages which are going the rounds of the newspapers, are fair specimens of the gossiping and good-natured, though sometimes oracular, style of her remarks. A very large class of readers will find novelty, or amusement, or profitable suggestions on nearly every one of her pages.

he British Poets. — *The Poetical Works of* OLIVER GOLD-SMITH. Edited, with a Life, by REV. JOHN MITFORD. 16mo. pp. cxi. and 176. — *The Poetical Works of* ALEXANDER POPE, with a Life, by REV. ALEXANDER DYCE. Three volumes. 16mo. pp. clxiii. and 168, 311, 363. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1853.

WE have here four more of the series of exquisite volumes, beautifully and accurately printed, which the publishers have promised to issue as rapidly as their many undertakings will admit. All persons, whose standard of home comfort embraces more than one single book-shelf, must have "The British Poets" in some form, and they may be sure that they will never be able to procure them in a more convenient and economical form than that which these volumes wear. The lapse of years will but deepen and extend the pleasurable and improving influences from this department of our literature. Even when the memory has been stored during the season of its tenacity in youth with what

are then regarded as the gems of poetry, maturer years find a most delightful resource in reading them again on the fair page, and in searching for new gems in the old mines which may have been passed unheeded. If a hundred thousand copies of this edition of the poets could within the year be circulated through our towns and villages, there would doubtless be at least one member in each of that number of households who would hail them with a warm welcome, and would find their lives purified and elevated in the study of them.

The Hive and the Honey-Bee; a Bee-Keeper's Manual. By Rev. L. L. LANGSTROTH. 12mo. pp. 384. Northampton: Hopkins, Bridgman, & Co. 1853.

THIS treatise is of equal scientific and practical value and interest. It details all that is known of the natural history of the bee, including a multitude of the most wonderful facts. And it describes the practical processes of bee-keeping in the clearest manner, including an account of a newly invented hive, far surpassing any hitherto known in the great advantages it combines. We can strongly recommend the work to all who are in any way interested in the subject it treats.

Clouds and Sunshine. By the Author of "Musings of an Invalid," &c. 12mo. pp. 258. New York: John S. Taylor. 1853.

THIS volume contains, in a series of six conversations by three interlocutors, a somewhat thorough examination of the modern doctrines and boasts of human progress. It is vigorously conceived and written. The author reveals the possession of no small share of learning, wit, and intellect. This present essay, though acceptable, very readable, and in some respects useful, does yet produce in our minds no other impression so strong as that of a desire to see him devoting his evident gifts and accomplishments to some more substantial and ambitious work.

INTELLIGENCE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

"God with Men: or Footprints of Providential Leaders," is the felicitous title of a book on Scriptural themes, by the REV. SAMUEL OSGOOD, just published by Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. We regret that we are compelled to defer a more extended notice of this volume to our next Number. In the mean while, we would commend it to our readers, because of the ability, the richness of thought, and the fidelity to the principles of devout faith and to the uses of edification with which it treats subjects and characters of unexhausted instruction.

The Messrs. Harper have issued a new volume, by MR. RICHARD HILDRETH, the historian, entitled "Theory of Politics: an Inquiry into the Foundations of Governments, and the Causes and Progress of Political Revolutions." The whole mental organization and the recent researches of the author qualify him to treat this great theme with ability, and entitle him to a candid hearing, while the strength and the cast of some of his views will occasionally call forth the dissent of a reader of some other way of thinking. The "Theory" of the author is for the most part an elucidation of the historical and experimental causes of the course of events which has matured and resulted in the principles of government now admitted by free and progressive minds.

From the same firm we have a volume entitled "Men and Things as I saw them in Europe," by KIRWAN, the pseudonyme of a polemic divine of the Orthodox fold, who, after having followed up a Roman Catholic Archbishop with his caustic pen at home, has returned from a visit to Europe to give us some pungent and stinging remarks upon the priestly oppressions and superstitions which prevail in the Old World. The book is designed to serve the interests of civil and religious liberty; and it will do this in a way of its own, though not, as we think, in all respects the best way.

"A Manual of Greek Literature, from the earliest authentic Periods to the Close of the Byzantine Era," by DR. ANTHON, published by the same firm, is another of the convenient compends by which the author has sought to facilitate the study of the classics and to open a smooth and pleasant way to pupils.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. have issued, in two handsome volumes, the Second Part of a "History of Liberty," by SAMUEL ELIOT. This is a continuation of the design of the author, which has been already introduced to our readers in a review of the first work on this theme from the same pen. "The Early Christians," is the general title given to this continuation. The cursory examination which is all that we have as yet made of the work, leads us to expect much instruction from the thorough scholarship and the earnest spirit which have produced it.

We have in preparation for our next Number a review of the long expected Life of Dr. Judson, by PRESIDENT WAYLAND, which has just been published by Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co. We have reason to believe that these two volumes will receive the tribute of a very wide circulation, and of a most hearty appreciation.

Though we generally keep at a wide distance from us all the books

which profess to contain comments on the Song of Solomon, we mean to attempt the perusal of a good-sized volume on that subject by the REV. PROFESSOR BURROWES, of Lafayette College, just published by William S. Martien, of Philadelphia. If we find ourselves rewarded for our pains, we shall so inform our readers. In the mean while, we acquaint them that such a book is within their reach.

"Uncle Sam's Palace, or the Reigning King, by EMMA WELLMONT," is the title of an elegantly printed volume, published by B. B. Mussey & Co. It contains a pleasantly written and very interesting story designed to serve the cause of temperance, and to uphold the "Maine Liquor Law." We assure our readers that, so far from being indebted to the romance of the past for any of its interest, it is fresh with all the actual life and agitations of the present day. Even the "spiritual rappings" and "table-tippings" are most ingeniously turned to a good use in its pages. We might specify some little imperfections in the story, but our approbation of its design, and of the way chosen to execute it, leads us rather to commend than to criticize.

Messrs. Leavitt & Allen, of New York, have published a new work from that popular and able commentator of Scripture, the REV. DR. BARNES, entitled "Notes, Critical, Illustrative, and Practical, on the Book of Daniel, with an Introductory Dissertation." Independently of the merely textual criticisms of this distinguished divine, we always find wisdom and edification in his incidental remarks and suggestions.

Had our limits permitted we should have been glad to have given to our readers an account of a most interesting volume, reprinted by Redfield, under the title of "Lorenzo Benoni, or Passages in the Life of an Italian. Edited by a Friend." Under the disguise of fictitious names, we have in the book some admirable sketches of personal experience, illustrating life in the private home, in the places of education, and in the more public scenes of agitation and strife, in a land which will be threatened with revolutions until it is thoroughly revolutionized. The book will engage the closest attention and the warmest interest of the reader.

"The Mud Cabin, or the Character and Tendency of British Institutions, as illustrated in their Effect upon Human Character and Destiny, by WARREN ISHAM," (New York, D. Appleton & Co.,) will convey through its expressive and significant title no unfair idea of the nature of its contents. The first part of the title is suggestive of Ireland. But though her "Woes" are not neglected, it is of the sufferings and wrongs existing in England that the author treats most at length. We have no reason to question, but, on the contrary, we have many reasons for believing in his accuracy and fidelity, in the dark pictures which he has sketched from real life.

Messrs. Gould & Lincoln have republished a new volume by JAMES G. MIALl, entitled "Memorials of Early Christianity." In his former work, "Footsteps of our Forefathers," the author treated of the men and the times which effected the enfranchisement of mind and body from the yoke of the Roman and the British prelacies. In this, he sketches some earlier characters and scenes on the pages of Christian history. The materials from which he has drawn are, of course, our common ecclesiastical histories. But having a specific purpose in view, he has treated his themes with a distinct reference to the power and influence of deep religious conviction on those whom it moves.

"The Story of Mont Blanc, by ALBERT SMITH," (New York, G. P. Putnam & Co.,) is a treasure-book for readers, young and old. All that can be profitably said of the hoary-headed monarch of mountains, to illustrate its scenery and physiology, to record the history of various ascents of it, and to connect with it fitting sentiments, may be found in these rich pages. Some fine illustrations, likewise, present its terrors effectively to the eye.

"Lectures on the Formation of Character, Temptations, and Mission of Young Men," (Boston, John P. Jewett & Co.,) is the title of an excellent book by the REV. RUFUS W. CLARK, whose merits as an author we have had occasion to commend in these pages. If those for whom the book is designed will read and regard its wise and kind lessons, Mr. Clark will find an abundant reward in the assurance that it must work a precious influence.

MR. CHARLES D. CLEVELAND has edited a very convenient edition of the Poetical Works of Milton, with a Life, Dissertations, Notes, and Indexes, suited to the use of Schools, Families, and the Private Reader. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo, & Co. When we say that a verbal index fills one hundred and fifty out of less than seven hundred pages which make up the volume, we give some idea of the care and pains which have been used to furnish all the helps for the enjoyment of the matter embraced in the text.

"The Mysterious Parchment; or, the Satanic License. Dedicated to Maine Law Progress. By REV. JOEL WAKEMAN," (Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.,) is another offering in the sacred cause of temperance. *The Satanic Parchment* is, as may be inferred, an old parchment document, smoked in sulphur, and inscribed in carmine ink with a license to sell rum.

"A Guide to English Composition; or, One Hundred and Twenty Subjects analyzed and illustrated from Analogy, History, and the Writings of Celebrated Ancient and Modern Authors, to teach the Art of Argumentation and the Development of Thought, by the REV. DR. BREWER." The English work bearing this title, "revised and adapted for the Use of Schools in the United States," has been published by C. S. Francis & Co., New York. The youth who can understand its use and follow its method will be in a situation to improve upon its instruction.

Messrs. Crosby, Nichols, & Co. have published, in a stout pamphlet, all the sayings and doings of the famous day at Plymouth, last August, observed in commemoration of the embarkation of the Pilgrim Fathers at Delft Haven. The occasion was most worthily honored, and this faithful record of it will be a treasure to posterity.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The Autumnal Convention of Unitarians was held this year at Worcester, the place where, twelve years ago, the first of the lengthening series of these gatherings of our brotherhood received the impulse that has perpetuated them. At least fifty of our ministers, who had previous to that time or since have had the care of parishes, have passed away from the earth. At the Convention at Baltimore, a year ago, the

Rev. Dr. Parkman was President, and Seth Low, Esq. a Vice-President, and one of the principal speeches was made by the Rev. Mr. Judd. All three of these honored and cherished members of our communion have been gathered to the home of spirits since that occasion. When the first Convention was held at Worcester, Dr. Channing, the most distinguished preacher of the body, had very recently died, and at the Convention just held most appropriate commemoration was made of the late Mr. Norton, our most distinguished scholar. But while so many have passed away, instead of the fathers rise up the children, and our ranks show no diminution. The presence at Worcester of the Rev. Dr. Gilman of Charleston, S. C., and of the Rev. Mr. Corder of Montreal, was a gratifying demonstration, alike of the sympathy of heart which was able to draw brethren together from such distances, and of the amazing facilities of travel which put it in their power to gratify their wishes. The hospitalities of Worcester must have been stringently tested, but they proved equal to the exaction made upon them, and were most cordially and bountifully exercised. Midway in the sessions of the Convention, and before all the guests had arrived, homes had been found for four hundred persons beneath private roofs, and there were vacancies asking more.

The Convention was organized at the Church of the Unity (Rev. E. E. Hale's), on Tuesday afternoon, October 18, by the choice of the following officers: Rev. Dr. S. K. Lothrop of Boston, President; Hon. John Davis of Worcester, Ex-Governor Henry Hubbard of Charlestown, N. H., Rev. Dr. Gilman of Charleston, S. C., and Hon. Stephen Fairbanks of Boston, Vice-Presidents; Rev. William O. White of Keene, N. H., and Rev. S. W. Bush of Brattleboro, Vt., Secretaries. In the evening religious exercises were held in the Second Church (Rev. Dr. Hill's), the Discourse being preached by the Rev. S. Osgood of New York: Text, John xvii. 3: Subject, *The Theology of the Heart*. We cannot refrain from an incidental allusion to the edifice in which we were assembled. In our opinion the meeting-house of the Second Parish in Worcester is the most beautiful and appropriate edifice for the purposes of Christian worship which we have ever seen in either hemisphere, and we commend it as a model to all church architects and building-committees. As we saw its whole large area occupied by worshippers and listeners attending to the words of the preacher, while he gave utterance to some of the noblest Christian truths and lessons, we thought that none could fail to receive an impression from the service and the sanctuary.

After a Prayer and Conference Meeting on Wednesday morning, the Convention assembled at nine o'clock in the Church of the Unity, and prayer was offered by the Rev. G. W. Briggs of Salem. The Rev. Messrs. Babcock, Bright, Bush, and Wilson were appointed to collect the names of the ministers and delegates present.

The Rev. Dr. Hedge of Providence, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, then announced that it had been decided to submit to the Convention the following plan; namely, that an Essay which had been prepared should be read upon each of the three following topics:—

1. By what means may the religious services of our churches be made more impressive?
2. What constitutes membership of the Church of Christ, and a right to participate in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper?

3. How may we promote greater concert of action in the churches of our connection? and is an association of churches for that end expedient and desirable?

The plan offered proposed further, that after the reading of each Essay a discussion should be had upon the topic to which it related, a separate session being given to each: while the Committee did not wish to exclude any other topic that any brother might desire to bring before the Convention. The plan was unanimously adopted. The Rev. Dr. Hedge then proceeded to read a most able and admirably written Essay on the first subject, felicitous alike in language and in argument, upon our present mode of congregational worship, concluding by suggesting the incorporation into it of more or less of a liturgical form. An animated debate ensued, bringing out, as is usual in our conventions, as many different phases of opinion as there were speakers. We might indeed say that there were more phases of opinion than speakers, because most of the latter had something to say on both sides of the question. As by a vote of the Convention a desire was expressed that the Essays and full reports of the discussions should appear in the next Quarterly Journal of the Committee of the Unitarian Association, those of our readers who wish for further information will soon find it through that channel.

In the afternoon of Wednesday the Convention assembled in the Second Church, and after prayer by the Rev. C. T. Thayer of Beverly, an Essay on the second topic was read by the Rev. Rufus Ellis of Boston, which was likewise followed by an earnest discussion; the points at issue being the relation between a participation in the Lord's Supper and church-membership, and the right or expediency of requiring any public profession or covenant obligation from the members of a Christian congregation as a condition of admission to church communion.

The members of the Convention, at the invitation of the two parishes, assembled in the evening at the City Hall to partake of a bountiful collation. The guests were seated at tables accommodating at least eight hundred persons. Rich music added to the attractions of the scene. After prayer by the Rev. Dr. Thompson of Barre, the President of the feast, the Hon. Levi Lincoln, Ex-Governor of the Commonwealth, and the oldest surviving member of the late Dr. Bancroft's flock, welcomed the guests in behalf of their hosts, in a most hearty and happy tone of remark, mingled of the serious and the cheerful thoughts which befitted the occasion. Addresses were afterwards made by the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, the Rev. Dr. Gilman, the Hon. Henry Hubbard, the Rev. John Cordner, T. D. Eliot, Esq., the Rev. Dr. Burnap, the Rev. Samuel Osgood, the Rev. Mr. Milburn (Methodist), the Rev. J. F. Clarke, the Rev. S. Saltmarsh, the Rev. Dr. Hall, the Rev. G. E. Ellis, and Deacon S. Greely.

On Thursday, a Conference and Prayer Meeting was held, the discussion was resumed upon the second topic, and an Essay was read upon the third topic, by the Rev. Cazneau Palfrey of Belfast, Me., the reading of which was followed by a discussion. The sessions of the Convention were closed in the evening by an appropriate Discourse, in a devotional strain, preached by the Rev. F. D. Huntington of Boston, and the administration of the Lord's Supper, by the Rev. Rufus Ellis.

OBITUARY.

DIED in Littleton, July 25, 1853, REV. WILLIAM HUNT WHITE, in the fifty-sixth year of his age, and the twenty-sixth of his ministry in that place. He was born in Lancaster, February 4, 1798. In humble circumstances, and without means, the purpose to get a liberal education grew only from an innate love of knowledge and a noble ambition, which are surer tokens of success than all outward advantages. After diligently improving all the limited opportunities of public instruction of that day, he at length found the means of placing himself under the tuition of that excellent scholar, eloquent preacher, and liberal Christian, Rev. Dr. Stearns of Lincoln. Under his instruction, preaching, and rich and genial conversation, for which he was remarkable, Mr. White must have received a bias that did much to form his future character. We learn from one of his companions at this period, that the three great objects of his ambition then were to obtain a liberal education, to be settled in the ministry in Littleton, and to win a daughter of his predecessor, Rev. Edmund Foster, all which he accomplished. It is seldom that one realizes all the dreams of his young hope, and still more seldom, as in this case, that the anticipations are more than fulfilled in the result, as the ripe fruit is more precious than the bloom.

From Lincoln, he entered Brown University. While here, like many others, to eke out scanty means, he taught school in winter. Of his success, one of his pupils, the Rev. Theodore Parker, in a letter to his family after his death, thus writes: "He taught school for us at Lexington two winters. Then he found a better place, for the next winter, at Lincoln. I was sick in the autumn of that winter. One day, as I was better, and out of danger, one of the neighbors told me, 'Master White aint a going to keep the school this winter.' I turned my face to the wall and wept aloud, and would not be comforted. He endeared himself to the hearts of all his scholars, and of their parents too." In Lincoln he was equally successful. One of his pupils, since a very successful teacher, told us a few days since, that Mr. White had always been his model in teaching. In the year 1824, he graduated with honor at Brown University. A classmate of his, recently alluding to him incidentally in our hearing, expressed a very high respect for his character and scholarship in college. His choice of a profession had long been made, and his character had been ripening for the ministry. He entered Cambridge Divinity School and graduated in the class of 1827. He preached in the churches with much acceptance, and in a few months received two calls, one at Kingston, and another at Littleton. He accepted the latter, and was ordained January 2, 1828. He found the church and parish in good condition. His immediate predecessor, Rev. Edmund Foster, who had been settled near half a century, was a man of talents, and considerable prominence in civil, as well as ecclesiastical affairs, having been a member of the Convention to revise the Constitution in 1820. His predecessor, Rev. Daniel Rogers, whose "praise was in all the churches," was settled about half a century. Of the people, Mr. Foster, in his "Century Sermon," in 1815, thus speaks: "Our harmony has never been interrupted by a diversity of religious opinion. If any one has had faith differing from another, he has had it to himself before God, and not disturbed others

with it. You have continued in the faith as here delivered, and have not been blown about by every wind of doctrine. You have heard the voice of your own shepherd, and strangers have ye not followed." But this paradise of pastoral life was not to last. The storm of religious controversy that has divided so many parishes had already broken in its fury upon New England. Mr. White was just the man to take the helm at such a time. Settled in faith, clear and bold in the exhibition of truth, he was yet a calm and liberal interpreter. The more old creeds and new theories prevailed around him, the more he pressed home the great acknowledged truths of the Gospel on the minds and hearts of his people, both in the pulpit and from house to house. The early religious controversy, which divided so many parishes, made little impression upon Littleton. But in 1840, Mr. Miller, the founder of the sect called "Latter-day Saints," established his head-quarters in that town. For three months meetings were held daily, and for the most part three times a day. The ensuing summer an immense camp-meeting was held for a long time. The excitement was intense. The confidence with which the day of judgment was looked for on a certain day, caused many to abandon their occupations and families, and give themselves up to this excitement. A hundred persons joined the Baptist church, the only Trinitarian church then in Littleton. Soon a new sect, calling themselves Unionists, organized a society. An Orthodox society was established, and in the space of one year four new churches (including one built by Mr. White's society) were built in Littleton, a town of less than a thousand inhabitants. This is probably a thing unprecedented in Massachusetts. During this period, so judicious and Christian was the course pursued by Mr. White, that he commanded the respect of all, and excited the prejudices of none. Like his great Master, he did not waste his energies on errors, while minds which he would reach were not prepared to appreciate his reasonings. But he held up still more clearly the great truths, which, when received, would dissipate the errors. It is a sufficient evidence of the wisdom and efficiency of his ministration, that, during this period, only four families left his society. After this, until his death, his church "had rest, and was edified, and, walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, was multiplied." The number admitted to the church during his ministry was one hundred and eleven, and one hundred and eighty-two were baptized. He assisted in ordaining and installing about thirty ministers, a sad commentary on the instability of the times.

Mr. White accomplished his work by no spasmodic effort, no art to please or excite. His method is clearly indicated by one of his flock, now the partner of a parish minister. She says, "I think, with such a pastor as I have had, I might remember that steady, persevering, untiring effort, carried on under all circumstances, is what does the work."

As a preacher, Mr. White was of no ordinary stamp. Without any considerable learning, oratory, or originality, he was very effective. His power lay in the singleness of his aim, and the warmth of a personal experience. He not only preached Christ, but Christ formed in his own soul. He might say of his sermon, what George Herbert said of his "Temple,"—"It is a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus, my Master." Hence, his discourses had, what Dr. Ware, Jr. said experimental preaching always has, "the power of

sympathy, the clearness of knowledge, the life of a personal interest." Baptized into this spirit, the plainest words and the commonest thoughts have a savor of the Holy Spirit, and the glow of the live coal from the divine altar. Hence he was always listened to with interest, at home and abroad. No clergyman was welcomed to the neighboring pulpits by a greater number of hearers. Mr. White was very faithful in the pastoral relations. In a New Year's sermon he says: "I have averaged two, three, and four calls annually upon you in your families." These were not fashionable calls, we are sure. They were calls of the man of God; and the most frequent were where they were most wanted. And he brought, not only spiritual comfort, but material aid. We learn from the best authority, that he would give the last cent to the needy; and although his means were small, his charities were large.

His pastoral character appears nowhere more beautiful than in his relation to the young. While he "gently" led "the feeble of his flock, he carried the lambs in his bosom." His Sunday School was his pride and his joy. For about twelve years, a large portion of the adult congregation had formed themselves into a class to carry on their religious inquiries and improvement. In the absence of their pastor, they chose from their number a class leader to conduct their exercises. In 1847, the teacher's meetings were more thoroughly organized. In order to preserve a history of the school, and of those active in its support, a secretary was chosen, and a record kept of each meeting and read at the opening of the next. This rendered the teachers' meetings very interesting and profitable.

Mr. White was abundant in extra-professional labors. During more than a quarter of a century he was chairman of the school committee, with the exception of one or two years. He gave himself to these duties with a religious fidelity, and the standard of intelligence in the town has been greatly raised by his labors.

In 1829, a Lyceum was established, chiefly by his influence. It has been well sustained without interruption to this day. He has been president nearly the whole time. He has taken a firm stand and spoken the timely and effective word on temperance, and the other great reforms of the day. In a word, he fulfilled all the various duties of a true minister of Christ. But in the meridian of his days and of his usefulness, the summons came. A cloud appeared in his horizon, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but it continued to grow until it shut out the light of all earthly hope. An indefinite disease, which at first appeared to be mere atrophy, but which turned out to be of the heart, continued to increase for about two years, until the "silver cord" that connected him with parish, home, and life was "gently loosed." Under the progress of the disease, reason sometimes tottered, and to use the words of a friend, "It seemed as if some of the beauties and graces of the spirit were overshadowed for a time by an intervening cloud of bodily infirmities." But as the sun went down, the cloud passed away, and the sunset was even more calm and beautiful than the meridian. On the afternoon of his departure, his family and a visiting brother being about him, he asked them to sing. They sung his favorite hymn, "There is a land of pure delight." He united his voice in some of the words. Shortly after, being about to unite in evening devotion, they thought him asleep. On taking his hand and calling him by name, "there was a soft and then a deeper sigh." He had

"Passed through morning glories,
And walked in Paradise."

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
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CHRISTIAN EXAMINER

AND

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

REV. GEORGE PUTNAM, of Roxbury, - - - - - } *Editors.*
REV. GEORGE E. ELLIS, of Charlestown, - - - - - }

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
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C. Stetson Esq.

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